

MODERN SCREEN

RCH

O

NTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE



*Why is Cary Grant
a Cagey Guy?*

JOAN
BENNETT



Orchid

MATCHED MAKE-UP LIPSTICK, POWDER AND ROUGE



IRRESISTIBLE brings you the most exciting, new make-up of the year—created to blend perfectly with fuchsia, purple-hued clothes • Use all three—IRRESISTIBLE Orchid Lipstick, Orchid Powder, Orchid Rouge—then look in your mirror at a new and glamorous you. A thrillingly smart make-up for daytime... enchanting for after-dark triumphs. And if it's romance you're after—apply a touch of exotic IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME to your skin and hair • To make your new complexion doubly alluring, use: IRRESISTIBLE Orchid Cleansing Cream... Orchid Astringent... Orchid Vanishing Cream... and Orchid Liquid Face Film • Certified pure.

10c at all 5 and 10c stores.

Irresistible

"'Pink Tooth Brush'— So that's why my smile has grown so dull!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer
and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE

*That dull, dingy, dreary smile
—it can't be yours! Why,
yours was the smile that had
such magic—yours were the
brightest of bright, sparkling
teeth! What happened—
who's at fault?*

*You, dear lady! You saw that warning tinge
of "pink" on your tooth brush—knew it meant
trouble. You knew the step you ought to take
—the step that, as an intelligent and sensible
person, you're going to take right now!*

*You're too wise and too lovely to go on tak-
ing chances with the beauty of your smile. So
see your dentist—and see him today. And
when he tells you how to help guard against
"pink tooth brush"—and if he suggests the
healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage
—follow his advice!*

Protect Your Smile Against "Pink Tooth Brush"

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is only a warning
—but when you see it—see *your dentist*.
You may not be in for serious trouble, but
find out the truth. Usually, however, it sim-
ply means gums robbed of work by our
modern soft and creamy foods. His advice
will probably be, "more work for lazy gums"
and very often, "the healthful stimulation
of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially de-
signed to help the health of your gums as
well as to clean your teeth. Each time you
clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana
into your gums. As circulation is increased
within the gum walls, gums tend to become
firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

*Don't gamble with your smile! Get an eco-
nomical tube of Ipana at your druggist's to-
day. Make Ipana and massage your daily,
common-sense dental health routine. Help
keep your smile as attractive as it should be!*



TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and for
more thorough cleansing, ask your drug-
gist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

MODERN SCREEN

NOW SHOWING

| | | |
|----------------------------|----|------------------|
| VERY GOOD EDDIE | 16 | MACK HUGHES |
| O-BEE JOYFUL! | 26 | IDA ZEITLIN |
| CAGEY CARY | 28 | MARTHA KERR |
| A STAR IS BORN—AND MADE | 30 | GLADYS HALL |
| SISTER ANN TELLS ON TY | 32 | JAMES REID |
| THOSE MARRIED CAREER GIRLS | 34 | KAY PROCTOR |
| HE WANTED A BOY | 36 | CAROLINE S. HOYT |
| TCH, TCH—THOSE FURRINERS! | 38 | RAMON ROMERO |
| HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED | 40 | DORA ALBERT |
| SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS | 42 | MARY MAYES |
| WHAT HAS THE SOUTHERN GAL? | 44 | MARY MARSHALL |
| HOMESPUN HERO | 46 | ROBERT McILWAINE |

Regina Cannon.....Editor
Lois Svensrud.....Hollywood Editor
Abril Lamarque.....Art Editor

| | | |
|--------------------|-----|-----------------|
| UNMASKING MAGGIE | 47 | BEN MADDOX |
| DRESSING YOUR PART | 48 | ANN WILLS |
| THAT GUY GABLE | 50 | FAITH SERVICE |
| MODERN CINDERELLA | 116 | GEORGE BENJAMIN |

SHORT SUBJECTS

| | | |
|---------------------|----|-----------------------|
| OUR PUZZLE PAGE | 8 | MOVIE X-WORD |
| INFORMATION DESK | 10 | QUESTIONS ANSWERED |
| THE CANDY KID | 12 | JANE WITHERS' RECIPES |
| BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME | 14 | PRIZE LETTERS |
| PORTRAIT GALLERY | 19 | FOR YOUR ALBUM |
| OFF THEIR GUARD | 51 | CANDID SHOTS |
| GOOD NEWS | 62 | MOVIE CHATTER |
| MOVIE REVIEWS | 69 | WHAT TO SEE |
| EARLY SPRING TONICS | 82 | NEW KNITS |

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**"To look your Loveliest
you must have
Lovely Skin!"**

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Any girl looks her loveliest when her skin is fresh and appealing. Camay's the beauty care I recommend because its gentle cleansing has helped my skin to look so radiantly fresh."

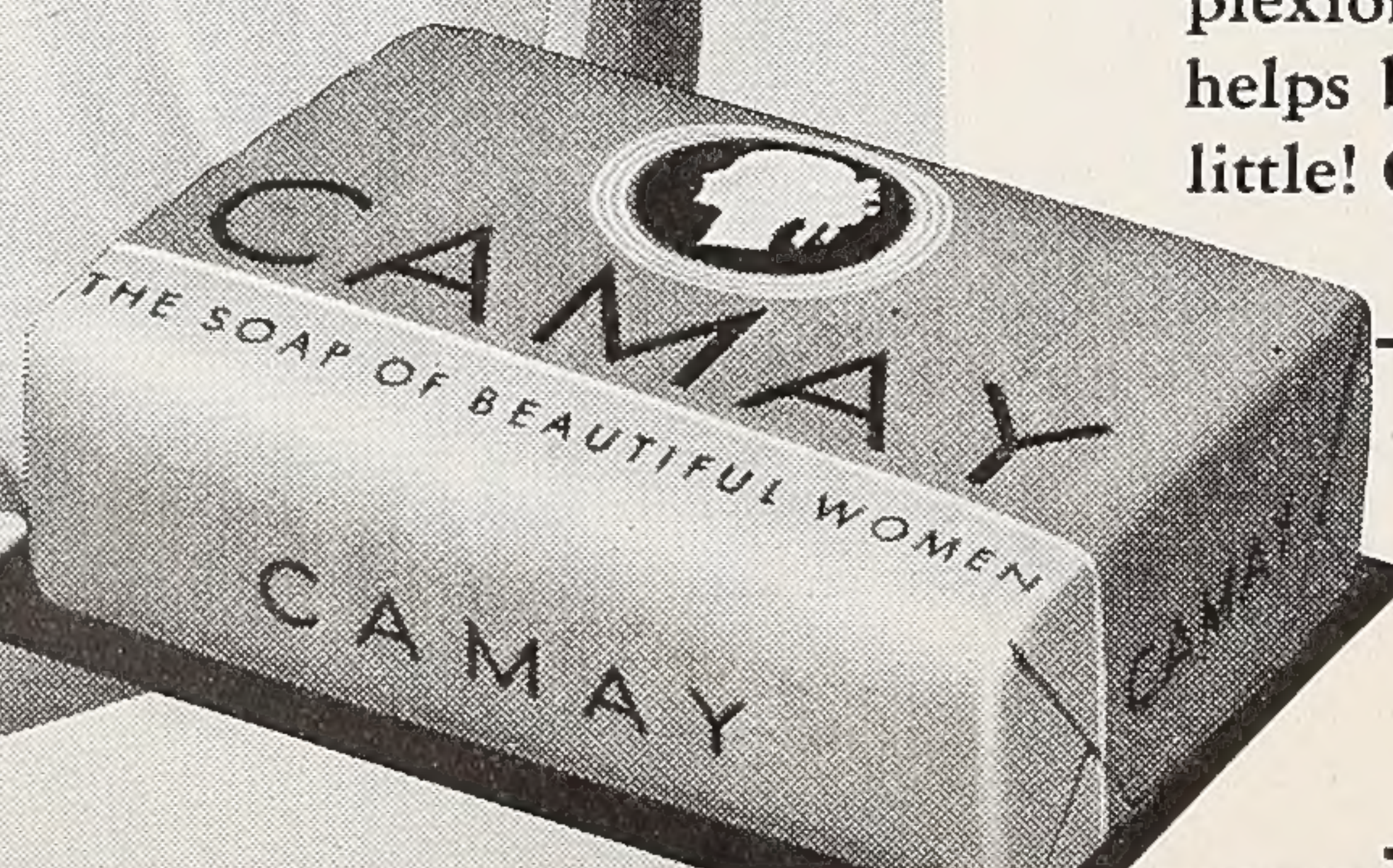
(Signed) PATRICIA RYAN

January 3, 1939 (Mrs. Joseph J. Ryan, Jr.)

THERE'S a special charm in a lovely complexion—a charm you ought to have! And Mrs. Ryan, like so many happy brides, says, "Use Camay!"

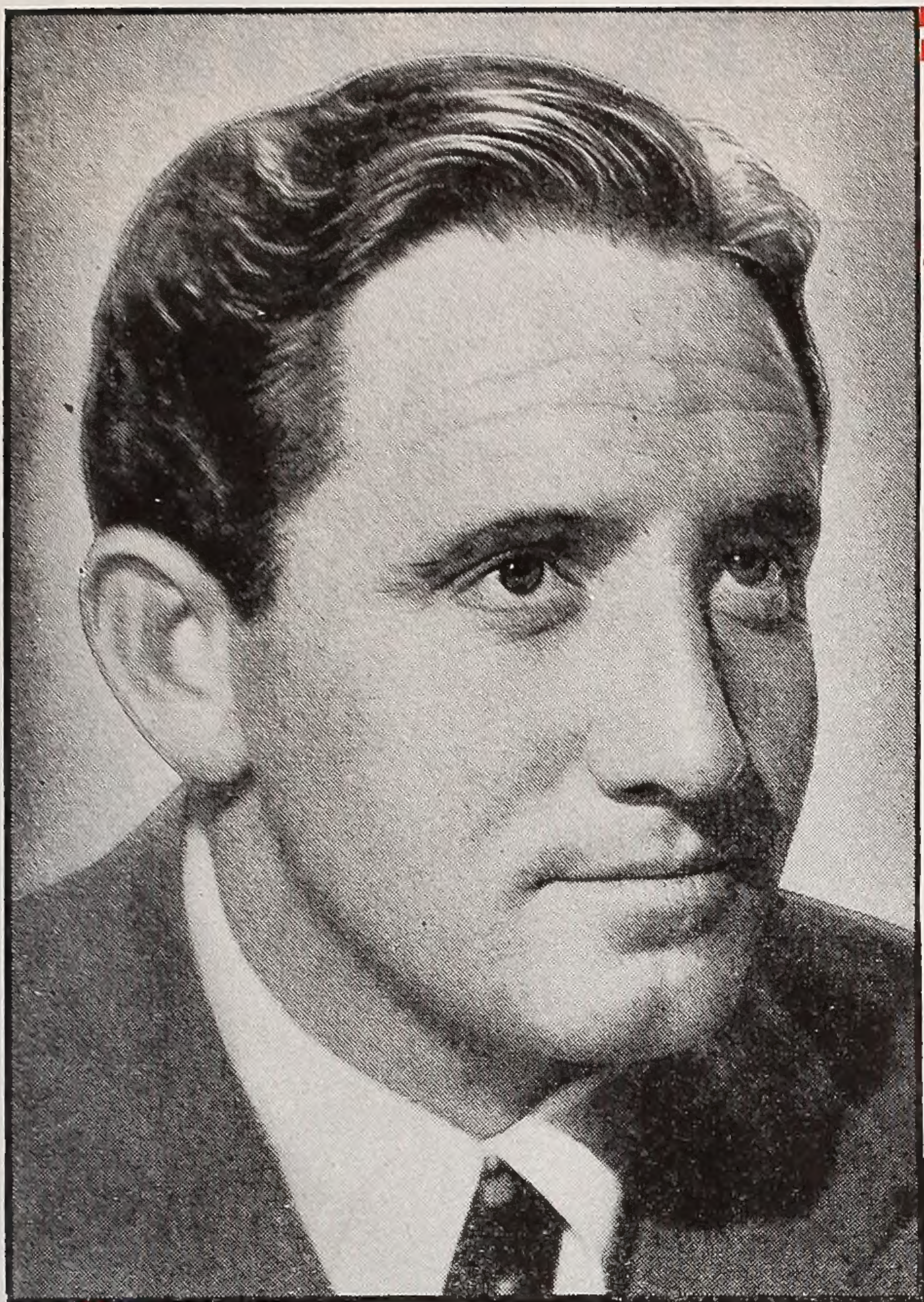
You'll soon see why! So many girls who use it say they've never found another soap with quite the same rich, fragrant lather. Camay cleanses thoroughly, and yet it's wonderfully mild!

Thousands of girls rely on Camay for complexion and bath. It's so refreshing to the skin—helps bring out all-over loveliness—yet costs so little! Get three cakes today!



Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



SPENCER TRACY

in the most romantic
role that this grand
actor has ever por-
trayed on the screen.

HEDY LAMARR

*THE GLAMOROUS
Exciting* BEAUTY...
YOUR SENSATIONAL
NEW DISCOVERY

Welcome her to her first
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
starring role—an exotic
orchid of cafe society...



I TAKE *this* WOMAN

with
INA CLAIRE • WALTER PIDGEON
Mona Barrie • Louis Calhern • Jack Carson
Produced by **LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN** • Directed by
FRANK BORZAGE • Story by **CHARLES MacARTHUR**
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



In addition to appearing in the motion picture publica-
tions, this column also appears every month in McCall's,
Pictorial Review, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

Dear Fans —
This is a fan letter for you.
I thank you from the bottom of
my lion's heart for the way you
have responded to this column.



Mickey Rooney, whose Hardy adven-
tures have pressed him close to our col-
lective bosom, is about ready for you in
"Huckleberry Finn".

★ ★ ★ ★
Rally 'round! All friends of Mark Twain this
way! Think of it! We're in for the delights of
"Huck", Jim, the Duke of Bilgewater, the Lost
Dauphin, the Widow Douglas, Captain Brandy.

★ ★ ★ ★
Shifting the scenery for the moment to
Hawaii and the art of waving a grass
skirt, there is Miss Eleanor Powell, the
girl born to dance, in "Honolulu".

★ ★ ★ ★
Lest you think that "Honolulu" is a solemn
treatise on Polynesian folkways, there is in the
cast that female brain-trust Miss Gracie Allen.

★ ★ ★ ★
Pause for Station Announcement:
M-G-M broadcasting the news to watch
impatiently for "Honolulu", "Huckle-
berry Finn" and "I Take This Woman".

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

This game involves the use of your scissors—it
is hence known as "Shear Nonsense." If you
crave a photo of Mickey Rooney as "Huck"
Finn, fill in name, address, and mail to Leo,
M-G-M Studio, Box D, Culver City, Cal.



Name

Address

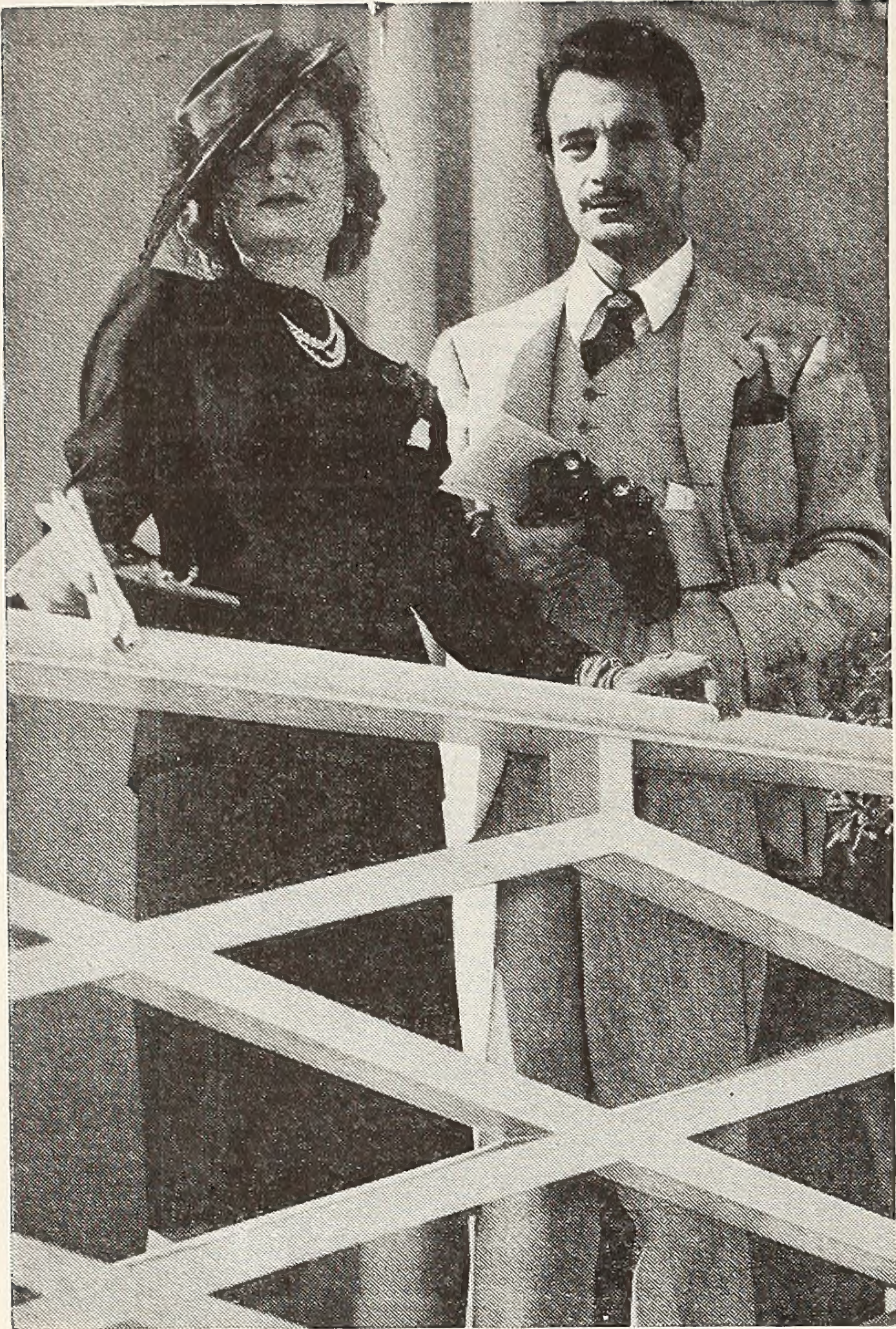
★ ★ ★ ★
This is about the time when those New
Year resolutions are beginning to feel the
tug. But rest assured we'll keep to ours.

★ ★ ★ ★
Which is, to see that Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer continues to lead the way in
entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★
See you on the screen.

—Leo

A DAY AT



Connie Bennett bets with her best beau, Gilbert Roland.



J. Walter Ruben and Virginia Bruce never miss a race. They usually come out on top, too.



Guy Kibbee studies the track literature very carefully. It helps!



Randy Scott and Fred Astaire must have picked a winner. But Mrs. A. looks pretty doubtful.

Here we have the highlight of the Hollywood social season pictured exclusively

SANTA ANITA



The screen's foremost actor, Spencer Tracy, and the Missus hopefully watch the morning board.



The Edward Robinsons look as if they have good tips.



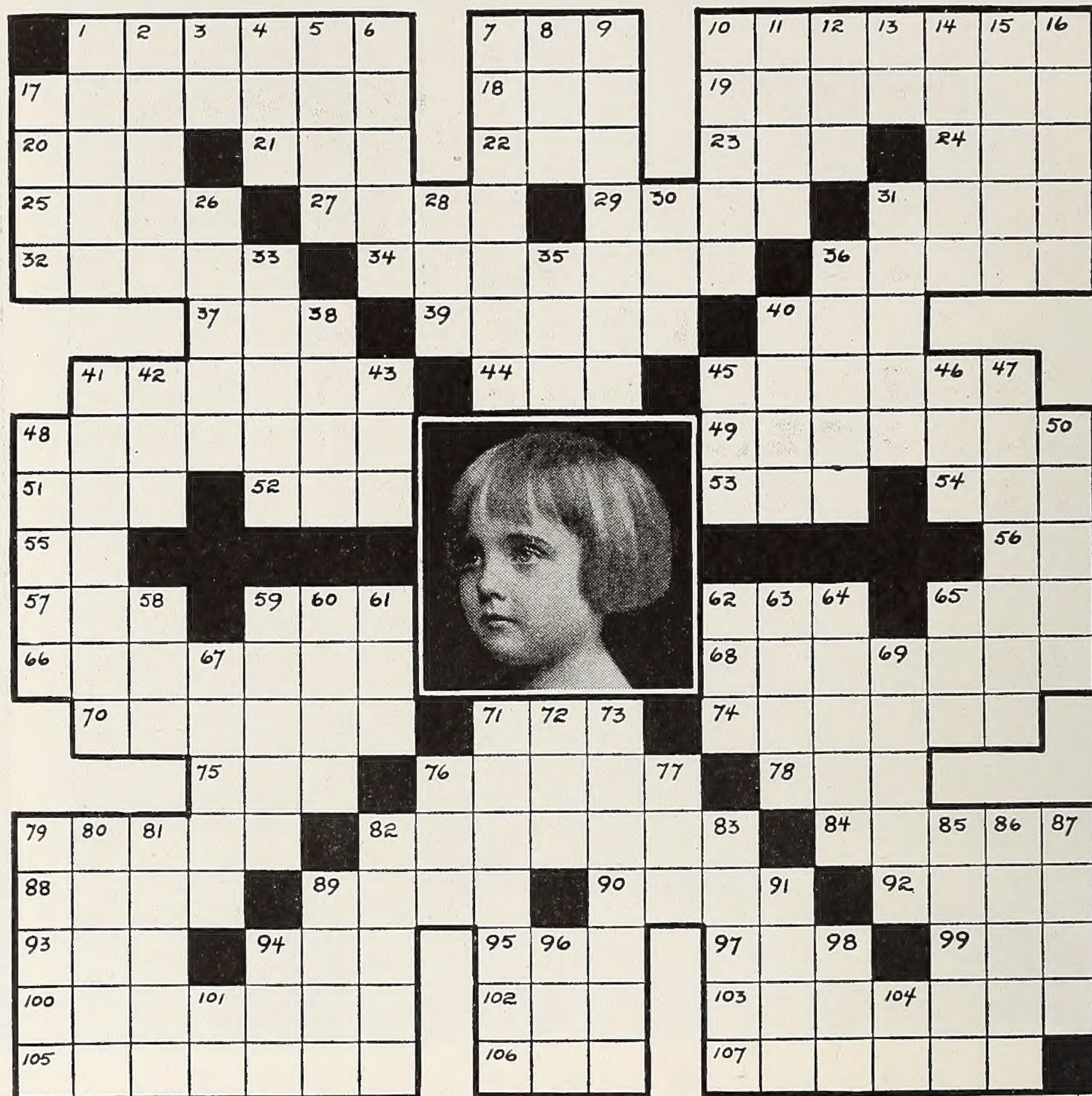
The Bing Crosbys, who have a horse running, are thrilled spectators. Their stable's okay!



Mickey Rooney rated as much attention as the horses.

for you—the thrilling opening day at the famous Santa Anita race-track

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 76

ACROSS

1. Lovely star pictured
7. Distress signal
10. Last name of our star
17. With our star in "Nothing Sacred"
18. Prefix: before
19. "Rosalie"
20. Things in law
21. Everything
22. Even: poet.
23. Small island
24. Suffix: like
25. Epic poetry
27. Story
29. Remember "The Gay Desperado"?
31. Stuttering comedian
32. Small depressions
34. Theatre admission cards
36. Turf
37. Gilbert R - - - nd
39. "Boy - - - - Girl"
40. Oliver Hardy is this
41. Star of "If I Were King"
44. "Brother - - -"
45. "He's in "Three Loves Has Nancy"
48. Beauty in "Suez"
49. Excavates
51. " - - - Tide"
52. Male offspring
53. Johnson's comedy partner
54. The reel McCoy
55. "Broadway Musket - - rs"
56. Concerning
57. Physicians: abbr.
59. Louis Hayward's heart interest
62. Harvest goddess
65. "Kid G - - - had"
66. Stearic acid
68. Actor in "Smashing the Rackets."
70. Girl in "Gateway"
71. Period of time: abbr.
74. Made neater
75. State where 1 across was born: abbr.
76. City in Italy
78. Arabic letter
79. New star in "Service De Luxe"
82. Ex-hubby of our star
84. "Marie Antoinette"
88. Sisters in "Four Daughters"
89. 1 across' sis in "My Man Godfrey"
90. Caustic substances
92. Famed playwright
93. Our star's pal in "True Confessions"
94. Electrified atom
95. " - - - Baba Goes To Town"
97. Fish eggs
99. "The Ch - - - r"
100. Threatened
102. Girl in "Girls' School"
103. She's in "Garden of the Moon"
105. Female prophet
106. Cutting remark
107. Chooses

Would
YOU
like to
SLENDERIZE
your
SILHOUETTE?

And..
Wear Dresses
SIZES SMALLER

THAT is just what the Thynmold Perforated Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe such a drastic change can be possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we want to send you a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot be fitted with a dress smaller than you normally wear... it won't cost you a penny!

Appear **SLIMMER** instantly!

■ If you want the thrill of the year, make this simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice all the irregularities caused by bumps of fat... notice the thickness of your waist... the width of your hips. Now slip into a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere and see the amazing difference. The outline of your new figure is not only smaller, but all the ugly, fat bulges have been smoothed out *instantly*!

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed and delighted. If you are not completely satisfied... if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Mail Coupon for Free Folder Today!

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help perspiration evaporate... its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Mail coupon for illustrated folder and complete details of our 10-day trial offer!

Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
DEPT. 223, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name
Address
City State

PAGE

DOWN

1. Crinkled silk fabric
2. Father of Jason, the Argonaut
3. Star of "The Citadel": init.
4. Anglo-saxon money
5. Tiny opera-screen star
6. Brilliant success
7. Star of "Boys Town"
8. "Love Bef --- Breakfast"
9. Comedies our star first played in
10. Inclines
11. Medley
12. "I --- My Love Again"
13. He was in "Merrily We Live": init.
14. One of "The Sisters"
15. Screen parts
16. "We're Not -----ing" starred 1 across
17. With 1 across in "Swing High, Swing Low"
26. Mickey Rooney's screen dad
28. Edge
30. Possessive pronoun
31. Labor union
33. Laths
35. New Zealand parrot
36. Our star's favorite escort
38. Lowest female singing voice
40. "----s For Scandal"
41. An Astaire-Rogers film
42. Circle
43. Man's name
45. Greek letter
46. Spoil
47. Twisted
48. Girl in "Youth Takes a Fling"
50. Smudge
58. "---geant Murphy"
59. Mother in "That Certain Age"
60. Expired
61. Actress in "Room Service"
62. Birthmonth of our star: abbr.
63. The "singing cop"
64. Closed car
65. Consumed
67. Singer in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
69. Simone's surname
71. One of the "Men With Wings"
72. Sick
73. Fastening
76. 1002 (Roman numerals)
77. Negative
79. Fruit
80. Hindu princess
81. Silly
82. Slender rods
83. Co-star in "Lady and the Cowboy"
85. Bake
86. Flat tablelands
87. Princess Natalie P----
89. "There ---- My Heart"
91. Stain
94. Sonja Henie performs on this
96. Mongolian tribe member
98. Compass point
101. Measure of area
104. Lady in "Breaking The Ice": init.



Girls who click, in jobs and on dates, avoid underarm odor with MUM

SALLY thinks the whole world's against her. She works so hard at her job. She tries so hard to make friends. But somehow all that she gets for her pains are snubs.

Strange that such a pretty, capable girl should find others so unfriendly? Not when you know what *they* know about Sally! For no one likes to be near a girl who offends with underarm odor. And everyone finds it hard to say, "You *could* be popular—with Mum!"

Girls who win, in business and in love, know a bath alone is not enough for all-day underarm freshness. A bath

removes only *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come*. Mum is such a *dependable* aid to charm!

MUM IS QUICK! In a hurry? Mum takes 30 seconds, but keeps you fresh all day!

MUM IS SAFE! Any dress is safe with Mum, for Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your drugstore today. Let Mum keep you always sweet!

GIVE ROMANCE MORE CHANCE...USE MUM!



For Sanitary Napkins—
Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

INFORMATION DESK

You ask the questions—and we'll answer them



DONALD CRISP has had one of the most fascinating careers of anybody in pictures. Born in London, the son of a famous English surgeon, he began his public career as a choir boy at St. Paul's Cathedral there. He was educated at Oxford and in 1906 came to America to see what the earthquake had done to San Francisco. On the way over he sang aboard ship and was invited to become the stage manager of an American Opera Company headed for Cuba, Mexico and parts of the United States. He also sang tenor with this company. Returning to New York he directed pictures for the old Biograph Company, and played a few stage roles. He came to Hollywood in 1913 to play General Grant in D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation." He left Griffith to direct "Ramona," later "Secret Service," "The Mark Of Zero" and many others. He often both directed and acted in a picture. Donald Crisp, besides being highly respected in the profession, is also much sought after for his advice on financial matters. He is a director of the Bank of America and is in charge of passing on film loans. It is said that it was he who gave the okay for the large loan which made the production of "Snow White" possible. If he seems indifferent toward his screen future, Crisp can well afford to be for he is one of the wealthiest men in pictures. Next March when his present contract expires Crisp wants to take a leisurely voyage to Sumatra, Bali, Java and Borneo. He is happily married to Jane Murfin, an ace scenarist. His hobby is gardening. He also loves the sea. His yacht is one of the best known on the West Coast. He says that one of the secrets of his long active career is that he knows the value of vacations. Every year he sails away for about two months on the high seas, often heading for Copenhagen, Denmark. Crisp's most recent pictures were "The Sisters" and "Dawn Patrol." His next will be "Oklahoma Kid" and "Juarez." Address him in care of Warner Brothers' Studios, Burbank, Cal.

NELSON EDDY

2835

GENE AUTRY

2611

TYRONE POWER

1403

ERROL FLYNN

909

SONJA HENIE

536

REQUESTS



SONJA HENIE: On the night of April 8, 1913, in Oslo, the capital of Norway, a baby girl was born to Selma and Wilhelm Henie, a fur merchant. Her maternal grandmother was Irish and the rest of the family Norwegian. Sonja is her real name, and ever since she can remember, she wanted to go on the stage. At three she started to dance, and at eight to skate. Now she dances on skates. Sonja has a roomful of silver cups, gold medals and plaques she has won skating. Three times she won the Olympic figure-skating championship, seven times the European, and ten times the world's championship. She used to practice six and seven hours a day but not now. She studied Russian ballet in London, and has performed all over Europe and America. She speaks four languages fluently and has performed for most of Europe's royalty. Sonja Henie is an extremely active little person, alert and friendly, with

simple tastes and a refreshing naturalness. She loves white things, is "crazy" about America, especially California, and has taken out U. S. citizenship papers. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, has brown eyes and natural blonde hair. She eats what she pleases and never gains weight. Sonja must sleep at least ten hours a night to keep in condition and she doesn't eat for four hours before an exhibition. She plays championship tennis too and is an expert horsewoman. She buys new skates every year, though has one favorite pair now four years old. Sonja reads everything from newspapers to Shakespeare and has one of the most astute business heads in Hollywood. She has three stand-ins, one for long shots, one for close-ups, and one for dramatic work. She hopes to become a famous dramatic actress. Sonja's last two pictures were "Happy Landing" and "My Lucky Star." Her next is to be "Love Interest." Address her in care of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Cal.

SEND A STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR NEW ADDRESS LIST

Send a stamped self-addressed envelope today for a new, enlarged list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. Hundreds of names, including contract and even free lance players. This list has been completely revised and rearranged alphabetically for your greater convenience. It is a convenient size to handle, or keep in a scrap-book. Do you want to write a fan letter, request a photograph, or just trace the studio connec-

tions of your favorite players? Then you'll find one of these lists indispensable.

To receive a list for yourself all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large self-addressed and stamped envelope. *Don't forget* that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"
FACE POWDER
has a light touch!

You need never fear that stodgy, over-powdered effect when you use Luxor "feather-cling"—the face powder with a *light touch*. It sits lightly as a feather, stays on smoothly for hours. Shine-proof and moisture-proof too, so it doesn't cake or streak. At toilet goods counters in smart, new shades (55c). For generous size FREE trial package send coupon.

MOD-3-39

Luxor Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.

I want to try Luxor "feather-cling" Face Powder. My favorite shade is Natural . . .
Rachel . . . Rachel No. 2 . . . Brunette . . .
Rose Rachel (very popular) . . .
Send my free trial package to

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
(This offer is not good in Canada)



GEORGE MURPHY: In a mine up near Portage, Penna., one day in 1926 they let down an aspiring young mining engineer fresh out of college and, when the cable broke, dumping a load of black diamonds on his head, they hauled up an actor,

one George Lloyd Murphy, son of the famous Michael Charles Murphy, Olympic coach and one time coach at the University of Pennsylvania. Or, to begin at the beginning, George Murphy was born in New Haven, Conn. on July 4th, 1903, and was educated at Newton, Peddie and Pawling Schools for boys. Then young George worked his way thru Yale by waiting on tables and helping in a tailor's shop. You see his father had died when George was nine years old, and his mother a year later, so his married sister had seen him thru prep schools. But from there on George wanted to be on his own. He was graduated from Yale in 1926 in the same class that turned out Peter Arno, the artist, and Rudy Vallee, crooner. George had planned to be a mining engineer but the aforementioned accident, which laid him up for six months, changed his mind, and he ended up in New York as a runner for the stock exchange in the day-times and a dancer in local night clubs during the evenings. At Yale George had won his letter in football, tennis and track, and participated in just about every other sport on the docket, dancing in his spare time, for the fun of it. In New York George came across a childhood friend, Miss Juliette Johnson, who was studying dancing with Ned Wayburn. They teamed up as ball-room dancers, using their own names, and took New York by storm. From here they went to London and then back to New York where George made his stage debut in 1927 in "Good News." Between engagements of Broadway George and Juliette, who were now Mr. and Mrs., filled dancing engagements all over this country and Europe. George's first movie was with Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions."

George Murphy has brown hair, blue eyes and a ready smile. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds. He collects stamps, maps and hats. He once patented a liniment to relieve "charley horses" and still uses it himself. George is devoted to old shoes, likes to sleep late, enjoys being asked for his autograph, reads his own fan mail and adores fire crackers. He swims, golfs, plays tennis and is an excellent boxer. His last two pictures were "Little Miss Broadway" and "Hold That Co-ed." Address him in care of M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Leola Roberts, Pike Co., Kentucky. The ten biggest box office draws in 1938 were Shirley Temple, Clark Gable, Mickey Rooney, Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Sonja Henie, Spencer Tracy, Robert Taylor, Myrna Loy and Jane Withers, in the order named. So you see your little favorite is right up among them, which is pretty wonderful for a young lady of twelve years.

George Goodwin, Wilkes-Barre, Penna. Florence Rice is the only daughter of Grantland Rice, famous newspaper man and sports authority. She was born February 4, 1911 in Cleveland, Ohio. She was educated at schools in and near New York City including the Sargent Dramatic school. She played her first Broadway role in 1930 and did stock

(Continued on page 101)

**INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.**

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

If you would like our chart listing the heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR.

"SNOWY WEATHER IS FINE — IF YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO ABOUT CHAPPED HANDS"

Nice chapping weather we're having — but **swell** for skiing

My hands never chap, thank goodness

That's Honey — the beauty advisor!

That's hard to believe, Alice, because **hundreds** of girls write and ask me what to do for rough, chapped skin

Look — Honey took a spill!

So did Alice!

After that snow-bath, I'll bet your hands will be terribly red and rough

Let's watch and see what Honey uses for her own hands

I use Hinds lotion and chapping never gets a start. Try some, Alice

I guess I need Hinds, after all. Oh — how nice it feels!

Yes — and since Hinds soothes this harsh skiing chapping, just think how good it is for every-day use at home

Copr., 1939, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

EXTRA SOFTENING TO CHAPPED HANDS

- Chapping • Dry skin
- Windburn • Chafing
- Cracked lips
- Hangnails • Body-rub
- Chapped heels, legs
- After-shaving lotion
- Powder base

EXTRA BONUS BOTTLE

A 2-bottle bargain! Hinds medium size and Bonus Bottle—both for price of medium size. Nearly 20% extra lotion! **Money back** on medium size, where you bought it, if Hinds Honey and Almond Cream doesn't make chapped hands feel smoother. At toilet goods counters.



EVEN one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream makes chapped hands feel smoother! It's extra creamy. Coaxes back the softness that raw cold, steam heat, hard water, and dust take away. Gives your hands a soft, lovely look. Use regularly for smooth hands like "Honey's"! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, \$1 sizes.

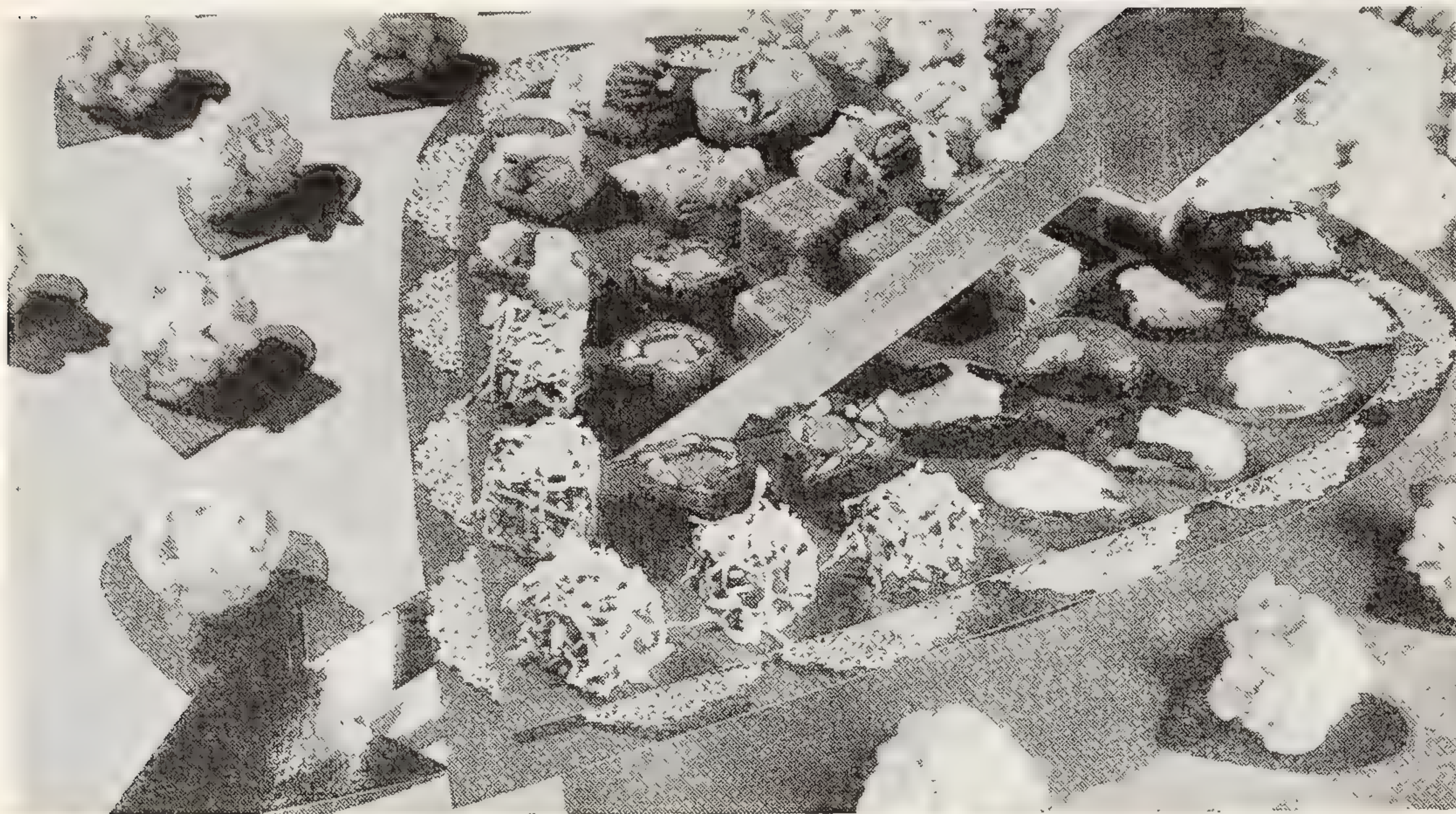
HINDS FOR HANDS

Don't tell us Jane Withers actually sits still long enough to study! Oh, it's a candy recipe—that's different! She does her own measuring, what's more—and spoon-testing, too. (What, no pan-licking?) And will you cast your eyes on these yummy-looking results! Seems to us as though a good cook was lost to the world when little Withers turned actress. Draw up your chairs and read how to make Jane's favorite tid-bits, and Valentine treats.



Jane Withers shares her favorite sweets recipes with you

BY MARJORIE DEEN



Courtesy Karo Corn Syrup

THE CANDY KID

NO COMIC Valentines for Mrs. Withers' irrepressible child, Jane, this year! For that young lady has declared herself in favor of sweet ones.

"I mean really sweet ones, too," she informed me, "like candy! Of course, if you're a sentimental silly," she went on with that depth of scorn that young ladies going on thirteen feel towards such things, "well then, pink satin hearts and lace paper frills and ribbon bows and lovey-dovey verses for you. But my favorite Valentine is one that says, 'Sweets to the sweet!'—and means it!"

Funny, isn't it, what a decided sweet tooth all children have. Not so funny at that, though, when you stop to consider that candy is an energizing food. And certainly kids use plenty of energy during a day's activities! That's one important reason why they are unconsciously seeking something that will quickly repair their energy loss—and find it in candy!

Why, just trying to follow Jane as she rushes from studio school to the set and then home would make me long to share a candy bar with her just to see if that would help me keep up with her pace.

In the course of our interview I discovered that not only is Jane an advocate of candy giving and getting, but she's also an enthusiast over candy making. It may surprise you to know that this young star already is an inveterate recipe collector and quite an experienced little cook. Of

course, recipes for candy are at present most prominent in her large collection.

These include fudge, as you might well expect, and divinity and some of those easily made cereal sweets that children, and older candy cooks alike, love to make because of their extreme simplicity as well as their good taste. In addition most of the candies suggested here include corn syrup among their ingredients, which is a professional confectioners' rule that will also simplify your home candy making and give added assurance of success. Following recipes carefully is further guarantee that you will turn the trick every time! And a candy thermometer is highly recommended if you make candy frequently.

One of the simplest of these recipes is for Puffed Petites, shown in our illustration. For St. Valentine's Day these can be made up into tiny golden balls, each of which is then placed atop a little red cardboard heart. No trouble at all to make and with a little added ingenuity they can be turned into place cards for your Valentine party! Another cinch of a recipe is the one for "Snax," as crunchy and delightful as you could well imagine.

Other candy favorites of Jane's which are here are Coconut Fudge and Nutty Divinity. These are illustrated on our red heart "tray" with its lace doily frills and golden arrow, just to further tempt you to try your hand at making them. Also included on the tray, by the way, are little



slices of those popular chocolate candy bars that have a nut fudge filling and a caramel center. They are most attractive sliced and you'll be surprised how home-made they look in this proud company. Though it certainly won't surprise you to find that these slices will receive a royal welcome, along with the rest, from both kids and grownups, for Valentine gifts, parties and right on through the year. So work up some of that Jane Withers enthusiasm, get together the necessary ingredients, then make home-made candies to your heart's content, for sentimental reasons, for gifts, for favors, for energy or just for fun and enjoyment for everyone from six to sixty.

SWEET SNAX

4 squares semi-sweet dipping chocolate
1½ cups shredded ralston

Break the chocolate into small pieces, place in top of double boiler, over boiling water. Heat chocolate until partly melted. Remove from boiling water and stir rapidly until entirely melted. Drop three or four of the little shredded cereal bits at a time into the chocolate. Lift out with a fork and place on waxed paper. Cool until firm.

PUFFED PETITES

- 1 package puffed rice or puffed wheat
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup white corn syrup
- 1 cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
- 2 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract, if desired

Crisp the puffed cereal in a pan in a hot oven. Place in large buttered bowl. Mix the corn syrup, sugar and water in heavy saucepan. Bring to a boil slowly, stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved. Cover and boil gently for 5 minutes. Then uncover and continue cooking first to "soft crack" stage (that is, when a little of the mixture dropped in cold water will "crack" when in the water but becomes soft when removed from water—264°F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat. Add butter and salt, also $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract, if desired. Pour over puffed cereal. Stir until syrup is thoroughly distributed. While mixture is still hot, shape into balls 2 inches in diameter, with slightly buttered hands. Cool on waxed paper.

COCONUTTED FUDGE

- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 2 cups sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup dark corn syrup
- 2 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded coconut
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cut the chocolate into small pieces. Place in heavy saucepan. Add sugar, milk and corn syrup. Cook very slowly over low heat, stirring almost constantly, until mixture is smooth and blended and sugar is dissolved. Then bring to a boil, slowly without stirring. When mixture boils, cover and cook 3 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking until a few drops in cold water will form a soft ball (238°F. on candy thermometer), stirring only occasionally, while cooking, to prevent burning. Remove from heat, add butter but *do not stir until cool*. Meanwhile, prepare a square pan by buttering it and sprinkling it with one half of the shredded coconut. When fudge has cooled to lukewarm (110°F.) add the remaining coconut and the vanilla. Beat until fudge is thick. At the moment that fudge loses its gloss pour it quickly into prepared pan. When almost cold, cut into squares.

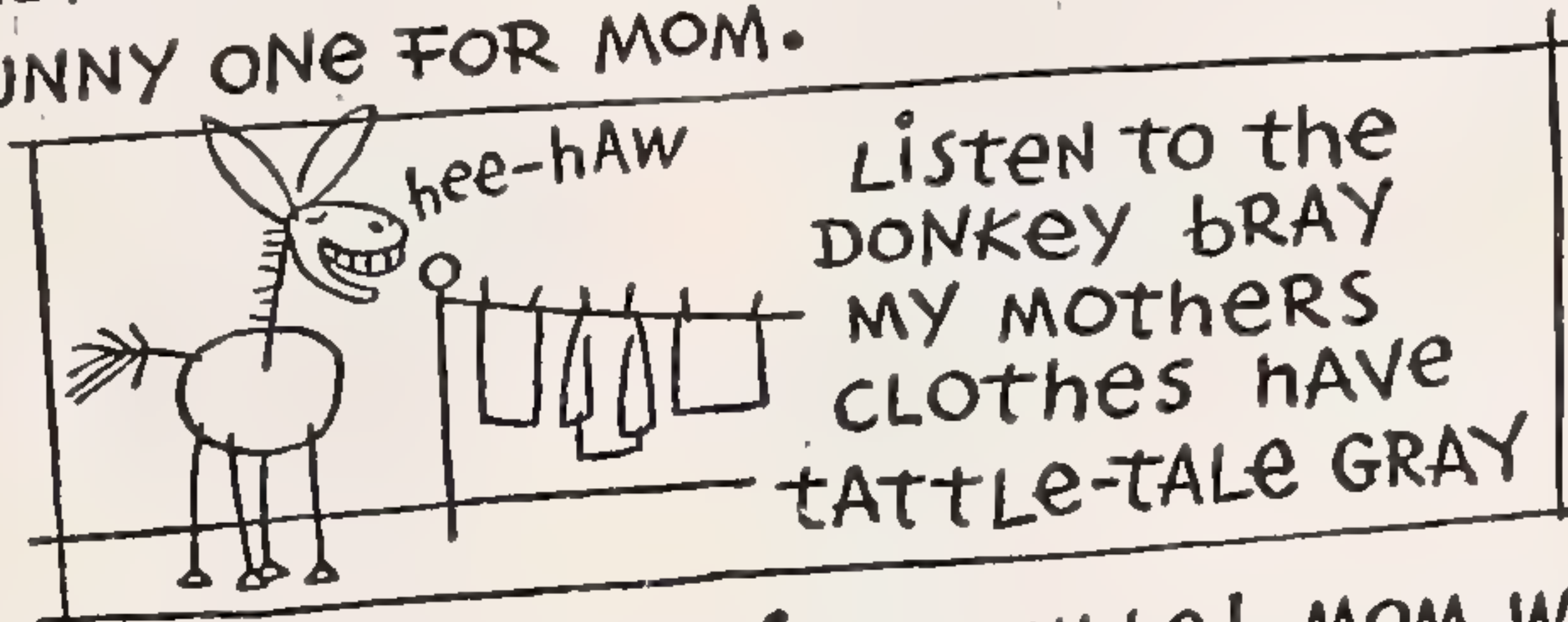
NUTTY DIVINITY

- 1 cup white corn syrup
- 3 cups granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
- 2 egg whites
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped mixed nuts

Combine corn syrup, sugar and boiling water in heavy saucepan. Bring to a boil slowly, over low heat, stirring almost constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture is smooth and blended. When mixture boils, cover and boil gently for 3 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking, without stirring, until a few drops of mixture will form a hard ball in cold water (254°F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat. Beat egg whites until stiff. Pour the candy syrup slowly onto whites, beating constantly. Continue beating until mixture starts to thicken, add salt, vanilla and nuts. Beat until thick. Turn into slightly buttered square pan. Cut in squares when almost cold.

DEAR GRANNY,

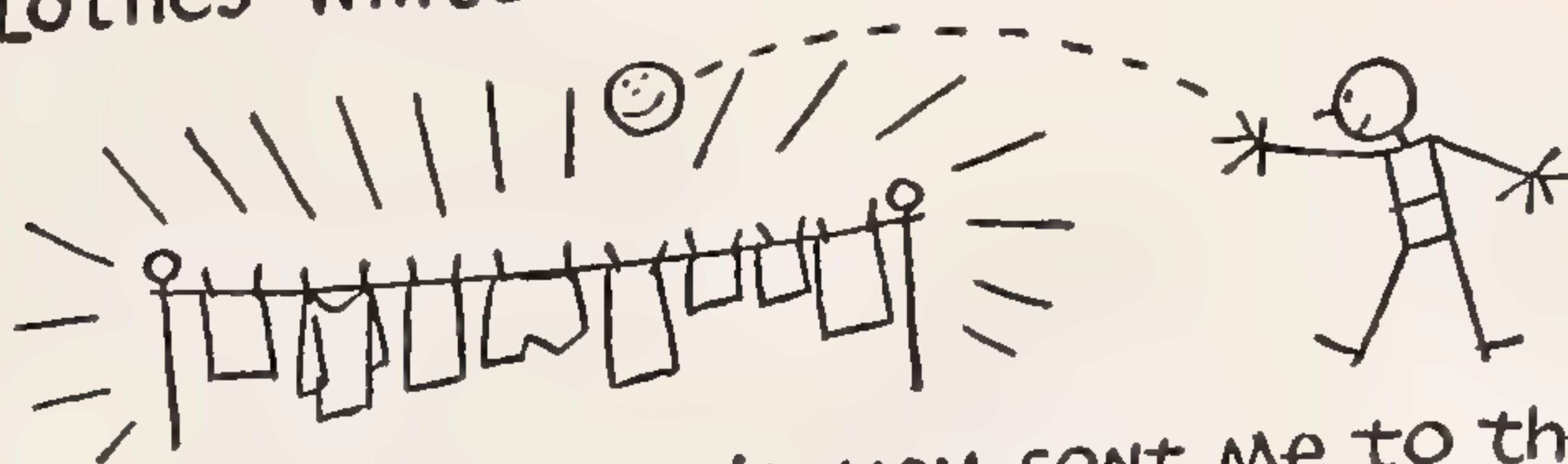
ON ACCOUNT OF YOU'RE ALWAYS GRUMBLING
behind MOM'S BACK ABOUT the WAY her WASHES
LOOK AND ON ACCOUNT OF I ALWAYS THOUGHT
LADIES LIKE TO GET VALENTINES I MADE THIS
FUNNY ONE FOR MOM.



Gosh, DID it GET ME IN TROUBLE! MOM WAS
ALL FOR WALKING ME OUT TO the WOODSHED
TILL I TOLD her how YOU SAID her THINGS
HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY CAUSE her SOAP IS
A SISSY AND LEAVES DIRT STICKING IN the CLOTHES.



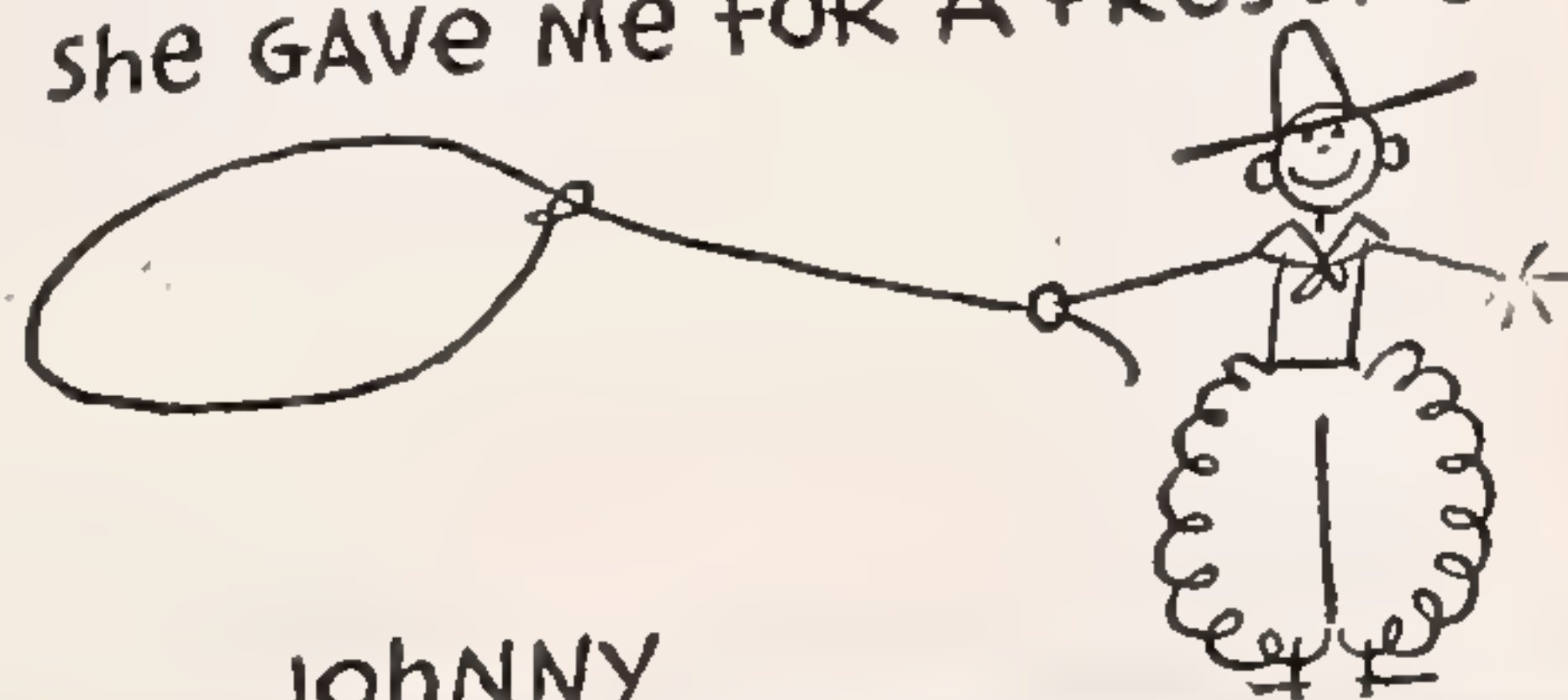
then I TOLD her how YOU SAID she OUGHT
TO CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP ON ACCOUNT
OF ITS GOT HONEST-TO-GOODNESS NAPTHA RIGHT
IN the RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND it GETS
CLOTHES WHITER THAN SNOWBALLS.



SO QUICK LIKE A RABBIT, MOM SENT ME TO the
GROCER'S FOR SOME FELS-NAPTHA AND NOW she
SAYS I'M AN ANGEL FOR SHOWING her HOW TO
CHASE AWAY TATTLE-TALE GRAY.



COURSE I DON'T BELIEVE THAT
ANGEL STUFF, BUT I SURE DO
LOOK SWELL IN the COWBOY SUIT
she GAVE ME FOR A PRESENT!



JOHNNY

Copr. 1939, Fels & Co.

P. S. If you want to see tattle-tale gray hurry out of your clothes—do what Johnny's mother did. Get Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's and try it! You'll find it easy on hands. Fine for your daintiest things. And it gives you the whitest, loveliest washes you ever pinned on a line!

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN. HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

BETWEEN YOU



*Women that stop
men cold
always stand out
alone or in groups*

ONE REASON will usually be found in the way they look and feel.

A clear skin . . . that is, a skin not only clear, but beaming with health and vitality . . . actually excites one to admiration.

Men are smart enough to always want to look their best, too.

rich, red blood necessary

And all this is quite simple, because when you have rich, red blood coursing through your body, you possess genuine vitality . . . the kind that makes for strength, energy . . . a wholesome complexion . . . and that assurance of well being.

If worry, overwork, undue strain, colds, or some sickness has reduced your blood strength, S.S.S. Tonic, in the absence of an organic trouble, will help you to build the blood back up to normal again.

an aid to digestion

Further, S.S.S. Tonic will help you to enjoy and get more value out of the food you eat . . . it whets the appetite . . . and stimulates natural digestive juices . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.

*S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the
appetite and helps change weak
blood cells to strong ones.*



A school teacher "back in the sticks" thanks the movies for a helping hand.

\$5.00 Prize Letter

Visual Education

As a high school teacher and director of very amateur Senior Class plays, I am doubly indebted to the movies, the only form of public entertainment in our mining community. Few of our four hundred students have even been more than twenty miles from home, but they are avid movie fans.

Visual education is considered the greatest medium of education. Description, no matter how good, can never supplant actually seeing an object, process or phenomenon. So in every class, I try to connect the new and unknown with what my pupils have seen in the movies—oceans, plains, mountains, factories, busy city streets and the customs of each. Without such correlation, students see only the action or story of the movie and the dullness of the lesson.

When I begin to coach each new play, I ask my cast to study the mannerisms, entrances, make-up of movie actors. If they shy from some bit of acting, I usually overcome their reticence and awkwardness by asking if that was the way their favorite star acted. And I make it my business to know each student's favorite stars.

Or, if any current movie is the same type as our production, I urge all of the cast to see and study it. I recently took four members of a cast to a neighboring town to see a movie containing several cockney Englishmen so they could study the accent carefully for our play.

So don't forget, Hollywood, that for us "back in the sticks," your movies often serve a much more serious purpose than mere "light entertainment."—Mary Resley, Ellsworth, Penna.

\$2.00 Prize Letter

A Plea

Has it ever occurred to the picture executives who are asking the public why people are staying away from the movies that the answer might be very simple? Better actors and actresses!

In the early days of the talkies, Ruth Chatterton's name filled any theatre. Her magnificent performance in "Madame X" will never be forgotten. Yet a series of

bad pictures has reduced Chatterton to the rank of has-beens. And then to put her in a picture in which Simone Simon played the lead, and Chatterton—the greatest actress of them all—a minor role! Why not concentrate some of the effort expended on the glamor girls and pretty boys on finding suitable vehicles for Ruth Chatterton and others of her calibre?

Give us less of our pretty, grinning automatons, both masculine and feminine, and more of such actors and actresses as Chatterton, Helen Hayes, the late Marie Dressler, and Lionel and John Barrymore, and thousands of us, who have quit attending movies, will go back again in such crowds that the shows won't hold us!—Margaret Ramsey, Houston, Tex.

\$2.00 Prize Letter

Crepe Suzettes

In a scene in "Three Loves Has Nancy," Janet Gaynor showed her ignorance by not recognizing Crepe Suzettes. Of course, it wasn't necessary to her life, just as it may never be to mine, to know Crepe Suzettes when she saw them. But knowing them, what they are, and being able to talk knowingly about them, should they be the subject of conversation, is something learned, isn't it?

Which brings up the point I want to make: Thanks to the movies, a lot of us have gotten in good groundwork in knowledge that might stand us in good stead some day. One never knows! Bits of information that make life much more interesting are planted firmly in our consciousness by movies with their painstaking accuracy in all details.

As one girl said to me—and believe me, she is considered a "smart number" in our set—"Honestly, until I learned about it in the movies, I thought Crepe Suzettes were a Frenchy way of saying drapes." (As if I didn't too.)

Which goes to show you, doesn't it?—Alma Donovan, San Francisco, Cal.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

"Angels With Dirty Faces"

I have just returned home from seeing the most vividly acted and the best directed motion picture that it has ever been my privilege to view. "Angels With Dirty Faces" is second to none for sheer drama and directorial genius.

The death-house scene is imprinted in my mind permanently. Father Jerry's lips moving in silent prayers for the soul of Rocky Sullivan. The bravado of this same Rocky Sullivan crying for mercy and fighting for life. And the tears, my own tears, rolling unashamedly down my face. I have never been so deeply touched.

So, double orchids to James Cagney whose "Rocky Sullivan" was superb in characterization, and to Michael Curtiz, whose directing was a gem of perfection.—Mary J. Ransom, Sandusky, Ohio.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Comes the Don

In too many pictures lately, two's company and Don Ameche makes a crowd. 'Tain't doin' right by Don. There's a girl and another boy and then comes the Don to complicate things. But the Don comes and goes.

'N' ME

Every month fortunate ladies and gents win cash prizes for their letters! Have you tried?



A fan from California wants her glamor straight—no slapstick mixed in, thank you!

Why not let him win the girl for a change instead of being the man with a heart of gold who loses the girl but wins all the sympathy. Don Ameche is too attractive to be tossed aside so lightly, and I know many other girls who feel as I do. It just isn't true to life for girls to be immune to his charm and thrilling voice.

So I say—give the Don a break. Let the Don come—and stay. Why not let Tyrone go and find a girl on his own Power?—Florence Metz, Kansas City, Kan.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Hedy Lamarr

Hurrah! Hedy is here. Finally, we hope, glamor is returning to the screen. We, the public, are tired of seeing our glamor girls, our heroines, being slapped and knocked down, black eyes, ice packs and all the trimmings. Hedy Lamarr has come, we sincerely hope, to stay and show the producers the type of stars we want.

Keep Hedy a glamor girl! We trust that after her first few pictures you will not cast her in slapstick comedy roles like Carole Lombard has been featured in. I like Carole when she plays a sophisticated role but not a knockdown, dragout kind. For goodness sakes, don't ruin a true glamor girl, when you finally find one who meets the public's requirements.—Yvonne Metheny, National City, Cal.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Alan Mowbray

It seems to me that producers have too long overlooked the excellent comedian represented in the person of Mr. Alan Mowbray. He is a man with a peculiar aptness for recognizing the frailties and comic weaknesses of us humans.

His forte is not direct comedy—his method is far too subtle for that. He goes

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, \$5; two second prizes of \$2 each; six prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

about his business in a perfectly serious manner which plainly tells us that such nutty guys as he portrays really do exist. On the other hand, one can almost imagine his turning around to his audience with a big wink, grinning and inviting us to guffaw as loudly as we please at someone
(Continued on page 99)

that Flattering Touch in Blazing Lights...

Pasty Face—
Under brilliant evening lights, color flattens out—make-up goes dead!



"Glare-Proof"—
Pond's Rose Shades reflect only the softer rays—add rosy flattery



GLARE PROOF

Pond's

Rose Shades

Now with the new pinker make-up, a subtle enchantment in your face! Pond's Rose Shades preserve flattering rose-tints in your skin even when lights blaze brightest! "Glare-proof," they soften the glare of harsh lights.

Try Rose Cream (Natural) or Rose Brunette. 55¢. Also 10¢ and 20¢ sizes. Or send for free sample—Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PC, Clinton, Conn.

Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.
"Pond's Rose Cream adds a flattering touch to the new make-up. I love it!"



*Reflects softer rays—
adds Rosy Flattery*

VERY GOOD EDDIE

BY MACK HUGHES

There's a reason why he's tops in his profession—and here it is

OF COURSE, there are many varied interpretations for that overworked word, *good*! Candy's good, but, not if it's old. Actors aren't usually good *until* they're old! That is, aged in experience, technique and the many things that go into developing their histrionic ability. In short, we're about to foster the opinion that actors are *not* born, but made! In so saying, we offer as an excellent example that very good Eddie Albert, of the cinema, the stage, the air lanes!

"It's funny how you'll start out to do one thing and end up doing another," Eddie Albert philosophized. "I used to be a bond salesman out west. Later, I managed some theatres—movie houses. I wasn't bad either. But, do you know what I always wanted to do? Sing! I guess subconsciously I worked at it harder than anything. Anyway, before long, I found myself pushed right into the thing I'd thought I wanted. And like a Frankenstein, it devoured me. First I sang on the radio, just for fun of course, then I went into some stock companies and then came to New York. Now I'm completely living and breathing the theatre, every minute."

"I think you have to be pretty crazy about your work to succeed and I'm in love with acting! Of course I've been awfully lucky. Take Bing, for instance, in 'Brother Rat.' I got wonderful notices, but the average person doesn't figure it was the part that made them possible. Why, it was a natural! Most anyone who could look like him could have played Bing and been good."

"Oh, I see! Then how do you account for such excellent notices in 'Room Service'?" we cautiously inquired of New York's most popular young leading man.

"Well," Eddie well'd, "I did an awful lot of work on that part—months of it. I guess that's why it showed up. The same's true with Bing. I worked months to get down the right enunciation and the proper feeling for him. I read everything I could lay my hands on about ball players and athletes, till I even walked and looked like one. When I figured him out and knew he was the sort of fellow who'd wear his hair clipped, I made a bee line for the barber."

"But, you know," Albert continued, "the story and situations are the important things. If the character's believable, he's successful with the audience. However, with Bing, the minute people don't believe in him enough to feel sorry for him, the play's lost. When we first opened 'Brother Rat' (the play) on Broadway I had to feel that boy until I got hold of him enough to be able to sit back and watch the effect. Well, a lot of times when I'm playing a character I cry. I did that one afternoon with Bing and some of the front row saw me with tears in my eyes and said, 'Gee, what an actor.' Boom, the scene was lost because their attention was focused on me and not the plot."

"Take pictures. It's the same. Not many people analyze things enough to tell whether it's the actor that gives a performance or if the part is responsible. For instance, take a young girl we both know and who's very good for light comedy. They have a scene where all the characters are wringing their hands and nearly dying with grief. Then there's a closeup of the girl looking out the window with tears streaming down her face. Wow, she's a great dramatic actress! That's what everyone thinks and she's done the simplest thing in the world. It's a cinch to look right into the camera and cry."

"On the other hand, take John Garfield. He's handed a few pages of script and figuratively stuck in front of the camera as they yell, 'Take it away, Garfield.' That's what happened in 'Four Daughters.' In one speech that's half a reel long, he has to build and spout a few pretty hoaky lines without becoming

monotonous or losing the audience's attention for a second. That's a real job, for if he loses the fans one second, the whole scene is lost. Now there's what I call real dramatic ability!"

Having seen both John Garfield and Eddie Albert on the stage as well as in films, it was enlightening to realize the wisdom in what our host pointed out. For, in reality, nine times out of ten it's the play and not the player responsible for a great success.

"The studio is pretty set in its ideas out there," continued Eddie. "Why, they didn't even want me to cut my hair for the part of Bing. I argued like the dickens, finally agreeing to cut it and do a test. If they didn't like it, we'd do it the other way. Of course, once they saw the test they were crazy about it. And, I'll bet you anything when I get back for my next picture they have my hair clipped just as before!"

"We hear you're in line to do 'The Poor Nut'?"

"Oh, I'd like to do it if they don't hoak it up. That can be a grand picture, but it's got to be done right. If they're not careful it'll turn out to be just (Continued on page 108)



Nothing Eddie Albert does is hit or miss—it's always hit, although, modestly, he believes in luck.

"HE WAS AN OUTLAW...A KILLER...HIS LIFE WAS THE EPIC STORY OF A LAWLESS ERA!"

He was hunted, but he was human! And there was one—gentle yet dauntless—who flung her life away—into his arms!

The spectacular drama of the nation's most famous outlaw and the turbulent events that gave him to the world!

"Jesse, you're a hero now! But this will get into your blood! You'll turn into a killer and a wolf!"

"I know, but I hate the railroads, and when I hate, I have to do something about it!"



DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

JESSE JAMES

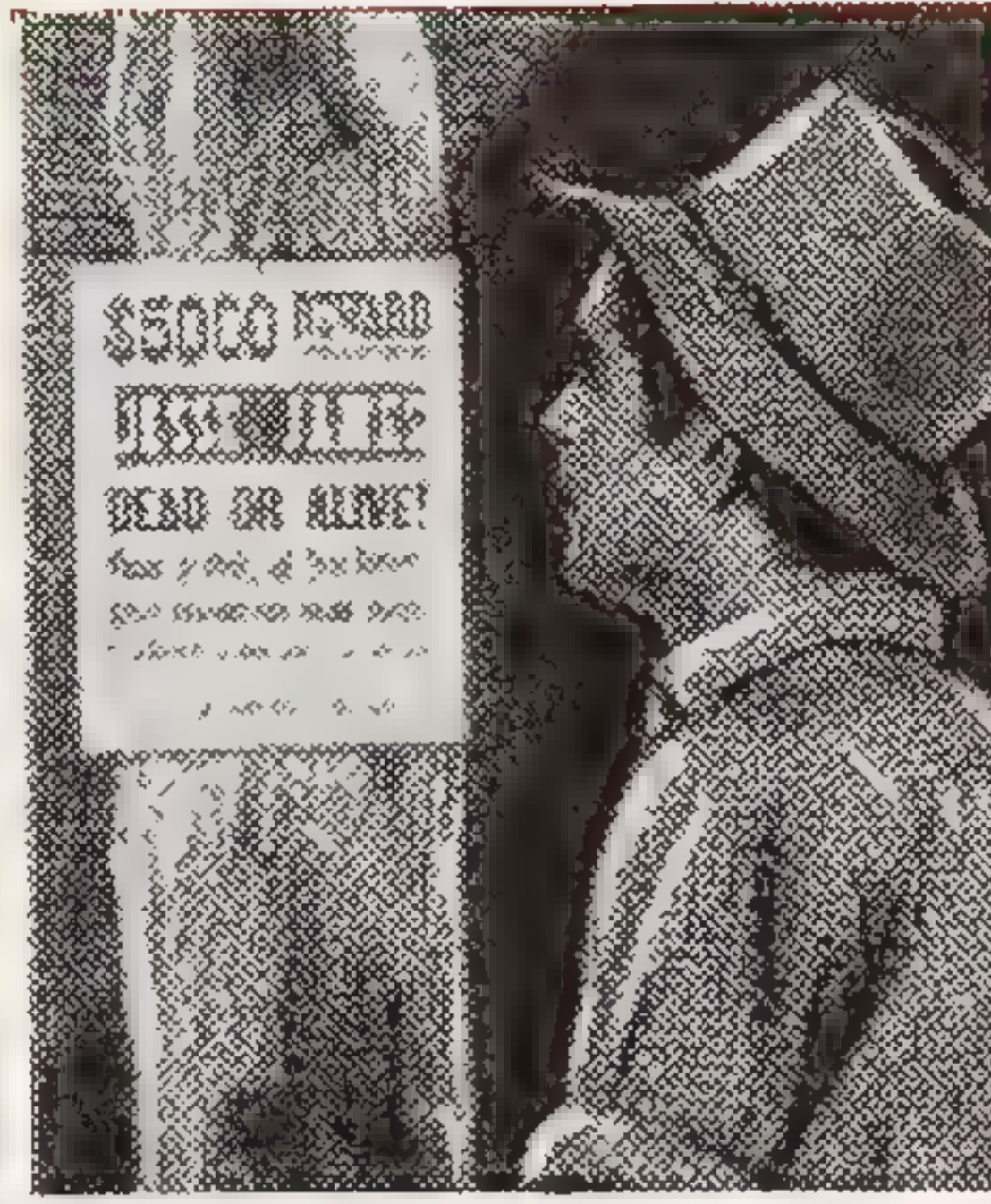
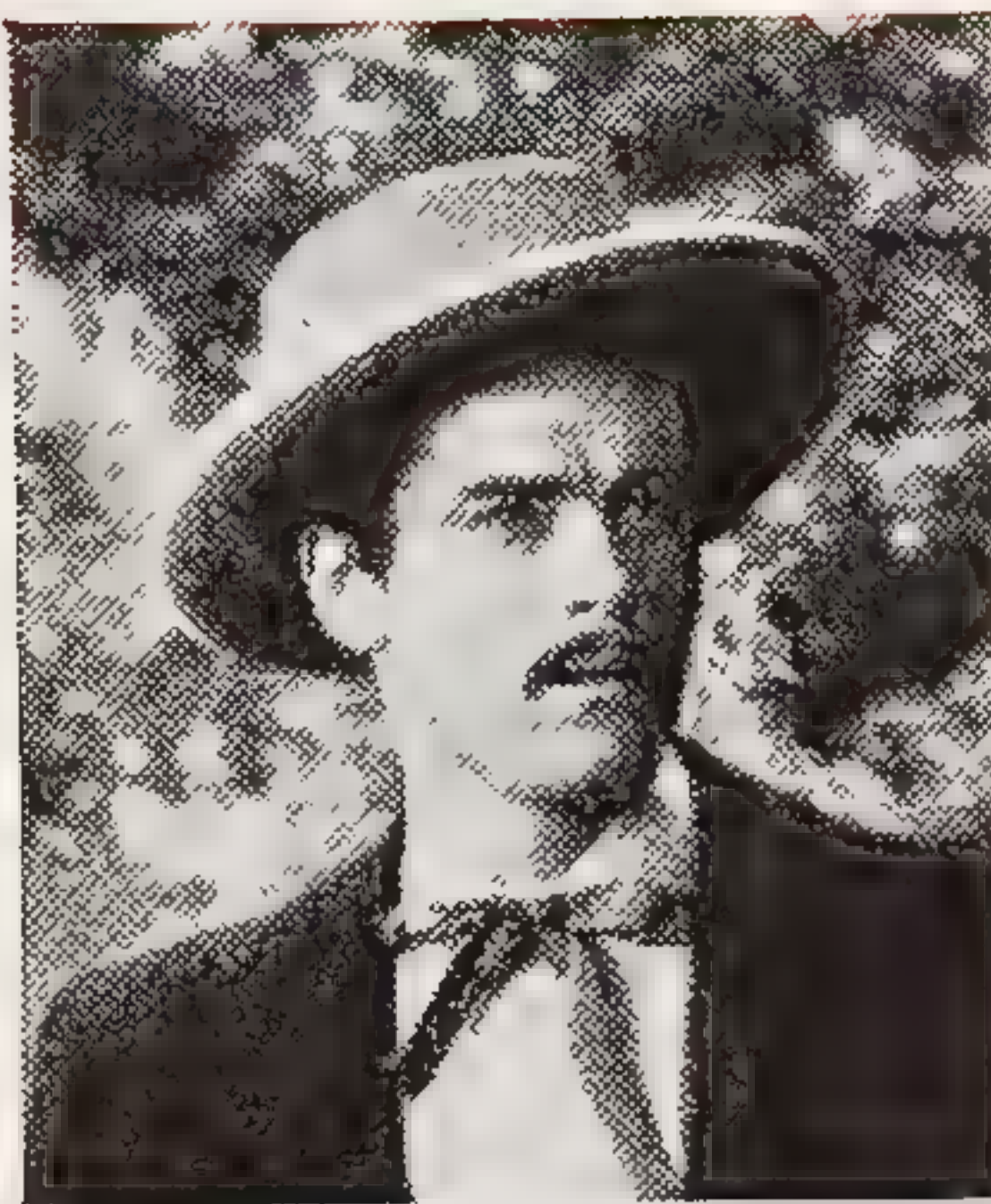
starring

**TYRONE POWER
HENRY FONDA
NANCY KELLY
RANDOLPH SCOTT**

and **HENRY HULL
SLIM SUMMERVILLE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
BRIAN DONLEVY
JOHN CARRADINE
DONALD MEEK
JOHN RUSSELL
JANE DARWELL**

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer and Original
Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Photographed in **TECHNICOLOR**



Will your baby grow as fast as Johnny?

A fine start . . . on Clapp's Strained Foods



Johnny at 3 months . . . "This picture was taken at the time Johnny had his first food from a spoon," relates Johnny Davies' mother. "We had agreed to let him be one of the test babies in our town (Westfield, N. J.) and the doctor started him off on Clapp's Baby Cereal first. After that came Clapp's Strained Spinach . . . and he loved it, right from the first . . ."



Johnny at 12 months . . . "Everybody said he was the happiest baby they ever saw—and he certainly was a healthy one! He had every food on the Clapp list from five months on—I'd give him a new one every few days—and he gained better than a pound a month right along. That speaks well for the vitamins and minerals in Clapp's Foods!"



17 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Foods

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

The good work is continued . . . with Clapp's Chopped Foods



Johnny at 22 months . . . "A regular husky! He could already play ball with his Daddy. Of course, he'd outgrown Strained Foods, but, luckily, just at that time the Clapp people started to make Chopped Foods. They're more coarsely divided, the way doctors advise for older babies and toddlers. And such a blessing! No special marketing or cooking, yet the baby has his own menu and the family have anything they like!"



Johnny at 3 years . . . "Here's Johnny now. Isn't he a big boy? And solid as a little rock. We think he's a great credit to Clapp's Foods—but then the other babies who had them are all fine, sturdy children, too. He still gets Clapp's Chopped Foods and he's specially fond of those new Junior Dinners. They're Beef or Lamb with vegetables and cereals. Very substantial, and flavorful, too—you ought to try them."



11 Varieties of Clapp's Chopped Foods

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.



CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES . . . CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN





IRENE DUNNE



RALPH BELLAMY



CLAIRE TREVOR



LEW AYRES

★ **BETTE DAVIS** *Brings You Her Crowning Triumph!*



BETTE DAVIS in 'DARK VICTORY'
GEO. BRENT • HUMPHREY BOGART
Geraldine Fitzgerald • Ronald Reagan
Henry Travers • Cora Witherspoon
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Play
by George Emerson Brewer, Jr. and Bertram
Bloch • Music by Max Steiner • A First National
Picture • Presented by WARNER BROS.

★ **DARK VICTORY** Never a story of love so exquisite!...She smiled
at the cost, and bravely paid the reckoning
when her heart's happy dancing was ended.



ROBERT YOUNG

LOADSBURG SENTINEL
OCTOBER 4, 1885

STRANGE EXPERIENCE

SEVEN PASSENGERS TRAPPED IN
STAGE COACH BETWEEN HERE & TONTO, ARIZ.

ATTEMPTED MURDER

Outcasts, Fugitives Thrown with
Elite on Wild Ride with Life
and Death at Stake

One of the most curious incidents in recent frontier history came to a thrilling climax last night as seven oddly assorted passengers arrived on the Lordsburg Stagecoach after generally

STAGE COACH

A WALTER WANGER PRODUCTION
(Producer of "Trade Winds," "Algiers," "Blockade," etc.)

DIRECTED BY

JOHN FORD

(Academy award winner, director of "Submarine Patrol,"
"The Hurricane," "The Informer," etc.)

with **CLAIRE TREVOR • JOHN WAYNE**

Andy Devine, John Carradine, Thomas
Mitchell, Louise Platt, George Bancroft,
Donald Meek, Berton Churchill, Tim Holt



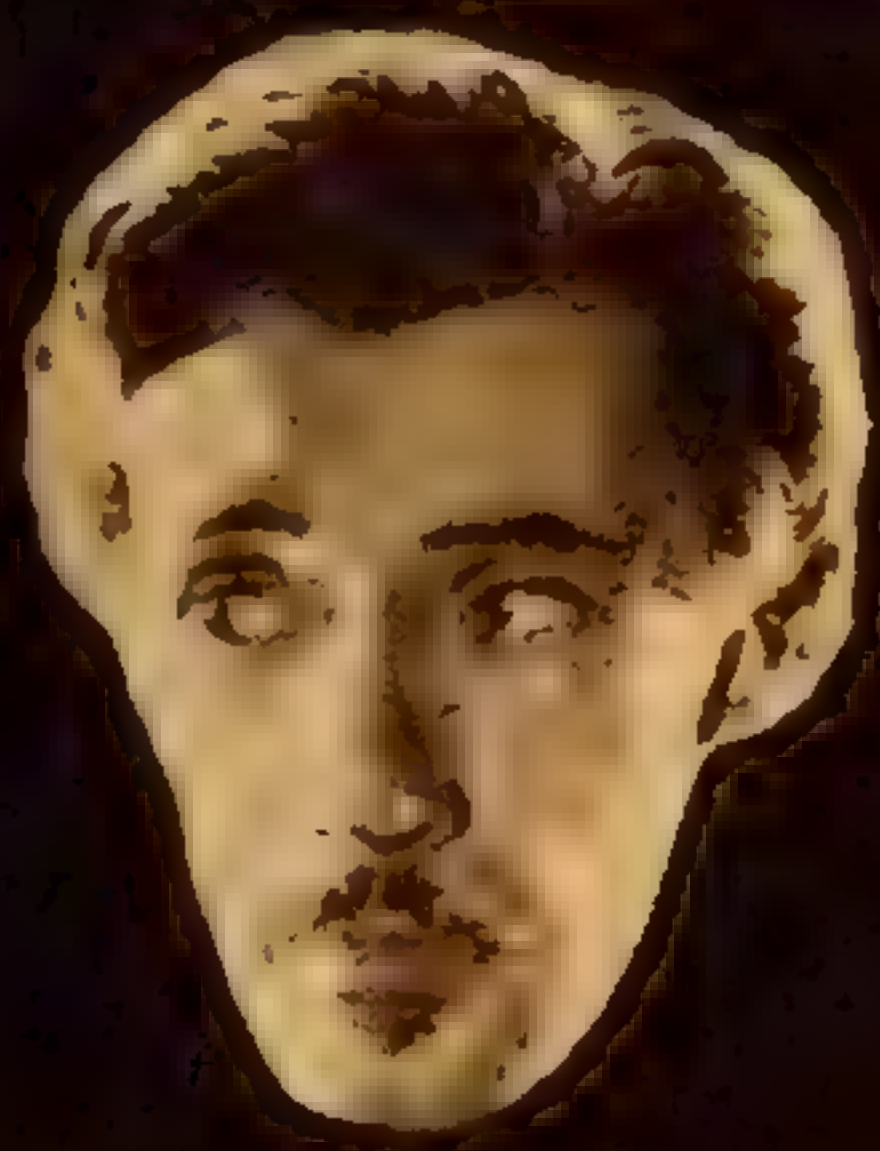
Dance-Hall Girl: Nothing
mattered but a man she'd
never seen before.



Convict: He gave himself
up in order to be taken to
Lordsburg, where three
men waited to kill him.



"Buck" the driver: He
wanted to go home.



The Man of Mystery: A
strange whim . . . some-
thing from the past . . .
forced him to go.



Doctor: It took 12 cups of
coffee to sober him in
time.



Wife: "We must go on . . .
I've got to find my hus-
band."



"Curly" the Marshal:
Why did he release his
prisoner?



Traveling Salesman: "I'm
a married man . . . father
of five . . . I insist we go
back."



Banker: Why so careful
of the little black bag?



ON THE SET she is called O-Bee. Her chair, her dressing-room, the electric fan rigged up as a surprise by one of the boys, are all marked O-Bee. A member of the press-shy crew was prevailed upon to tell why. "It wouldn't sound right to call her Miss Oberon, no more than you'd call the fella workin' alongside of you Mr. Smith. She don't go for that razzle-dazzle stuff. She's plain. Likewise the other way round. If we didn't like her, we wouldn't be taggin' her with no nicknames. It's mutual."

She is also known as Merle, the giggler. Her giggle has a lower, more agreeable sound than the word usually connotes, something like the sound of water gurgling in a spring. It does nice things to her face, which is nice enough under any conditions, but lights up in laughter like the face of a child who still trusts the whole world. People who've seen that happen say silly things to see it happen again. She's spotted by her giggle, as a firefly is by its spark. Hearing it from the other end of the set, some-

one is likely to m u r m u r , "There's O-Bee now." Her comic sense is well developed. You needn't be particularly witty to get a response.

Grief—and she knows it well—has left Merle's gaiety unimpaired.

Merle Oberon and Robert Douglas in "Over the Moon," a Korda film.



BEE

Joyful!

Her own good will is such that the will to entertain her is almost enough.

Goldwyn started by trying to make an exotic of her, a slant-eyed star of the East. He didn't get very far, because what she was came through. In appearance exquisite as a figurine, he felt that she ought to be exploited as something a little too rare and precious for this world, set apart on a pedestal, veiled in mystery. Before long he discovered that she'd jumped down off the pedestal and broken through the veils, not in any spirit of conscious revolt but because she doesn't breathe well in a hothouse. He discovered a sunny-hearted girl who liked people and wanted them to like her, who preferred to giggle with them than be kowtowed to by them, whose natural friendliness broke down artificial barriers and established instead a bond of human warmth. He was astute enough to realize that this same girl, transferred to the screen, would win more friends than a hundred synthetic mystery women. Thus the movies lost a sphinx and gained Merle Oberon.

Her gayety does not proceed from any lighthearted acceptance of life as a joke. She has had ample cause to be aware of the contrary. Her mother's courageous but losing struggle to make a living after her father's death stirred in Merle a fierce sense of protectiveness. Her mother belonged to an untrained generation. She, Merle, would train herself, remove the burden from the older woman's shoulders and make up to her for all the privations she had suffered.

Merle had taken part in amateur theatricals in Calcutta, but the idea of being an actress wasn't planted till one day she went to a movie theatre that was showing the silent version of "The Dark Angel." For some reason she can't define she saw herself in the Vilma Banky role, and from then on, her mind was made up.

When she was seventeen, an uncle took her to England for a visit. She refused to go back with him, and the next few years saw her bucking the hardest game in the world, going cold and hungry, rain seeping through the shoes she couldn't afford to have mended, being turned away from door after door and plodding hopefully on, though nobody gave her anything to hope for. It's the story of thousands of stagestruck girls, too familiar to bear

recounting. Merle was the one in a thousand stubborn enough to take it on the chin and come back for more—not giggling, certainly, but not whining either.

When success came, she took a deep satisfaction in doing for her mother all the things she had dreamed of. Ferrying, as it were, between England and America, they had always lived in hotels. Merle was sick of it. On her return to England two years ago to make a picture with Laughton, she decided to rent a house and found one in Regents Park that utterly charmed her. "How can the owner bear to rent it?" A kind friend told her that the owner had taken a superstitious dislike to it, that she was bound to get rid of it—by sale, if possible, by rental in any case, for ill luck had dogged her footsteps from the time she'd bought it. "Pooh!" said Merle, and moved in.

A few weeks later she was almost killed in a motor accident. Her injuries put her to bed for five months. Her pictures had to be abandoned. Hardly had she recovered, when the flu laid her low again. Her mother's visits to the nursing home suddenly ceased. They told Merle she wasn't feeling well, nothing serious, she'd be up in a few days. Merle tried to struggle out of bed. "I've got to go to her." She hadn't a chance, however, against doctor and nurse and her own weakness. A day or two later her mother died.

It wasn't long before she was faced with the necessity of making a decision about the house she had rented. The owner had a buyer, but would give Miss Oberon first choice. Some of her friends regarded the prospect uneasily. "Of course, we don't believe in the silly stuff, but see what's happened to you."

"What's happened to me," said Merle steadily, "has nothing to do with the house. I love it and I'm going to buy it."

As bogies couldn't affect her fundamental sanity, so grief has left her fundamental gayety unimpaired. The hurt of her mother's death was aggravated, and probably always will be, by (Continued on page 95)

They tried to make her exotic, but

Merle persisted in being her sunny self

BY IDA ZEITLIN



"If I say good evening to a girl," laments Cary, "a 'new romance' is reported."



CAGEY *Cary*

BY MARTHA KERR

For one who's known
to count his words

—Grant gives in!

Cary Grant, one of the screen's most popular players, with Victor McLaglen in their latest, "Gunga Din."

Here is Cary with pretty Phyllis Brooks, the gal that everyone says will soon be Mrs. G. Lucky Cary!



NOW LOOK," I said, "I've no wish to be nosey or disagreeable, but what with the time it takes to go to press and all, this story won't appear till the first of February. And if you are married to Phyllis Brooks by that time and the magazine says nothing about it, why, the magazine looks pretty silly."

"Phyllis and I won't be married by that time," said Cary Grant. "We won't be married anywhere near that soon."

The world is probably full of men who'd dote upon screaming it from the housetops if they had even the remotest chance of marrying a girl as lovely as Phyllis Brooks. But—these other men are not Cary Grant, who has been on the receiving end of considerable journalistic bad taste where his private life is concerned. His dander is way up over the poking and probing which has gone on about matters which—he feels—are nobody's business but Cary's.

"Listen," he said, "there was an item in one column about Phyl entertaining her bridesmaids at a luncheon at Twenty-One. There was an item in that column about Phyl buying her trousseau at Madame Whoop-de-do's. The girl couldn't take a couple of pals to lunch, nor buy herself a new hunk of chiffon without starting something. Mi-god—I guess we'll have to get married now. We'll have to get married to make an Honest Woman of the Press."

"The other day, a writer came in here. An especially intelligent girl. Swell writer. But I shall have to dispense with any masterpiece she might have turned out about me. She asked me how my second wife—my second wife, get it—stacked up with my first wife, Virginia Cherrill. Dammit, that's abominable taste, and I told her so. Her answer was that I'm a movie actor, am I not, and therefore I should not feel entitled to keep any part of my life to myself. The hell I shouldn't. I should and, what's more, I will."

I pointed out that, though her manner of putting it

had been unfortunate, this girl had been essentially right and he knew it.

"I mean," I said, "you do, in a way, belong to the public and you'd be quite unhappy if the public suddenly ceased to care."

"Yes, I know I would," he said honestly. "But what makes me mad is that everybody's always looking for some dirt to dish. They're always looking for something to leer about. Any man in Hollywood who isn't precisely repulsive to look upon, who owns a dress suit and who doesn't eat with his knife and is a bachelor is going to be fussed over considerably. I've been through it. We've all been through it."

"If I say good evening to a girl and ask her if her cold is better, a 'new romance' is reported in the papers the next day. It's irritating, but unimportant. I personally can't see why anybody should care for these romantic, if inaccurate, details, about me or Gable or Power or Stewart or whoever. Well, it seems that they do. So okay. Somebody makes a living out of purveying this material and everybody's happy. Except Grant, Gable, Power, Stewart and the rest, and they're only mildly unhappy and the recompense they receive makes up for that. At least, that's the way I've always looked upon it. Same when the publicity department arranges interviews for me. Somebody has gone to considerable trouble. Somebody's job depends upon putting such things through. So I'll cooperate."

"Oh—and sure. I'm not the self-effacing little flower that last sentence makes me sound like, either. I'm getting something out of it, too. Or, at least, I used to think it helped my career, my work, my spot in the sun. But I have, long since, told all the facts about Cary Grant for them as cared to read. And now, it seems, nobody wants to ask me anything except, 'What do you think of women?' and all that mush. It makes me squirm to talk such (Continued on page 102)

THE THREE most-talked-of players in Hollywood today, not forgetting the Garbos, Shearers and Gables, are young Hedy Lamarr, young John Garfield and very young Nancy Kelly.

Wherever you go these three names rise above the surface of conversation. They are Today's Children in Hollywood—the latest claimants to the title, "A Star Is Born."

At her studio, from props to producers, you hear that seventeen-year-old Nancy Kelly is the "find" of the year. You are told that Nancy is to be given every rich dramatic plum in every big dramatic picture to be produced by Darryl Zanuck. And it isn't merely ballyhoo, because she has already appeared in "Submarine Patrol," "Tail Spin" and "Jesse James." Now Mr. Z. is not putting a newcomer into "Jesse James" in Technicolor and opposite Tyrone Power unless that newcomer has been tried out over a hot flame and found *not* wanting.

Hollywood is inclined to be skeptical when any studio begins to ballyhoo a new "sensational discovery." Producers have done this once or twice too often.

However, in the case of Nancy Kelly, you're in for a refreshing surprise. Nancy reminds you of a young Katharine Cornell. She has the same broad planes to her face, the same mobile, generous mouth, much the same warm, dusky coloring as the great Katharine. There is, implicit in her personality, that rich feel of theatre which is Miss Cornell's.

Nancy looks at routine blondes lunching on the studio lot and sighs, "Now, that girl over there . . . *she's* beautiful. If I looked like that!" Failing to consider, of course, that if she did look "like that" she might be doing what the so-beautiful blonde is doing—extra work.

Nancy is fiercely critical of herself, perennially dissatisfied with her work. She comes naturally by this self-criticism. Her mother has praised her only once in Nancy's already thirteen-year-old career. Only once has her mother said, "That scene couldn't have been done better." That was the scene Nancy made in "Jesse James" when she is lying in bed with her new-born baby, her tears falling on its fledgling head. She will break you all up in that scene.

There are other signs which point, not only to the rising of Nancy's star, but to her established stardom. One is that she didn't want to come to Hollywood. She preferred the stage. She felt that the stage was "better training." And better training is more important to Nancy Kelly than better billing, glamor or bigger money. That's how she is.

When, a year ago, for instance, David Selznick offered to fly her out to Hollywood to make one picture for him, offered to fly her back again at the picture's end, told her that she could "take her vacation" that way and, at the same time, pick up some sizeable money, Nancy said, "Thank you very much, but I'd rather take my vacation at the seashore." And she did.

Moreover, Nancy has an ambition, an ideal, indeed, an idol. She says, "My favorite actress is Bette Davis. And my ambition is to become just one tenth as good as she is on the screen. Just one tenth."

Now, how is a Nancy Kelly born and raised? Here is how:

What does it take to make the



Movie acting, radio, stage and back to the movies, is young Nancy Kelly's record.

A STAR IS
BORN
—AND MADE

BY GLADYS HALL

She was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on March 25, 1921, on an extraordinary, windy tumultuous day. Back of every successful man, they say, there is an exceptional mother. Back of almost every successful movie star, certainly, there has been an exceptional mother. Remember the mothers of Mary Pickford, of the Talmadge girls, of Bette Davis? And young Nancy has a very exceptional mother who has been, and still is, with her every step of the way. Nancy also has an exceptional father, which is a rare asset in the biographies of most screen stars. What is more, Nancy has a brother Jack, aged eleven, who has already appeared in five Broadway plays, and a small sister, Carol E., aged six, also on the stage, besides a baby brother, Clement, aged three, who, in no time at all, I daresay, will be making his contribution to the American stage and screen. There are those who say of the Kellys that "a new First Family of Broadway (and Hollywood) is now growing up."

All right, a star is born. So then what? What ingredients go into said star's making?

Well, a mother

Both Nan and Jack Kelly are still in their thirties, vital and gay and wise. Jack is Nancy's best and only "beau." She would, she told me, rather go out with Nan and Jack than anyone she knows . . . "because they are such fun and so much in love with each other." Which seems to suggest that a happy family life contributes to the making of a star.

When Nancy was two years old her mother told her bedtime stories every night. Well, don't we all? But Nan Kelly did more than read bedtime stories. She and Nancy acted them out. She took little old Red Ridinghood and Hansel and Gretel and other juve-



Nancy's mother always wanted to be an actress, so when she discovered talent in her child, she went to work and developed it.

"They" say that Nancy Kelly, with Tyrone Power in "Jesse James," is sensationally good.

with theatrical ambitions of her own seems indicated. And Nan Kelly, mother of Nancy, wanted most awfully to "be an actress." She did do quite a few things in silent pictures back east. She organized a dramatic society in Astoria, Long Island, too, where, after the birth of Nancy, the young family took up residence. That's where they lived until Nancy came to Hollywood.

Nancy's father, Jack Kelly, was in the theatre ticket brokerage business back east. So it can really be said of Nancy that the theatre is "in her blood."

nile favorites and dramatized them for Nancy. One night Nan would be the Wolf and Nancy, Red Ridinghood. The next night they would exchange roles.

When Nancy was three, Nan and Jack took her, one night, to a meeting of their dramatic society in Astoria. The group put on "Daddy Long Legs." When the play was finished, and while the members of the cast were having refreshments, small Nancy wandered onto the stage. And suddenly, from across the footlights, came a manly voice declaiming, "No, I will not! No, no, I will *not*!" More of the same and then the transfixed amateurs realized that it was the infant Kelly being "Daddy Long Legs." The toddler was not only letter perfect in lines—no one had taught her—but she was also at home and at ease on the stage, taking the applause of her audience, unembarrassed and gracious. And Nan Kelly realized, with a pang of pure, wish-fulfilled pleasure, that unto her an actress had been born.

(Continued on page 72)

Ty and his sister
are great pals.



Sister Ann Tells on



Annabella's is the latest name to be linked with Ty's. This time, will he marry?

"Ty actually has an inferiority complex," says Ann, "but he can take it on the chin."



TYRONE POWER can't fool me," said the slender girl with the shining brown eyes. She smiled. "I know him through and through."

She wasn't boasting. She was merely stating a simple fact. If any girl knew Tyrone, she was the girl—for she was his sister. Hollywood hasn't been particularly conscious until recently that Tyrone had a sister. An attractive one, at that—brunette, with long bobbed hair, young, animated, alert. She hasn't been an actress. And, despite her photogenic face, her warm voice and her theatrical heritage, she says that she has no acting ambitions now.

Honolulu used to be her home. Marriage to a young Honolulu business man took her there before Tyrone was a movie name. Something went wrong with the marriage. Otherwise, she wouldn't be in Hollywood now, taking up life again with her mother and brother in a big white Colonial house in Bel-Air. Ann Power is only seventeen months younger than Tyrone. The small difference in their ages made them closer to each other than the average brother and sister when they were growing up. Ann had the opportunity to know Tyrone as no one else did. Then, being in the Islands, far away from him, all during the time when fame and wealth were happening to him, she faced the inevitable question when life brought them together again: "Has he changed?" And that other question: "Has Hollywood done

something to him—something that I won't like?" She was answering those questions now, out loud. And, in doing so, she was talking about Tyrone for publication for the first time.

"Separation hasn't made us strangers," she said. "I feel as close to Tyrone as I ever did. Yet, at the same time, because of our long separation, I can look at him without the near-sightedness of constant association. I can see him in perspective."

What traits did she see in Tyrone before Hollywood happened to him? What traits did she see in him now?

"Well, for one thing," Ann said, "—an amazing lack of conceit. As long as I can remember, girls have been casting sheep's eyes at Tyrone. And I've heard girls—who didn't know I was anywhere near, or didn't know I was his sister—say, 'He's good-looking, all right. Too good-looking, probably, not to be awfully conceited.' I used to smile inwardly at that, because I knew something that they didn't."

"Tyrone hid it pretty well, but he was burdened with an inferiority complex that kept wriggling constantly. One reason for it was the fact that he was Tyrone Power, Jr. His name reminded people of Father, and he always had to wonder if that was why they noticed him. On top of that, he had just one ambition: acting. Having a great actor for a father, he knew he had a head start on a theatrical career. But he knew, too, how much (Continued on page 92)

BY JAMES REID

Fame, fortune and good looks don't fool her, so Ann reveals a new, intimate side of the "perfect" Power

24

THOSE MARRIED CAREER

THE MOUTH of a blondined extra fell wide open.

"Well I'll be darned!" she spluttered. "Get a load of *that* busman on a holiday!"

"That busman" proved to be Myrna Loy. Clad in a simple frock of wool and wearing only a trace of street make-up, Myrna was strolling arm in arm with Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., through an elaborate set of "Midnight," the new Colbert picture being filmed under his supervision. With obvious interest she was inspecting the details of the set, chatting with the director and exclaiming over the beauty of Claudette's cloth of gold evening gown.

"Jeepers," the extra went on, "you'd think she'd get her fill of movie sets and stars without spending her spare time poking around like a movie-mad tourist. She must be nuts! You wouldn't catch me doing a dumb stunt like that on my day off. Not if I was the big-shot she is!"

You probably wouldn't. She'd be out getting her eyelashes dyed, or shopping for dresses beyond her means. But that's one difference between the two women, and one darned good reason why Myrna's home and marriage to Producer Hornblow is one of Hollywood's happiest, while the extra is having trouble with her mate who sells used cars.

For Myrna's interest that day was not the professional interest of one great star in what was being done for another in a rival motion picture. It simply was the genuine and wholehearted concern of a wife in the work of her husband.

"Nothing remarkable in that, is there?" she observed. "It's just part of the trade of being a working wife."

"And there were tricks to that trade as any other?"

"Well," she parried, "I wouldn't call them 'tricks' exactly. Let's say, rather, unwritten rules for happiness and harmony. But whatever you call them, to me they are the safeguards women who work will do well to cultivate if they want to keep their husbands as much in love with them as the day they said 'I do.'"

Furthermore, she pointed out, those rules were applicable equally to stenographers, filing clerks, maids and writers as they were for the glamor girls of the movies. Basically, all wives are sisters under the skin.

I struck a snag, however, when I suggested she tell other wives what those rules were, and how to make them work as successfully as she has done. It was giving advice, she said, and she hates to give advice. Thinks it is presumptuous on her part.

"Besides," she said earnestly, "it isn't always fair because I have so much more to do *with* than many women, and a financial advantage is a powerful one. For example, I could say it is a worthwhile idea to keep a man's home running smoothly at all times, even if the woman does some kind of work outside her home, because a man's home is his castle and he has the right to expect that much. That is easy for me to say, and practise, too. All it involves is keeping the proper servants and giving them the proper orders. But what about the wife who is employed all day in an office and still must prepare the meals, keep his clothes in order (*Continued on page 105*)

Myrna is Hollywood's perfect screen wife,
Maxie Baer and Clark Gable agree.

There's no question as to who's head of the
family in Mr. and Mrs. Hornblow's household.





GIRLS !

**Myrna Loy, who is
one of them, tells
how to make every-
thing work out**

**BY
KAY
PROCTOR**

Working
wives can
contribute
plenty that
has nothing to do
with fi-
nances,
says Miss
Loy.



HE WANTED A *Boy*

But Papa Withers drew the infectious Jane
and has been completely satisfied ever since

JANE'S MOTHER wanted a girl. Her father wanted a boy. Nature satisfied them both by giving them a girl who could meet any boy on his own ground and give an excellent accounting of herself.

The story of Jane and her mother has been told often. This is the story of Jane and her father. He's a big man with the softspoken drawl and courteous manners of the South, with a quiet, deliberate air that inspires confidence and masks a store of humor as infectious, if less boisterous, than Jane's own.

One night before the baby was born, Mr. and Mrs. Withers were walking home from a picture show that had featured Mitzi Green. "Won't the name Jane Withers look nice in lights?" said her mother-to-be dreamily.

This was nothing new to Walter Withers. When he'd asked Ruth to marry him, she first said yes and then, with her face hidden against his chest, "If we ever have a little girl, Walter, I want her to be an actress. Promise me you'll say nothing against it, because I just couldn't bear it."

He had laughed. "That's okay with me, honey. Let's wait, though, and see if she can act."

He hadn't promised to *wish* for a girl. "I want a boy," he insisted. "I want a boy to go hunting and fishing with me. I want him to be a boy scout. I want him to lick that sissy down the street. I want a boy," he continued, his imagination soaring, "and I want him to be so mean that when he comes out on the front porch all the other kids'll go chasing into the house."

"Yes, you do!" scoffed his wife.

"I give you fair warning, if she does turn out to be a girl, I'm going to make her the finest tomboy in Atlanta."

The family doctor grinned over the controversy. As he slipped from Mrs. Withers' room the night the baby was born, he came on the palsied father in the hall. "Ruth's fine," he said. "The baby's a tomboy, weighs eight and a half pounds."

Mr. Withers went in to his wife. "You don't really

mind it's being a boy and not a girl, do you, honey?"

She gave him a weak smile. "It's a girl, you crazy."

Jane was kind to her father. She saved him the effort of making a tomboy of her. Strange as it may seem, she grew into a miraculous combination of what both parents wanted. She took naturally to dancing, singing and general cain-raising. She uprooted the neighbor's prize tulips, imported from Holland, and stuck them into tin cans as table decorations for a tea party in the backyard. The neighbor didn't talk to the Withers for weeks. In need of a spade, she appropriated the handsome sword that went with her father's lodge uniform, and buried it underground for safekeeping. She used his new razor and every blade he owned to sharpen her pencils. "One blade would have sharpened all the pencils in Atlanta," he objected.

"Well, then what would I of done with the rest of the blades, daddy?"

Whatever he may have told her, his private feeling was one of pure content. Just as she was, she suited him better than any boy he could conjure up. His cup of satisfaction brimmed over when, hearing a commotion on the walk one day, he sallied out to investigate. Jane stood, arms akimbo. The sissy, a buxom lad, four years her senior, was blubbing his head off. "Jane licked me," he wailed. And Walter Withers knew that dreams do come true.

Mrs. Withers had another dream. At five, Jane was already active in radio work. She had conquered Atlanta, but her mother felt that the field was too narrow. "Why don't you take her to Hollywood, Ruth?" Mr. Withers would hear their friends suggest.

She'd eye her husband wistfully. "I would in a minute, if Walter were willing."

He hadn't forgotten the promise he'd made before Jane's birth, and he's not a man to take his promises lightly. "But we've got our own home here, honey, and our family and friends, and (Continued on page 74)

Jane's dad promised to make her the finest tomboy in Atlanta. She widened the territory considerably.

BY CAROLINE
S. HOYT

Jane confides that she occasionally can talk her mother over, but her dad—never! They're too much alike.





FERNAND GRAVET



HEDY LAMARR

TCH, TCH -

BY RAMON ROMERO

IF HOLLYWOOD could add up the millions of dollars it has spent in blind attempts to make great stars of imported European actors, the sum would make some of the foreign war debts look like a Scotchman's tips. Between Pola Negri's landing in New York fifteen years ago and Danielle Darrieux's recent embarking to fulfill a Universal contract, a whole army of thespian recruits have come and gone, leaving in their wake shattered careers, broken dreams, bitter denunciations and, in some cases, very much depleted treasuries.

The cinema executive, ever in search of profitable and exciting merchandise, recognizes no boundary lines in his determined and eternal search for screen talent. On the premise that art is international, he invades wherever there is promise of reward, and does not hesitate to plunder foreign studios for future Hollywood stars, just as, for years, he has robbed our own Broadway.

When the bait of a glamorous career via American billboards fails to entice the wavering foreign actor or actress across the Atlantic to a California swimming pool and mansion, American dollars turn the trick. Simone Simon's thirty-five-hundred-dollar-a-week sal-

If producers and their "imports" would only realize that we don't want



Those Furriners!

ary was a minor example. In her own native Paris her weekly stipend was probably less than one-third of this amount. The same is generally true of the rest of the gilded importations. While capable artists warm benches around Hollywood casting offices, waiting for a chance to be discovered, Hollywood producers, like thirsty men chasing a mirage, scurry off in mad pursuit to lasso every available actor on the continent.

The past year has seen a deluge of foreign talent. Each major studio has contributed to this melting pot. At Paramount there is Isa Miranda, the Italian actress, noted for being Mussolini's favorite screen star, Franciska Gaal, from Budapest, and Georges Rigaud, a

new sheik type, featured in "Spawn of the North." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with the largest list of imported players, boasts Fernand Gravet, Miliza Korjus, Ilona Massey, Della Lind, Hedy Lamarr, Robert Morley, and others.

Columbia brought over Luli Desti and Dolly Haas. Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox has on his roster Annabella, Richard Greene of London, and Mickey Hood, his latest contractee, not yet arrived. Of course, departed are Simone Simon and Germaine Aussey. Universal brought over Danielle Darrieux at one of the highest salaries ever paid a performer in Hollywood, while Walter Wanger (*Continued on page 86*)

another Garbo or Lamarr, but a brand new and individual personality!

HAPPY

THOUGH MARRIED

BY
DORA ALBERT



"Everyone dislikes me on sight," claims Humphrey Bogart. "There's something about my face that annoys most people."

Humphrey Bogart has a

I HATE WOMEN who are spineless, brainless clinging vines, who open their eyes wide and their mouths still wider and sigh, 'Oh, you great big wonderful man,' all the time fluttering their eyelashes at some helpless, captivated male. I hate women who have never in all their lives had a thought of their own, whose lives are dominated and ruled by the type of vicious mothers we sometimes see in Hollywood who cling and cling and cling, who are so possessive and so overbearing that they will not let their daughters make any decisions of their own. I feel sorry for women who are always suffering from imaginary ailments, fainting females who rush to the hospital for two weeks because the strain of modern life is too, too much for them, and who retreat there to rest and read—although they've probably never read a book before in their lives.

"I adore women who do things, who have guts, who can stand up to a man and say, 'You're wrong' when he is wrong, who like to stand on their own two feet, who pack a good wallop and in case of an emergency know when and how to apply it. Which in a nutshell is why I adore Mayo Methot."

Humphrey Bogart paused and rubbed his own chin reflectively. We were sitting at the Lakeside Country Club, a gay, informal lunchroom, the sky outside a panorama of blue, and the sunshine pouring in through the open windows, making little patterns of gold on the tables. Humphrey, in a blue sport shirt and black and white checked trousers, looked much handsomer and younger



new recipe for romance and it's not moonlight and roses—but it works well

than you've any idea from just seeing him in movies. "It's pleasant here, isn't it?" Humphrey asked, with a sweep of his hand, taking in the lunchroom and the rolling countryside surrounding it and the golf course nearby. Then he swung right into his favorite subject—Mayo Methot.

"Mayo is a frail-looking person," he said, "as feminine and attractive as any woman could possibly be, yet she has more strength and honesty and directness than most men. Do you remember reading about the women in the American Revolution—they were pretty strong women, weren't they? I imagine that if Mayo had lived back in those days she would have fitted in perfectly.

"Recently Mayo was taken seriously ill, and needed a major operation. One day after the operation, she was sitting up, and one week later she was home. The day after her operation she didn't take one single solitary thing to ease the pain. Foolish? Reckless? Perhaps, if she had been another type of woman. But she has a very strong constitution—she is strong in every way—her courage is simply superb."

Again Humphrey's hand stroked his chin. Then he laughed out loud. "It still hurts, where Mayo hit me a good strong wallop," he said. "It happened to be the only possible way of handling a certain situation, and Mayo had the courage to do what she knew was right. Which is another reason I admire her so intensely." It happened one evening when his studio sent Humphrey a script which he disliked very much. For months Humphrey, who takes his work very seriously, had been complaining about his roles, and the studio had promised to find a grand part for him. With eager, hopeful expectancy he had started to read the script, but as he read on and on,

his frown deepened—this story was utterly wrong for him, he thought, and the role the studio wanted him to play was such a colorless part he was sure it would do him a great deal of harm. Now, as it happened, Humphrey was very tired when he read the script and not his usual good-natured self. As he read on and on, the resentment he had been fighting back for a year suddenly rose in him. He was seething with anger. All logic and reason were wiped out in the tide of his fury.

"I went off my nut a little bit," he told me apologetically. "I got so mad I didn't know what I was saying or doing, for, you see, a man feels kind of ineffectual bucking a great studio.

"At the time Mayo and a couple of friends were with me at my home, and Mayo said, 'Come on, Bogey, have a drink.' Often drinks make me sleepy and she evidently hoped that, after having a drink, I would get over my hysteria and just drop off to sleep. But it didn't work. I had one drink, then a second drink, but I was as hysterical as before. Suddenly Mayo walked over to me, and gave me a good resounding wallop on the jaw that snapped me out of it. Then she got the doctor and gave me some sleeping pills. That night I slept like a baby, and when I awoke in the morning I felt fine and was grateful to Mayo for what she had done. It was not the accepted thing to do—but she has courage enough to do the unconventional thing if she knows it will help someone."

The romance of Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot (whom he calls Sluggo) is one of the gayest, maddest and most delightful in all of Hollywood. It isn't the kind of romance that comes all wrapped up in lavender and old lace, that is compounded of moonlight, dreams, and the witchery of magic illusions. Instead it's the sophisticated, mature love of two utterly charming people who might have stepped right out of *(Continued on page 109)*



Humphrey Bogart and Billy Halop are crooks together again in "Chalked Out," their latest.

She calls him "Bogey;" he calls her "Sluggo." Lavender and old lace don't go with the Bogarts.



She knows

WHAT SHE WANTS

And when it comes along, Jane Bryan will gladly forfeit fame and fortune





Eddie Albert and Jane Bryan did a grand job in their latest, "Brother Rat."



Bette Davis has shown Jane what it is like to be a star—and J. B. doesn't fancy it.

IT WOULD BE a grand thing if American girls—yes, and American boys, too—could take a leaf from the book of Jane Bryan. That leaf, I mean, on which are written down in a strong, clear hand the well defined ambitions from which Jane hasn't wavered a wiggle since she was a little girl; on which are written down the ideals which go hand in hand with those ambitions, the resolutions, many of which begin with, "I will not." "I will not be satisfied with a cheap, easy success, no matter how well paid. I will not waste my substance on cheap, easy romance, no matter how much pleasure seems to go with it. Though I shall, of course, make a thousand mistakes as I go along, I will *not* make mistakes about important things like my work, love, my family, husband, children and home."

Ah; yes. If the millions of young people who come out of schools and colleges every year—some of them pathetically starry-eyed, others pathetically cynical, so few of them knowing what in heaven's name they want to do—if they could acquire some of the blessed certainty about important things which little Jane Bryan possesses, they'd be in a happier position to tackle this none too happy old world that we live in.

I talked with Jane over a late breakfast in a hotel dining-room. She hasn't changed, outwardly, in the something over a year that she has been in pictures. The combined wiles of the studio make-up department haven't been able to make her change her glossy, natural brown hair to a shade more golden. Her eyebrows have remained where nature put them on her intelligent young brow. She wears lipstick and nail polish and simple, straight, unbedecked clothes. There was nothing about her to cause the other late breakfast-ers to look up and wonder where the Klieg lights were. Otherwise—yes, most decidedly—she is different from other girls.

She brought along a girl friend. Not a member, as I feared at first, of her studio's publicity staff or of the Mutual Protective Association. Because both girls indulged in a little mild studio panning, much in the manner of a couple of New York wage slaves exchanging details of office hardships over Schrafft sandwiches. Jane said she isn't very good at interviews yet and she thought Peg might be helpful.

I found that though the little Bryan's intelligence goes way ahead of her twenty years, her little girl appetite

hasn't quite caught up yet. She tucked into a hearty amount of cereal with cream and drank considerable cocoa. Lucky girl—she doesn't have to count up the calories and drink black coffee. While I drank black coffee, I launched into Interviewer's Stock Question II A—but I did not receive a stock answer.

"You've come quite a way in a short time," I said. "What do you feel you owe to yourself, and what do you owe to others?"

"Well, of course, I owe a tremendous amount to Bette," said Jane. She ponders a moment before speaking, which is another good idea. "Bette Davis has helped me immeasurably in the tricks of the trade, for one thing. I mean, make-up, and technical points about acting before the camera and all that. But mostly, I think, I'm thankful to her for giving me a picture of what a really important star is like. The whole thing . . . her problems and difficulties, and all the sadness that comes with the glory, and everything. She's shown me what I might be like if I ever achieve what she has achieved. And,"

Jane's big gray eyes looked straight into mine, "I don't want to be like that. It's too tragically lonely."

This made me ponder for a moment before speaking, and Jane went on.

"I adore Bette. I worship her. She's

a deep-feeling, warm-hearted woman. She's tempestuous and vivid. She's the kind that starts a gale of excitement the minute she enters a room. She's the stuff of which great women are made. But she's a woman before she's an actress, and she has struggled so hard to keep the things which are precious to a woman . . . and she has failed."

"Yes, lately she has been going through a bad time," I said. "But perhaps it will work itself out. Perhaps she and Ham Nelson may even yet get back together again and be wiser and happier for it all."

"No, I don't think so," Jane answered slowly. "I don't see how any Hollywood marriage can survive such a set-up. I really don't. As a matter of fact, I don't see how any important woman star can have a happy marriage. I think those who stick just muddle through, at best. If any two people ever struggled to keep things on a sane basis, those two people are Bette and Ham."

"Bette doesn't have a thing that money can buy that I couldn't buy with my modest salary. Clothes, jewels, cars, house—nothing. She (Continued on page 78)

BY MARY MAYES

She has something the rest of us seem to lack, but we're willing to learn


RIGHT SMACK off at the beginning, let Auntie Marshall put it on the record that, in this attempt to analyze the undeniable charm of the southern girl—and southern woman, too—she is talking about the very nicest kind of Dixie belle. Not the empty-headed little flutter-budget whom I guess we've all metten up with at one time or another, who honey-chiles and you-alls folks to death and who has little to offer beyond a cute accent and a pretty face. She is rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth, anyway, praise the Lord. The attractive southern miss or matron is just like any other attractive person except—except—that she is a darn sight smarter about men.

What started me thinking along this tack was a cocktail party I went to recently. Practically everybody there was from Charleston. Our host and hostess and their twenty-year-old daughter were leaving next day for their native city and it was just an informal affair to say goodbye. Two of the daughter's girl friends dropped in after school. One was a tiny thing—about five feet tall, very cute. Her pal, I give you my word, was at least six feet tall. They were a comical pair together. The tall one had a very pretty face, but my land, the height! But do you think she was the least bit self-conscious about it? Think


you that she slouched or slumped? Not she. She carried herself beautifully. She walked like a—like a—well, like a queen, which isn't very original, but that's the way she walked.

An older woman, mother of the cute little half-pint, arrived, attired in nondescript blouse and skirt. "I apologize for my cooking clothes," she said laughing, "but So-and-so called me up and asked me to a matinee, and I flew out just as I was and haven't been home to change." She stayed a little while and then she had to leave, and after she had gone, everybody said what a charming person she was and our hostess added, "You should see her in an evening gown; she is really beautiful."

A group of us, mamas all, congregated in a corner and began talking, as mamas will, about our children. One parent's child was going thru the teeth-straightening stage. "We were fortunate, with Ann," the hostess said. "We were in England and we were able to get it done by an excellent dentist for under two hundred guineas." That's a thousand bucks, American. Mind you, these people, while comfortably off, aren't wealthy and never have been. But Ann's teeth had to be straightened, and Ann's teeth would have been straightened, if the family had been poor as Job, for they realized the importance of it.



Gail Patrick, left, an Alabama campus belle with what it takes!



It was down Texas way that Margaret Tallchet charmed them.

—here's the way

You see what I'm driving at? The whole southern idea about women is that women are meant to be beautiful. If they're not born so, they must be made so. The tall girl has had it instilled into her that she's lovely. She has not been allowed to be self-conscious about her height. She has been schooled to stand and walk beautifully. She has been made to feel, by a hundred small, considerate, daily teachings, that it's simply swell to be so tall—why, she will be a queen among women. Let the tiny girls be cute and all that. *She*
(Continued on page 113)

WHAT HAS THE SOUTHERN GAL GOT?

BY MARY MARSHALL

Petite Margaret Sullivan, below, hails from "ol' Virginny."

Dorothy Lamour clicked in New Orleans long before we knew her.





The Erwins love the races—sometimes they win, too, and then again, ouch!



What do you mean, you can't stay happily married in Hollywood! The Erwins have.

HOMESPUN HERO

THEY SAY—and you know that never-ending line of hypothetical theys—that it's impossible to remain married in Hollywood. Further, *they* say *they* won't even let a couple stay happy out there where the beauties come a dime a dozen. But, don't make the fatal mistake of trying to find "they." Because as soon as you do, they'll vanish into thin air.

Nevertheless, the Stuart Erwins may be the exception to the rule—for, it's nigh on to nine years since they said "I do," during which time, we hasten to add, *they* have been unable to mar the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. E. On the camera coast this in itself is a record. However, to get on with the Erwins, their family life is little different from yours or mine. In fact, it's just about like the Joneses or the Smiths.

Each morning, Stuart doesn't catch the eight-fifteen, because he catches his station wagon and drives himself to work. Each evening dusk finds Mr. Erwin turning into the driveway with but one purpose in mind—to see his wife and kids.

It's no simple matter when Stu gets an assignment in New York for picture work. There's an extra room on the train for the kids and their maid, to say nothing of an additional suite in the hotel. Many a man would bring on his family for a few days; then, when work began, send them home. Not Stu Erwin. It's all together or not at all. That's the way he likes it, and, that's the way it is—just as the Jones family or Smiths. When they go a-visiting it is en masse or not at all.

Having completed a picture made in New York and tentatively titled "Frankie," Mr. E. was ready and willing to return to the quiet life in Beverly Hills.

"Why, do you know," he explained, "at home we don't go out when I work, but here in New York, you do nothing else! Your friends call and if you're working they get very considerate, making it 'just for dinner.' The thing we forget is that dinner isn't over 'til midnight and by the time you ease out, it's after one, and two by the time you're in bed. Boy, does five a. m. roll around fast!

But, I never feel low! I just wonder if I can get up! The bad part is by six o'clock that afternoon you're all pepped up and raring to go. I guess this New York stimulates you. An average evening out back home is over by twelve; one, if it's a celebration and that's not often. But here! Wow, I don't see how you stand it the year around."

Our host lost sight of the fact that New Yorkers don't have to crowd into four weeks what they have the entire year to accomplish. Fifty-two weeks are consumed in the pursuit of those same things the average guest crowds into a couple of days.

However, there're no regrets in the Erwin menage, since this New York trip is responsible for our hero broadening his histrionic concepts. Stuart, as you no doubt know, has for years played the home town hick who invariably makes good, one way or another. In "Frankie," he evolves a com- (Continued on page 80)

BY ROBERT
McILWAIN

Stuart Erwin is the movie actor who's as real as the man next door

UNMASKING MAGGIE

Abe Lincoln said, "You can't fool all of the people all of the time." But Margaret Lindsay did.



That accent! That glamor! That colossal faker—Margaret Lindsay

WHAT HAPPENS when you adopt a terrific line and it goes

BY BEN MADDOX

over—but big? Margaret Lindsay knows. That's why she doesn't use it any more! On the other hand, if she hadn't posed outrageously, she wouldn't be where she is, and she knows it. If she hadn't deliberately assumed her phony front, hadn't lied brazenly, hadn't hoodwinked all the influential men she met as soon as she began her pretense on a major scale, she'd certainly not have won the big stakes for which she gambled.

She wanted that special excitement which a lot of money and fame and far-above-ordinary escorts can bring. Margaret sockoed. And then—?

I have run into no one else in Hollywood who has mapped out and put over such an amazing campaign of personality faking. But, though her great idea for herself worked marvels, now she's swung

to the other extreme, absolutely abandoned those tricks which

caused her rise from obscurity to promising fame.

Why? What did she come up against that she didn't expect? I think every girl who's ever imagined creating a glamorous reputation, who's longed for an escape from the humdrum, will be intrigued with the Lindsay frankness about her own reasons for calling a halt to her adventurous glamor system. You've read too many of those long-winded schemes on how to get your man, how to be a beauty, and how to get far away from existing-alone-and-hating-it. But here is an actual case history.

"All the 'You, too, can be a charmer' stuff riled me," Margaret declared candidly. "If I really could transform myself, I most definitely wanted to! But was it possible?

"I wasn't born a fatal (Continued on page 89)

DRESSING YOUR PART

Opulent fabrics, huge jewelled trimming are used when Hedy Lamarr adopts simple, straight lines as in this shell pink lamé wrap with plush velvet sleeves.

BY
ANN WILLS





Madeleine Carroll's costume has good lines for a campus outfit.



Rosella Towne's tweed suit would be a fine mainstay in a wardrobe.



Hedy Lamarr wears the perfect siren dress for that important date!

THE NEXT time a saleswoman says to you, "But everybody is wearing full skirts," just keep on looking until you find something sleek and slim. If she says, "Stripes are all the rage" hold out for polka dots, or checks, or a flowered print, or a plain fabric—or anything a little bit different. Encourage her to tell you what her other customers are buying. That will tip you off to what you don't want. But don't be swayed when she says with an air of authority that this is a fluffy-ruffles year, or that short jackets are out and long ones in. What she says may be all very true for the mob. But you are going to stand out from the crowd as Madeleine Carroll always stands out in a scene full of good-looking extra girls.

Even if a saleswoman treats you as if you didn't know Hedy Lamarr from Sonja Henie, don't let her bully you. You're the one who is going to wear the clothes you are buying. And you know best whether you are buying a standby that you can wear for months, always looking neat and well-groomed though you ride in your beau's open roadster, or a languorous siren formal to put all those coquettish full-skirted belles in their places at the next big dance.

It is not entirely by accident, or by more vivid personality, that the star of a picture stands out in every scene. If you had been around the Hollywood studio lots as much as I have, you would know that the star watches (*Continued on page 97*)

The star stands out in a crowd—and so can you if you try her tricks



There's nothing new

about Clark? It's all been

told? Well, just listen!

Why is Gable in the movies—for fame, art or money? He frankly and gladly tells you.

him, a picture not of himself but of Robert Taylor. The Gable guffaws came!

No, I won't write again about how Gable is a "man's man," pal of Spencer Tracy and Wally Beery, loving hunting and fishing and flying, nostalgic for freedom and the wide open spaces.

Gable is generous. Not only with money. He is generous of spirit, free from spites and rancors, resentments and rivalries.

I knew, too, what he thinks of fame. How honestly he debunks this business of being a star. He has said time after time, "I just happened to get the breaks, that's all. It could have happened to anyone."

Which is all very Gable-illuminating. But—what else?

Plenty else. For Gable turned the table on me. Gable passed by or passed up all the Gable highlights, the "man's mannishness," the love of hunting, the zest for practical joking. He opened the back door and took me in with him, into the "house" where he lives. It is more important to know that Gable whistles "The Daring Young Man On The Flying Trapeze" when he takes his cold shower than it is to know what he does when he attends an exhibitors' dinner.

The kind of things that are not for publicity are the kind of things Clark told about himself the other afternoon. It all began at mention of Robert Taylor's name. We were laughing about the birthday cake gag. Immediately Clark's face lighted. He said, "He's a man, Bob Taylor, a real honest-to-God he-man, make no mistake about that."

I didn't think I ever had made any mistake about the he-mannishness of Bob Taylor. But leaving Bob out of it for a moment, I thought I had made a

(Continued on page 100)

THAT GUY

Gable

BY

FAITH SERVICE

I WENT to interview Clark Gable with a distinct feeling of discouragement. For, what would I find to say about the man, that hasn't been said before?

I knew about his days in the lumber camps and oil fields. I knew of his early stage struggles, his first frustrations and later blazing triumph here in Hollywood. I knew about his marriages. I knew his penchant for practical joking.

I knew that Gable can take a joke, too. There was the occasion of the birthday cake, ablaze with candles and gay with lace paper frills, which was presented to him on the set on his last birthday. When he removed the top frill, there was a picture staring up at



OFF THEIR GUARD

Tea for two, at which Constance Moore and Boris Karloff toast the latter's brand new baby. Yep, B. K. became a pappy on his fifty-first birthday and he's that proud! You'll see him and his eighty-five pounds of make-up—but really—in "Son of Frankenstein."

Everyone but Loretta Young knows of the dearth of men on the camera coast. She, invariably, has her own beau and somebody else's—David Niven and Richard Greene.



Gene Raymond is justly proud of the little woman—Jeanette MacDonald, of course—who is a sen-sa-shun in "Sweethearts." They gaily leave the preview.

The lady dripping in silver fox and orchids and diamond bracelets is the popular conception of a movie star. She is one. Norma Shearer dines with Mervyn Le Roy.



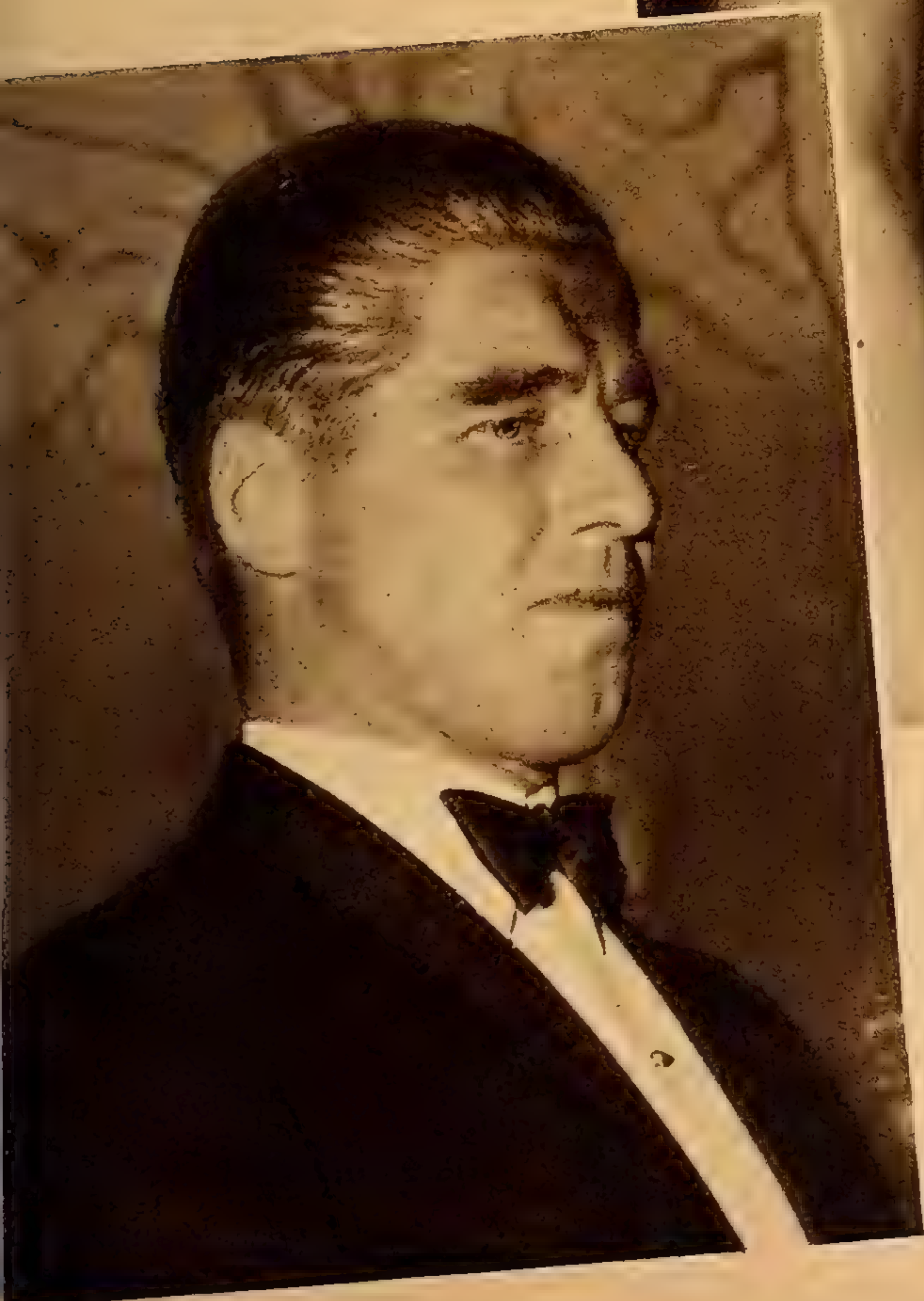
Kay Francis sporting a new fur coat and a title—the Baron Barnekow. The story goes they're headed for the altar early this spring.

Dietrich parks the languorous look for an honest grin. She's Henry Fonda's dinner partner here.





Don Ameche, wearing his wedding ring, and Marjorie Weaver, an upswept hair-do, talk about their operations. Each sports a fine contract, but no appendix. Well, say we, you can't have everything!



**Snapped when the cameraman was lookin'—
and the players were not! Result? Some inti-
mate "off-guard" pictures of your favorites**



When Greek meets Greek, they open a —make-up kit. June Lang shows Jean Parker how to wield a mean lipstick.



The screen's favorite actor takes his favorite girl stepping—the Spencer Tracys.





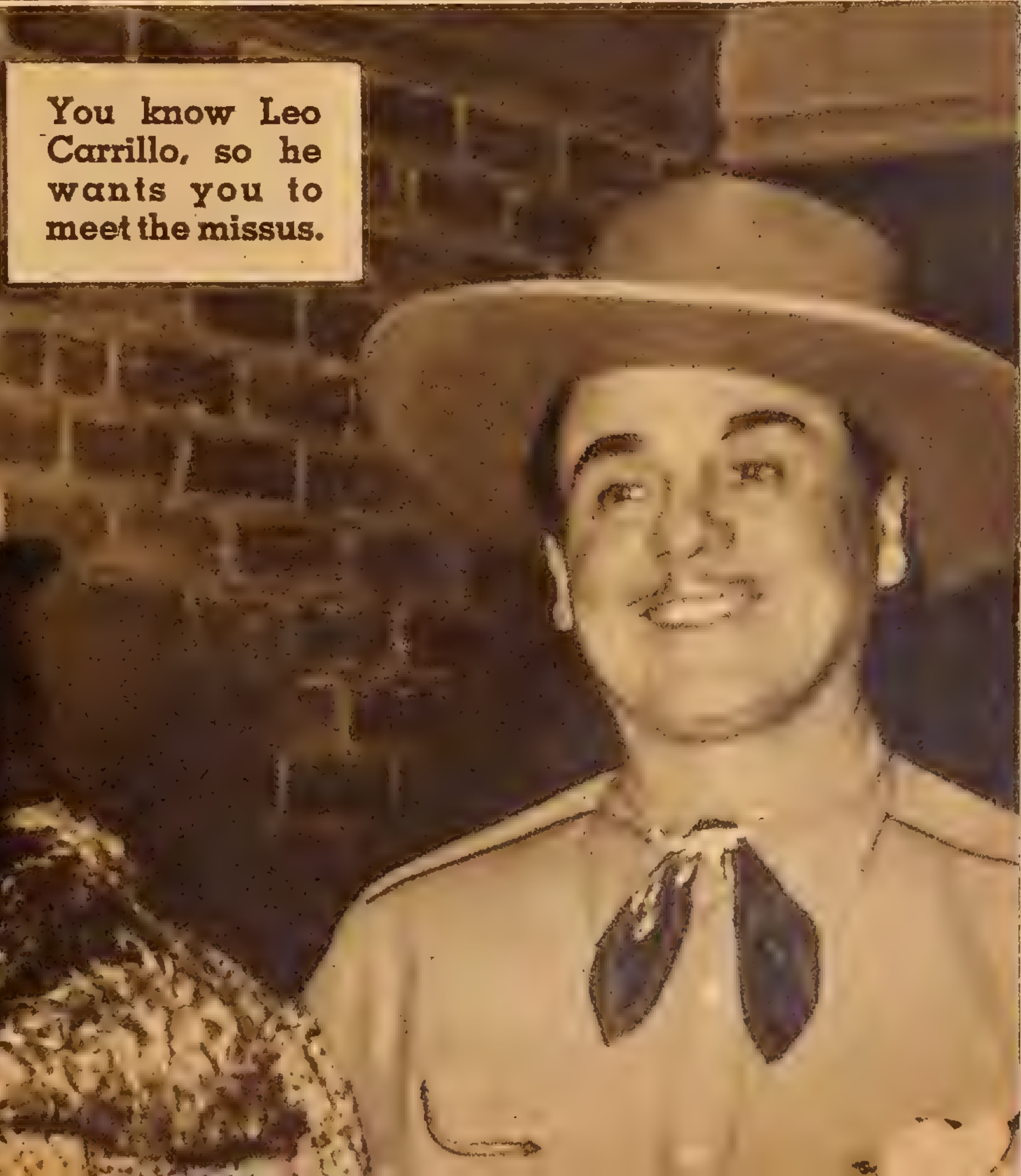
Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett are deciding whether to get married or stay friends.



When a star's without a date—that's news which makes Jimmy Stewart a headliner.



Even Buddy Ebsen's wife, Walter Winchell's ex-Girl Friday, laughs at his "wind-blown" haircut.



You know Leo Carrillo, so he wants you to meet the missus.



Shirley Temple scoots around Palm Springs on her favorite birthday gift.

What do you mean Joe E. Brown has no sex appeal? Just look!



Si Wills and his wife, Joan Davis.





Believe it or not, Mrs. Crosby *can* get Bing into a dress suit. So there!



If you like male pulchritude—and who doesn't—cast your eyes on Jon Hall.

Evidently Marian Nixon and Randy Scott just heard a good one.

The gent whose face you can't see is Claudette Colbert's husband.





They met first in 1932 working in "No Man of Her Own." It was distinctly not a case of love at first sight, for Carole was Mrs. William Powell and Clark, the husband of Rhea Langham.



Meet Josephine Dillon. Clark did in 1924 when she gave him diction lessons and he presented her with a wedding ring.



With his second and present wife, Rhea Gable. She is that surprised that he wants a divorce! Can you imagine?



In 1931, when Carole and Bill Powell were one, they kept a great many night spots flourishing. Their marriage lasted but two years. The clubs are still going strong.

THE MARITAL *Mix-up* OF CAROLE AND CLARK

There's a woman in their cards who,
they say, is blocking out the altar



The most glamorous friendship on the Coast. She's free to become Mrs. Gable and they say he'd like to be free.



Again Modern Screen is the first to show you what makes Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire tick in their tango—from "The Castles." Let's follow them as they whirl around the floor and see if we can't catch onto this thing. Left, in an open ballroom position they go into a slow glide. Above, after four steps, they break and face each other.

THE TANTALIZING

Tango

as performed by the gay-
est of Senors and Senioritas
—Rogers and Astaire to you



With hands behind their backs, the dancers do a slow tango step forward and backward.

Then, facing forward, they take long dipping steps toward each other in a semi-crossover.

The lady steps forward and goes into a back bend, supported by the gent's right arm.

And snapping suddenly into an upright position, they stamp three beats of the bolero step.



GOOD NEWS

Come on along and see the gay goings-on behind Hollywood scenes

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

Carole Lombard and Clark Gable had themselves a time the other evening—a round of all the night clubs which is something in which they indulge only on very special occasions. It was the day after they announced their intentions to wed, but the celebration had nothing to do with that. It was strictly in honor of Carole. She's been taking a correspondence course in agriculture from U.S.C. and that day had received her monthly report card. Carole Lombard had been given her first "A" in the course.

If you think Clark's been twiddling his thumbs while the girl friend does her homework on crop rotation, you don't know Mr. Gable. He, too, has been taking a course in which he's learning the art of leather work. So far he's made a saddle, intricately carved, and several other less ambitious pieces. A. H. Hardy of Beverly Hills is his teacher and another pupil in the group is Gary Cooper. But according to Mr. Hardy, Clark Gable is his prize pupil. "I've yet to see a

fancier quick-draw holster than the one Mr. Gable made," says his teacher. "He's a real artist."

Cupid Dept.: Mayor Glenda Farrell takes time off from duties to date Tom Lewis, radio executive. Eddie Norris has been dating Mary Brian while Ann Sheridan is dividing her time between Dick Purcell and Don Barry. Hoot Gibson's sparkin' Louise Shelton, oil heiress from Texas. Olivia De Havilland says the talk about her interest in George Brent is "highly embarrassing"—but they still see a lot of each other. Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin hold hands at previews. Lana Turner and Greg Bautzer are all made up and talking wedding plans. Rosalind Russell and William Powell have more than their love of reading in common. Wayne Morris has confirmed those remarks of Bubbles Schinasi, the cigarette heiress, that he's really going to marry her and forsake all other debbs and screen cuties.

Though Ann Rutherford's reely swell, Mickey Rooney would prefer to confine his huggin' and kissin' routines to Barbara Salisbury. No, you haven't heard of Bobbie, but Mickey's been taking every date she'll spare him since their high-school days together in Long Beach. First girl he called up after his week in Oklahoma City was brunette Bobbie, who is now a picture starlet, only to learn she had a date that evening. "Hold on," pleaded Mickey. You're turning down a date not only on Mickey Rooney but on a Cherokee Indian Chief, a police captain, a Texas ranger, honorary mayor of Oklahoma City and leader of the Oklahoma Girl's Kiltie Band." Mickey actually collected all those honors in his one week's visit and we're happy to report he also collected a date that evening with his dream girl.



Martha Raye put on a party at La Conga and Franchot Tone was a very popular guest.



Richard Greene and Anita Louise do a little rug-cutting—but where is Arleen Whelan?



Billie Burke and Alice Brady are two of our very favorite scatter-brains.



Judy Garland's getting to be a habit with Mickey (fashion plate) Rooney.

in which
matic ability was the
teeth on a trapeze!

Cast and crew of "I Take This Woman" watched with amazement the other day when Spencer Tracy was supposed to fervently embrace Hedy Lamarr. Tracy not only didn't take advantage of the opportunity offered by the script, but he made the scene look like hokum by very gingerly putting his arm around Hedy. The sequence was taken several times, but it was still obvious that Tracy's heart was not in it. Finally, he had to break down and confess—he'd sprained his wrist playing polo the day before. And polo, you see, is on the list of banned activities for an important star while he's making a picture.

On the set of the "Son of Frankenstein," the director asked Boris Karloff to please regain his composure so the scene could be shot. "I can't," giggled the monster, "Lugosi's making faces at me."

The Martha Raye-Dave Rose marriage wavers and wavers but they were spotted at a popular restaurant the other night in a very married mood. Martha commented that she had never been happier and "there's nothing to it"—meaning both the divorce and stork rumors. "One thing that is true, however," she added, "is that I'm feuding with Bob Hope." Seems that on the set of "Never Say Die" that afternoon the script had called for Martha to save Bob's life when he fell into the swimming-pool. In an organdy dress, Martha



Two top stars talk shop. Bette Davis tells Jimmy Cagney how to win an Academy Award and you know he can. See "Angels with Dirty Faces."



Dick Powell and Joan Blondell agree to disagree with their studio, and so they're reading offers. There's been no scarcity of them, either.



A deluge of rain soaked many an ermine wrap and top hat the night of the "Kentucky" premiere but it didn't dampen the gala spirit of the affair. Hundreds of fans huddled under umbrellas to gape at the stars as they swept up the Carthay Circle theatre promenade. But the biggest cheers went up for the guests of honor of the occasion—Governor and Mrs. A. B. (Happy) Chandler and their two pretty daughters. You couldn't have found two more excited and thrilled girls in the country that evening than Marcella and Mildred Chandler, the sixteen and fourteen-year-old daughters of the governor and his wife. At the Trocadero party which followed the picture's showing, the girls were introduced to all the stars and Marcella had the first dance with her favorite actor, David Niven. She was given a screen test by one of the studios, too, before her parents got her safely back to the old Kentucky home.

Kay Francis was given a very warm reception at the plane when she returned to Hollywood. Burnt a gorgeous golden tan from the Haiti sun, Kay did a deeper burn when a reporter asked what her plans for the future might be, and Kay replied, "To be a good wife." "Nothing more interesting than that?" asked the news-sleuth, "You mean you haven't any picture plans and are just going to marry the Baron?"

Garbo's on a sit-down strike. She refuses point blank to discuss any picture plans unless she can have George Cukor again as director. And Mr. Cukor has been borrowed by David Selznick to direct "Gone With the Wind." The solution to the whole problem may yet be a Scarlett who tanks she go home to Tara.

Now that the dove of peace has settled on the Chester Morris household, plans are being made for a second honeymoon. The Morriszes will check the children with friends and be off for Honolulu for a month. After their reunion, Chester told his wife to pick out the largest star sapphire in town as a second engagement ring. Tiffany's or Marlene Dietrich may have a larger stone than the one Mrs. Morris selected, but it's doubtful.

Which brings to mind the fact that U.C.L.A. students will tell you

There were those meanies who said it would not last, but John and Elaine Barrymore will soon be celebrating another wedding anniversary, which proves again that you never can tell.

George Burns pulled a Gracie when supplying his wife with her late lamented jewelry. You've no doubt read of the incident. In college vernacular these days, a dumb dora is a "Gracie."

LOOK HOW THIS DAZZLING-SWIFT SKATER EASES NERVE STRAIN

"CAMELS ARE SO SOOTHING..."

SAYS MISS DOROTHY LEWIS,
petite performer who thrills society throngs
at the Hotel St. Regis in New York



"FIGURE-SKATING IS A NERVE-STRAINING JOB"

Above, Miss Lewis caught by the photographer as she does the "Camel Spin." Following this, she may swing into the "Butterfly"—a difficult feat which she performs on a block of ice no larger than the floor space of a room! "Whirlwind spins, turns, and twists," she says, "put constant pressure upon my nerves. So..."

"I LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!"

she adds, "...whenever I can, I break nerve tension. I let up—and light up a Camel. Such an enjoyable way to rest the nerves!" So enjoyable to Miss Lewis, and to millions of other smokers, because Camels are mild, rich-tasting. They are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.

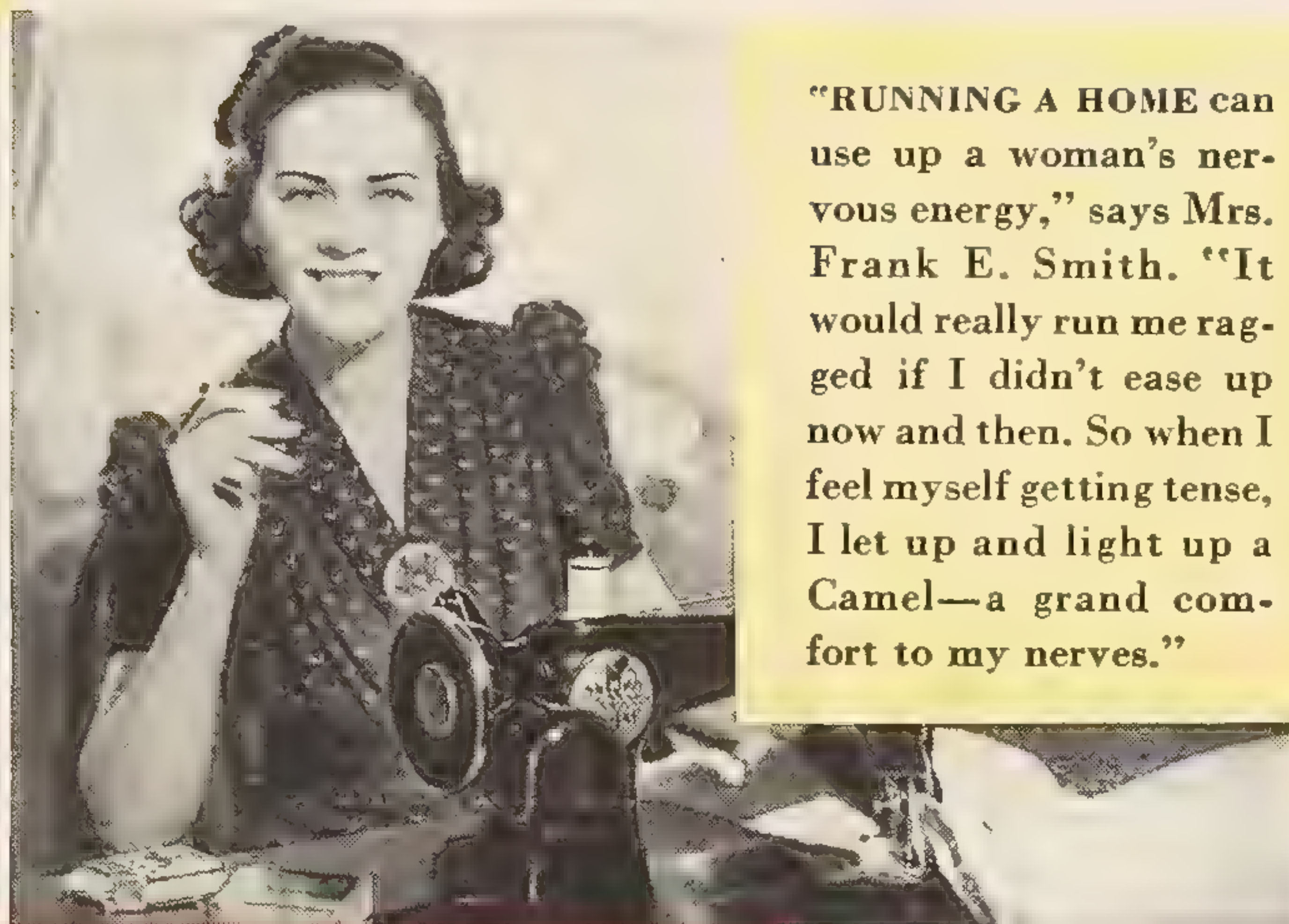
(above) A close-up of young Dorothy Lewis wearing her skating costume of white silk, turban of silver fox. Her skill on the ice makes her a favorite with those who dine and sup in the stately Iridium Room of the St. Regis. She excels in intricate figure work, dances the Lambeth Walk on skates. "If my nerves were jittery," she says, "I couldn't keep my performance up to par. So what do I smoke? Camels, of course! They certainly are soothing to the nerves."

The Dog instinctively
gives his nerves a rest...
Do we?



Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

LOOK at the Gordon setter above—a fine-spirited sporting breed. When his instincts warn him: *nerves need rest*—he obeys his instincts and rests. His nervous system is like our own—highly strung. When *our* instincts warn us to rest our nerves, they are often overridden by our will-power...we keep on the go till nerves are tense. Yet think how much more pleasant life can be when nerves are smooth, unruffled! So pause frequently...Let up—light up a Camel. Smokers often say, "Camels are really soothing to the nerves!"



"RUNNING A HOME can use up a woman's nervous energy," says Mrs. Frank E. Smith. "It would really run me ragged if I didn't ease up now and then. So when I feel myself getting tense, I let up and light up a Camel—a grand comfort to my nerves."



Smoke 6 packs of
Camels and find out
why they are the
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE
IN AMERICA

Smokers find
Camel's costlier
tobaccos are
SOOTHING TO
THE NERVES

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!



*is tops
in food energy*



Karo is the only syrup
served to the Dionne quintuplets.
Its maltose and dextrose are ideal
carbohydrates for growing children.

Allan Roy Dafos, M.D.

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SERVICE

CECILE

MARIE

ANNETTE

YVONNE

EMILIE

Remember...KARO IS RICH IN DEXTROSE...The food-energy sugar

M O V I E R E V I E W S

★★★★ Sweethearts

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy singing the Victor Herbert melodies from "Sweethearts" reunite for their best picture since the captivating "Naughty Marietta." The music is superb, the dialogue provocative, the story plausible and absorbing, and sheer magic is achieved with the color photography.

Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell, writing a play within the original stage version, concocted an amusing plot. The "Sweethearts" are not only hero and heroine of the Broadway success, but man and wife in real life and much in love. They're allowed to stay that way until Reginald Gardiner, a Hollywood talent scout, breaks up the six-year run of the play with promises of an utopian life for the team in the film capital. Mischa Auer, playwright of Sweethearts, conspires with producer Frank Morgan and the heroine is made to believe that her husband is really in love with their secretary, Florence Rice. The team splits, the play closes, and into the story comes Young Douglas McPhail and Betty Jaynes to co-star with the separated lovers on different road tours. All ends happily, of course, but not without a thoroughly satisfactory sequence of comedy, song, and dancing from MacDonald and Eddy, the talented Ray Bolger, and an excellent cast. The gentle satire on Hollywood and the fun poked at typical Broadway theatrical families are very amusing. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—*M-G-M.*

★★★★ A Christmas Carol

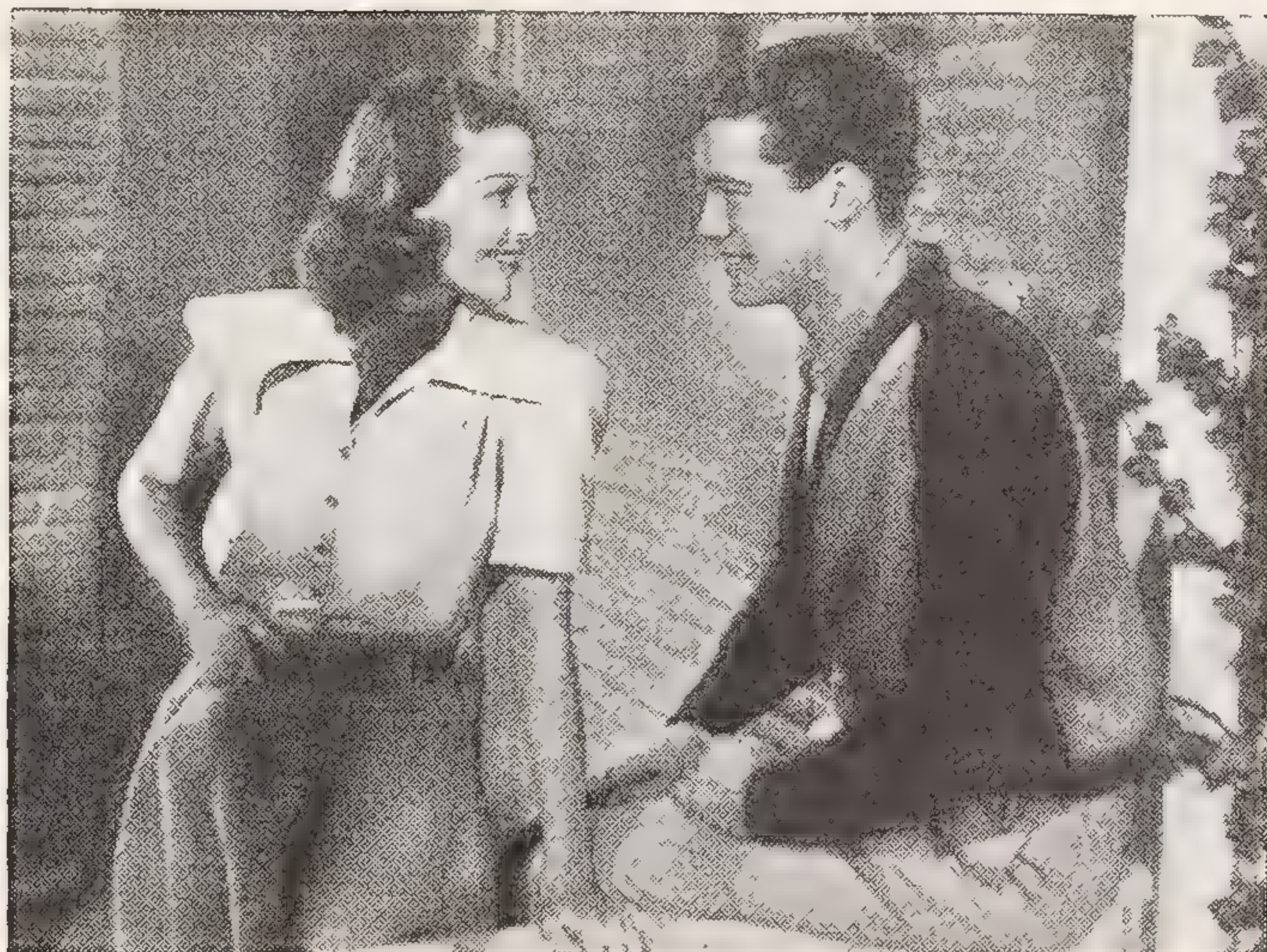
The familiar and well loved story of Tiny Tim is here brought to the screen with all the charm and warmth found in the pages of the Charles Dickens story. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has assembled an excellent cast and spared no effort to keep the photographic and musical background in accord with the simplicity and beauty of the tale. Young and old will find this picture deeply enjoyable.

Gene Lockhart gives a fine and memorable performance as Bob Cratchit. Kathleen Lockhart, in the role of Mrs. Cratchit, is entirely satisfactory, while all the little Cratchits are admirably portrayed by a well selected group of youngsters. It would be hard to imagine a more perfect Tiny Tim than Terry Kilburn, whose understanding portrayal of the role is enough to melt a heart tougher than Scrooge's. The character of the bitter Scrooge, to whom Christmas is just another day, only worse, is well done by Reginald Owen. His characterization of the dour old gentleman who is finally saved by the spirits of Christmas past, present and future, is convincing throughout. Others in the cast who deserve special credit are Lynne Carver and Barry Mackay, who provide the romantic interest, also Ann Rutherford, Ronald Sinclair, and Lionel Braham. Directed by Edwin L. Marin.—*M-G-M.*

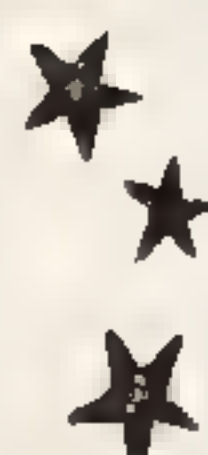
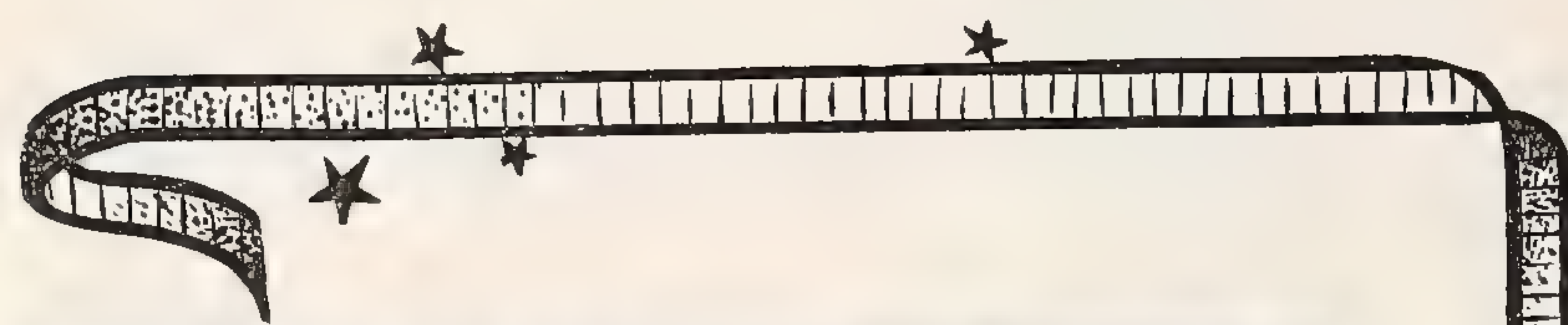
★★★★ Kentucky

"Kentucky" easily heads the list as the best picture entertainment of the month. Beautiful photography in Technicolor, excellent production and direction, an engrossing original story and capable performances distinguish it. Its impressive scenes are laid in the blue grass country and the story revolves about the horse breeding and racing for which Kentucky is justly famed. The picture is climaxed with a thrilling sequence of the Kentucky Derby. Hollywood will be a long time topping this offering in the minds of horse racing fans.

Though the racing beauties steal every scene in which they appear, the acting honors go without dispute to Walter Brennan. As the crotchety Uncle Peter, the best judge of horse flesh in Kentucky, Brennan gives a performance that should put him in the running for an Academy Award. Loretta Young looks beautiful and her performance as Sally Goodwin, a Southern belle and horse fancier, is notable for its sincerity and charm. Richard Greene, in the romantic lead, suffers somewhat by comparison. High points of the picture are the scenes in which the darkies appear. Among several excellent performances that of George Reed is outstanding. "Kentucky" is a picture you'll enjoy and remember. Directed by David Butler.—*20th Century-Fox.*



BY LOIS SVENSRUD



★★★ Dawn Patrol

A powerful screen drama, "Dawn Patrol" is a stirring plea for peace as well as excellent entertainment. Without such notably fine performances by the principals in the cast the picture might have verged on the melodramatic, but as it is, even the most harrowing scenes have credibility and plenty of punch.

The story deals with a group of men in the Royal Flying Corps, stationed close to the German enemy lines. Each dawn several of the flyers in their rickety planes are sent out to battle and almost certain death. And each day new replacements are sent up to the station—boys with only a few hours of experience in the air to their credit. Basil Rathbone, as the British squadron commander whose job it is to send these boys into the slaughter, gives a memorable performance. Errol Flynn, in what is undoubtedly his best role to date, portrays one of the intrepid flyers with remarkable, sympathetic insight. But it is David Niven who steals the honors with his characterization of "Scotto." Whether his role calls for tipsy gayety or starkest tragedy, David delivers unerringly. This performance should put the English actor right up in the front line of big screen names. Donald Crisp is splendid as the adjutant, whose job is to save the squadron from blowing up from nervous hysteria as well as enemy bombs. A fine picture. Directed by Edmund Goulding.—*Warner Bros.*

★★★ Dramatic School

This is Luise Rainer's best picture in a long time. There is good entertainment here, particularly for those with dramatic leanings, inhibited or otherwise. The routine of a dramatic school, the trials and errors of its students, the disappointments and triumphs of those who devote their lives to the art of drama are all rolled into the script and put in the hands of a competent cast.

Luise Rainer brings to her role of the little factory worker who longs to be a great actress a warmth and charm that is irresistible. Paulette Goddard, a student who is more practical than idealistic, again comes to the fore as an actress of promise. And there is an attractive assemblage of other students, among them Lana Turner, Virginia Grey, and Ann Rutherford. Anthony Allen, a new juvenile, distinguishes himself in a minor role and Henry Stephenson and Gale Sondergaard are stand-outs in their respective roles.

Though there is a romance, the most interesting sequences revolve around the school. Embittered Gale Sondergaard, formerly an actress of note but now unable to face the fact that she's twenty years too old to play Juliet, delights in taking her ire out on Luise Rainer, whose youth and talents are unmistakable. The other pupils indulge in the same sport. The tables, however, are turned before long. Directed by Robert Sinclair.—*M-G-M.*

★★★ Thanks for Everything

A guaranteed gloom-chaser, "Thanks For Everything" can be recommended for the entire family. It's a homey and hilarious story of the average American's reactions to current problems. The small-town background provides the homey touches and Jack Haley, Jack Oakie, Adolphe Menjou, and Binnie Barnes ably supply the hilarity. Menjou, a crooked but brilliant advertising executive, picks Henry Smith (Jack Haley) as his guinea pig for testing Mr. Average American's tastes. Menjou is aided and abetted by his assistant, Jack Oakie, a gent not quite as brilliant but equally crooked and Binnie Barnes, secretary to the big boss, and a fine little helper on shady deals. Between them they almost succeed in breaking Henry Smith spiritually, mentally and financially. But they forget that the Average American always muddles through. So in the end Henry winds up with a bride and a bank-roll while the Messrs. Menjou and Oakie end up in strait-jackets. The story in itself might have proved pretty dull, but a well chosen cast brings it through with flying colors. Laughs through out are timed to just enable you to catch your breath between. Arleen Whelan, as the home-town sweetheart, is a dainty dish, if no Duse, and Tony Martin isn't half bad at his singing.—Directed by Wm. A. Seiter.—*20th Century-Fox.* (Continued on page 84)

Here's an unbiased guide to this month's
outstanding screen entertainment





Valentines, Violets and Vows FOR THEM



**WISE GIRLS DEPEND ON THIS EXTRA SKIN CARE—
THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN!***



Boy Teaches Girl—*Nancy Hoguet* gets a lesson in the fine art of hitting the bull's-eye. Her fresh young skin gets simple and intelligent care. "I cream my skin every day with Pond's Cold Cream. That puts extra 'skin-vitamin' into it, besides **cleaning** and **softening** it."

Most Snapshotted Engaged Couple—*Anne Clark Roosevelt* faced the camera squad cheerfully for 4 hours straight in exchange for 3 weeks' privacy before her wedding! She says: "'Skin-vitamin' helps **skin health**. I'm glad to have this plus element in such a good cream as Pond's."



Big Moment—*Camilla Morgan* (now *Mrs. Remsen Donald*) finds it takes two to cut a cake. "I'll always use Pond's," she says. "When skin needs Vitamin A, it gets **rough** and **dry**. Pond's Cold Cream helps make up for this."

245 Presents—*Marjorie Fairchild* sails for Bermuda **honeymoon** day after her wedding at St. Thomas's—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: "Pond's was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin **beautifully** for **make-up**."

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

● Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns **quicker**.

● Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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A STAR IS BORN—AND MADE

(Continued from page 31)

"From that night," says Nancy, "mother went to work on me in earnest. I've never been to a dramatic school in my life, you know. I've never had a diction lesson. Nan was afraid I would lose my naturalness. So she has taught me everything. She taught me expression. She taught me how to cry at will. I was emotional anyway, still am, and deeply devoted to Nan. When she used to tell me about sad things that had happened to her, I would burst into tears that were not at all make-believe. I use the same method now. When I have a crying scene to do I think of Nan and of pitiful things that happened to her or that might happen to her and I am dissolved in my own tears. And it isn't make-believe, either."

When Nan Kelly felt that she had got the child to the point where she could register any emotion from maudlin mirth to cold fury she talked to Mr. Cohill, then casting director at a Long Island studio. Gloria Swanson, said Mr. Cohill, was looking for a child to play in "The Untamed Lady." Why not bring Nancy to see Gloria? Nancy was brought to be interviewed and remained to play the part.

THUS, at the age of four, Nancy's career was launched—and stayed launched. Picture followed picture almost faster than her small legs could carry her from studio to studio. "Say It Again," with Richard Dix, "Mismates" with Warner Baxter. At which time Warner said, "I never want any other little girl in any picture of mine." There was cemented between little Miss Kelly and Warner Baxter a friendship which was not to end. Warner took her to the Zoo and the Aquarium. He dated her at the Ritz for luncheon where he introduced her as "my future leading lady."

All through the years that have followed, Nancy and Warner have corresponded. And when Nancy stepped off the train in Los Angeles a few months ago, the first person she called was Warner Baxter. "I adore that man," says Nancy. And so strangely pat are the workings of the Kelly destiny that now here are Nancy and Warner on the same lot again.

All told, Nancy appeared in fifty-two pictures before she was old enough to count that far. Before she was five she was known as "America's most photographed child." You couldn't pick up any magazine of that time without Nancy's cherubic face greeting you, wistfully, laughingly, from some elaborate advertisement of ships or cheese, or sealing wax.

Another item worthy of any star-maker's attention is that a star-in-the-making should be made of, not ethereal stardust with a permanent wave, but a healthy little body in which to house the gifted spirit. Nancy looked so healthy and handsome that a committee of physicians once pronounced her "100 per cent perfect." Nor was she kept in a glass show case lest bruise or scratch mar her starriness, as is the sad case of many youngsters whose parents have professional ambitions for them. Nancy roller-skated, skipped rope, played cops 'n' robbers, got as dirty and as black and blue as she pleased along with the other kids.

I'm sure I don't know where she found time, but somewhere during this period she appeared in a number of Red Seal Comedies in which she was something of a feminine Tom Mix Junior, riding horses, doing daredevil stunts, making Wild West whoopee. "The Girl On The Barge" was

her last picture until "Submarine Patrol."

For then Nancy was ten. "And," she confides, "I began to get a little, well, stocky. I just couldn't continue to climb winsomely onto people's laps. Nan and I put heads together and held a 'What now?' conference. I had an idea. I said, 'Nan, why don't I hide behind a microphone until I get over being tubby?'"

Nan set to work on the airways. Result: Nancy "hid behind" a great many mikes. She was the first and only ingenue on the "March of Time" program. She was the first dramatic star of her time on the air at all. Dialects were like mother tongues to her. She says, "I did everything from playing Freddie Bartholomew to the Princess Juliana." She played Dorothy in the "Wizard of Oz" broadcasts for six months with such success that when she was compelled to be off the air for two days she had 50,000 letters from children all over the country pleading, "Dorothy, where are you? Nancy, don't stop being Dorothy! Dorothy, come back to Oz!" She played the role of Nancy Miller on the Myrt and Marge broadcasts. Somewhere during this period, too, she appeared in the Broadway production, "Give Me Yesterday."

Nancy was just about the busiest young lady on the air when she got the call to try out for the part of Gertrude Lawrence's daughter, Blossom, in the stage play, "Susan and God." The part was coveted by every ingenue on Broadway.

On a certain afternoon the producer, John Golden, was feeling very weary and discouraged. He had listened to a legion of pretty ingenues with their dramatic school voices, patterned gestures, and trained walks. Suddenly the author, Rachel Crothers, whispered, "Wait a minute, Mr. Golden. I think . . . here she comes!" Just then a slender girl walked effortlessly across the bright empty stage, with the light grace of Spring. Her voice was not the voice of a tutored ingenue. It was what they hadn't been able to find—a girl's voice. Mr. Golden sat erect in his chair, all weariness gone, and cried, "That's the girl!"

And "That's the girl!" is what Darryl Zanuck, star-maker, cried when he saw Nancy's screen test. He had won the prize



Pretty as an old-fashioned Valentine is Merle Oberon.

coveted by all producers in Hollywood. For practically every studio in town had made offers to Nancy. But Nan and Nancy, also astute, decided on Fox because that studio has fewer young actresses than any of the others.

And that brings Nancy to Hollywood, to being the talk o' the town, to the afternoon when I sat with her and her mother in Nancy's portable dressing room on the "Tail Spin" sound stage.

OF course," said Nancy, "there wasn't only professional work in my life. There was also school, plenty of it. Whenever I left school for the theatre, I had a tutor. When I came to Hollywood the Board of Education advised me that if I could pass a certain examination I could get out of having school on the set. I took the exam and, if I do say so, I was surprised at myself!

They rated me as in my second year of college. And so my tutor on the set turns out to be a child welfare worker, whose mission seems to be to make sure that I am not hit over the head and that no one uses "indelicate language" before a 'minor.' Isn't that delicious? However, I am going on with my studies with a tutor.

"My greatest ambition is to live up to what Nan expects of me. In order to make that exacting grade I must work very hard. But that's about all I really enjoy doing anyway. I read a lot. I'm studying music. I have fun collecting 'little things,' all kinds of tiny things. My most precious possession is a charm bracelet given me by Gertrude Lawrence when I left the cast of 'Susan and God,' to come to Hollywood.

"I love to play with the children. Carol E. is my special charge. I act out bedtime stories with her the way Nan used to with me. When we were in Astoria I used to get mad at Carol E. because she was forever going into my room and messing around with my theatre make-up. Then when Nan and I came to Hollywood before the rest of the family joined us, I'd hear 'Little Lady Make-Believe' on the radio and I'd cry my head off. It fits Carol E. perfectly. So, when she got here, I threw open the door of my room and told her, 'It's all yours, darling. Make just as much mess as you like.' She does.

"No, I've never been in love," Nancy said honestly. "I've never even been interested in any boy. Oh, I get crushes on Nelson Eddy, Robert Taylor and others, just like all the girls. But my crushes are all shadows.

"What do I do with my time when I'm not working? I work! I go home, eat my dinner, study my lines and go to bed. Every night of every week except Saturday. Saturday night is my night to howl. Then Nan and Jack and I go out and have ourselves a time. Occasionally some boy I know goes with us. But I have never gone out without a chaperone. I don't think much about going out, dates and things like that. I don't think about love, yet. I just want to be an actress. My whole heart's in that."

And about fame? Glamor? About all the things people are saying about her?

"You know what people say," said Nancy, maturely. Then, with a laugh and a "seventeen" shrug, "I just think, so what? So I've got to die sometime, so what? While I'm on earth, if I can do anything to entertain anyone, in any medium, I'm happy."



Daisy got orchids for telling—

I could hardly keep a straight face at the bridge club yesterday. In strolled Daisy—with her whole shoulder aquiver with orchids. Naturally, the girls were dying to find out who'd sent them. But Daisy just smiled mysteriously and said, "Wouldn't you like to know?" Ha-ha, I thought, *wouldn't Daisy like to know!*



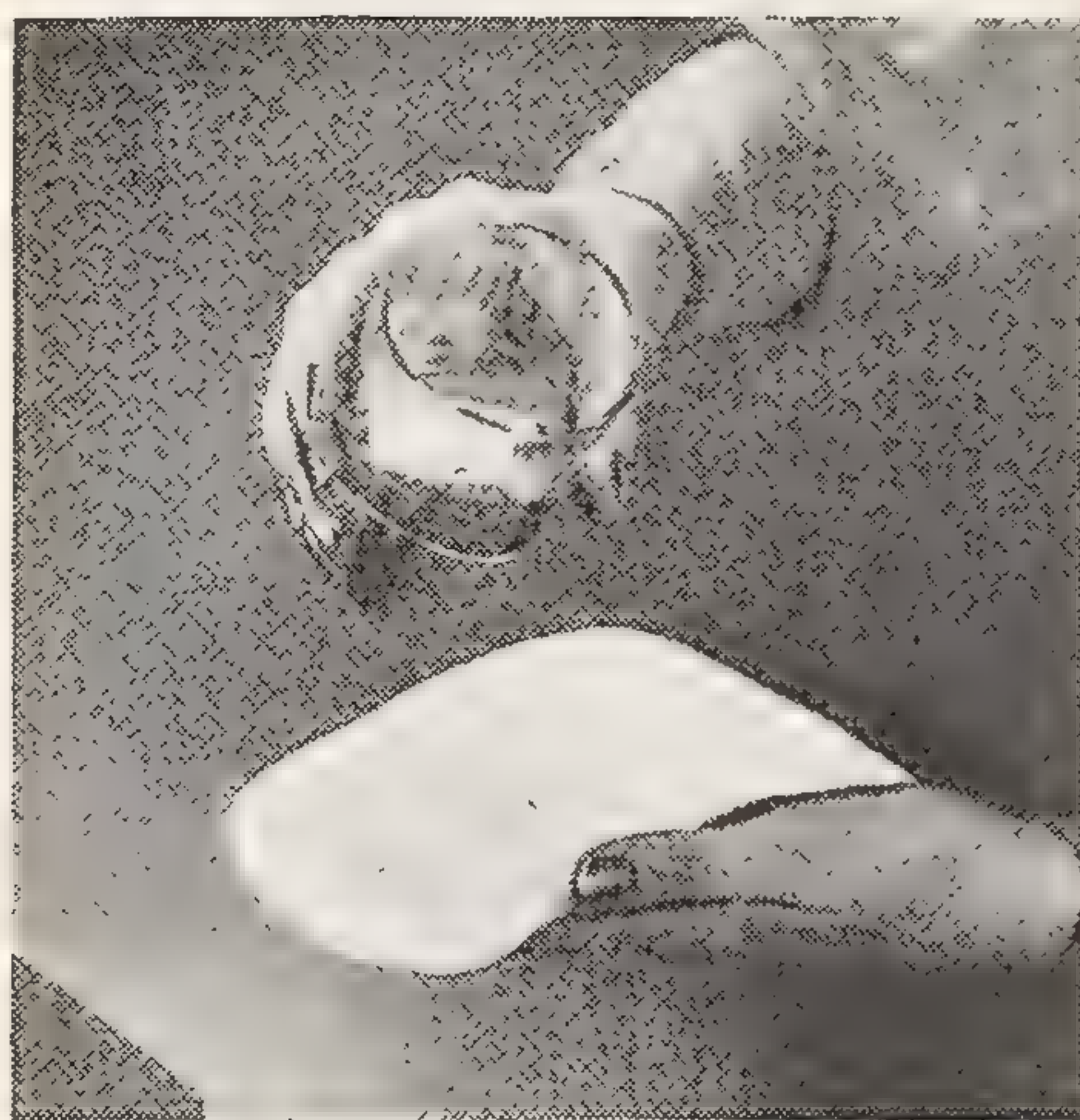
Here's what happened. I ran into Daisy downtown on Monday. I'd been shopping all afternoon, and I wasn't up to par anyway. "Daisy," I moaned, "I'm so chafed and uncomfortable I can't go another step. Let's stop in here and have a soda."



"So that's what ails you," said Daisy, when I'd explained more fully. And with that she marched over to a counter and came back in a flash with a package. "I just got you a box of Modess," she said, "and I'll deliver it and you right to your door. Come on—my car's outside . . ."



"Now for some scissors," were her first words when we got home. I handed them to her—and she cut a Modess pad in two and showed me the soft, fluffy filler. I was amazed at the difference between the "fluff-type" filler in Modess and the layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!



"You bet Modess is softer," Daisy continued. "And what's more, it's safer! There's a moisture-resistant backing inside every Modess pad!" Whereupon she took out the backing . . . and dropped some water on it. Safer is right!—Not a drop went through!



So—the truth is that Daisy's orchids came from me! Modess gave me such wonderful relief—both from chafing and worry—that I thought a corsage of orchids was none too great a reward. And to make the thrill greater, I left out my card—so Daisy would think they came from an admiring beau.

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)•

HE WANTED A BOY

(Continued from page 37)



SHE SERVES FINE MEALS



KEEPS OUR FOOD BILLS DOWN



ALWAYS PEPPY—READY TO PLAY

AND HERE'S
WHAT HELPS
ME DO
IT!

● Better-tasting meals, lower food bills, less kitchen work, more leisure! Let delicious Franco-American Spaghetti help! This is no ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Franco-American has a wonderful cheese-and-tomato sauce, made from a famous chef's recipe. It gives savory goodness to less expensive meat cuts, tempting flavor to left-overs.

It's a splendid hot lunch for children. On the table in a jiffy; no cooking; just heat and serve. A can holding three to four portions costs only ten cents.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Send for FREE Recipe Book

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 623
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Hollywood's a mighty long way off."

She began selling him the idea "in a roundabout way," as he put it. "Jane and I could go out there on a three months' vacation, and while we're there, we could just look around."

At length he yielded and off they went. Each letter he received was a buildup. They hadn't landed anything yet, but they'd managed to get inside a studio and they'd bumped into Roscoe Ates and Jane had done one of her imitations for him and he thought she was wonderful. Please have patience. It wasn't patience he lacked, but faith. Jane was talented, yes, but so were plenty of other children and Hollywood was a hard nut to crack. When were they coming home?

THE three months stretched into six. There was a good chance that Jane might get into an "Our Gang" comedy next month, Mrs. Withers wrote. She'd sung at a benefit attended by lots of movie people, and someone was sure to spot her soon. In all this Walter Withers found scant comfort. But to his friends and neighbors he sang the same tune. Loyalty forbade anything else. "When's Ruth coming back?" they'd ask. "Is Jane in the movies yet?"

"Well, not exactly, but she landed a little radio job."

"She could do that here too." A few of the blunter-spoken gave him unsought advice. "If I were you, I believe I'd lay down the law, or else quit sending money out there for rent. That way she'd have to come back."

He'd smile his slow smile. "Kind of hard on them, wouldn't it be? After all, they do have to eat."

One night he was feeling pretty low. He sat down and wrote Ruth a letter, asking her what she intended to do. It didn't seem fair to expect him to go on much longer without his wife and child. Her answering letter bubbled with hope and joy. "It won't be long before we're together again. Jane's just been signed to a part in 'Handle With Care.' We start work Monday. Please tell all the folks to be sure to see the picture and to watch for Jane."

"I told every one of 'em," says Mr. Withers, "and then I was sorry I'd ever mentioned it. First day the picture came to town, I went down during lunch hour and carried three or four people from the store with me. There was a flash somewhere round the middle of the picture that might have been Jane, or again it mightn't, depending on your eyesight. That afternoon my brother came in. 'I spent two or three hours at the theatre looking for Jane,' he said. 'Where is she? Next day I went back but I went alone—so I could concentrate better. After that I just took the ribbing that was coming to me.'"

But Mrs. Withers had tasted blood. Left on the cutting room floor or not, Jane had worked in a picture. More months rolled by. Mr. Withers waited, because he wanted Ruth to get it out of her system, get it out so completely that the word Hollywood would never be mentioned again. With a second Christmas in the offing, however, he decided that the time had come to act. He would go to Hollywood. He figured it would be a nice vacation for him, and he also figured that he'd "get it out of Ruth's head once and for all that Jane could ever be in pictures."

"Well, I figured wrong. Once I got out here, I wasn't so keen about getting Ruth to go back. Not that I was sold on

Jane in pictures—nothing like it—but I was sold on California. It's so pretty out here I wanted to stay myself."

Mr. Withers is known as one of the best salesmen ever employed by the Goodrich Tire Company. He sold them the idea of transferring him to the west coast. The following February saw him in charge of the Goodrich store in Whittier, some forty miles from Los Angeles. He spent the week-ends with his family. No ideal arrangement, it was still a considerable improvement over what had been.

One day his wife phoned him. One of the big studios had asked her to bring Jane over—something about a part in a Shirley Temple picture called "Bright Eyes."

"Well, don't get steamed up," he cautioned her. "It's just another one of those interviews. And look, honey—don't spread the glad news around. Remember 'Handle With Care'?"

Still remembering "Handle With Care," he refused to turn handsprings when Jane was cast in the part. The day after the picture was previewed, came another phone call. Half laughing, half crying, Ruth managed between a gasp and a sob to convey the information that this same studio wanted to sign Jane to a contract.

"This is where papa begins to be thrilled," chuckled papa. "Go ahead and sign it."

As his daughter's career progressed by leaps and bounds, Walter Withers kept his humor and his level head. "What! A kid in the movies, and you still working!" If he heard it once, he heard it a dozen times a day.

"Well, it's this way," he'd tell them. "I eat an awful lot. I may not look it, but I sometimes eat as many as four eggs for breakfast. And I like 'em fresh. In fact, I'm so cranky that way that I've got to go out and buy those eggs myself. Where would I get the money if I quit my job?"

"Why don't you quit the tire business and be Jane's manager?" he was asked frequently.

"I'm a salesman. I don't know anything about the picture business. And Jane's got a perfectly good manager already."

ABOUT two years ago he left Goodrich to become distributing agent for a group of eastern manufacturers. The new work gives him more time with his wife and tomboy. They've built a house on a hill, overlooking the campus of UCLA, a site chosen by Jane so she can watch the team, whose mascot she is, while they are at football practise.

Last year they put in a swimming pool. A friend of Jane's gave her swimming lessons as a birthday gift, because her father refused to teach her. "It's like teaching your wife to drive a car. You both get fussed. Now Jane swims and dives like a little water-rat, and we're still good friends."

"As if that would've made any difference," scoffed Jane. She was busy in a corner with a bead-loom, minding her own business for the most part but moved to toss in a comment now and then.

This year they built a guesthouse. At least they call it a guest-house, because that's what it started to be, though it turned into something quite different. Jane has a vast and ever-growing collection of dolls. Her father would open his shirt-drawer, to find a doll tucked cozily in among his intimate belongings. He'd reach into his closet for a hat, and find himself grabbing a cold bisque leg instead. "When we build the

Four Famous Paris Dressmakers

SPONSOR THE NEW
CUTEX SHADES



Schiaparelli
Schiaparelli whimsy in sulphur-yellow moiré. For added dash, Schiaparelli suggests finger tips in the new Cutex ORCHID.



Alix Bonbon pink satin heartbreaker by Alix. "Emphasize its fragility," she says, "with delicate new Cutex CAMEO nails."



Lanvin
Loganberry lamé jacket—very narrow blue crepe pajamas—by Lanvin. With them she recommends nails in the new sophisticated Cutex ORCHID.



Lelong
Lelong creates a pale-blue suit with plum trim and blouse—advises mauvy nails in the chic, new Cutex CEDARWOOD.

IN a season mad-over-purple, Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Lelong and Alix sponsor three new Cutex nail shades—ORCHID, CEDARWOOD, CAMEO—to wear with their latest creations!

The new Cutex ORCHID is a rich, glowing fuchsia-rose... the new Cutex CEDARWOOD, a fresh mauvy-rose... the new Cutex CAMEO, a fragile pink, with a touch of lavender. They tone in perfectly with every purplish shade from bonbon pink to raisin, with the new mauvish blues, the even newer yellows.

Give your nails an advance Spring lift! Wear the new Cutex shades sponsored by the great Paris dressmakers! See the whole smart Cutex color line-up—15 stunning shades in all! Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris.



Other Smart Cutex Shades

OLD ROSE: Rich rose with a hint of purple.
LAUREL: Mauvish pink.
HEATHER: Deep purplish rose.
CLOVER: A deep, winy red.
THISTLE: Blended Rust and Rose.
TULIP: A soft, glowing red.
ROBIN RED: True red, subdued in intensity.

New Cutex Salon Type Polish
WEARS! WEARS! WEARS!

The new Cutex Salon Type Polish is the result of a quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest wearing nail polish that modern science can devise. Based on a new principle, the new Cutex Salon Type Polish is heavier than the regular Cutex Crème Polish—gives days and days of added wear!

**Hollywood Beauty
Says—It's Tayton's
for me—They're
fine cosmetics.**



GIVES YOUR SKIN THAT "GLAMOUR ILLUSION"—like the down on a flower petal the new fashions demand—and to introduce TAYTON'S silk-sifted face powder this beautiful 24 karat gold finish charm bracelet, with four good luck charms attached—a 24 karat gold finish horse shoe, four leaf clover, wishbone, and bluebird, designed exactly like the exquisite \$50.00 bracelet presented to Margaret Lindsay for her great picture work, will be sent to the first 10,000 customers who send only 10c and the pink band from around a 10c or 25c box of TAYTON'S silk-sifted face powder. Sifted through silk to a flattering fineness to give "glamour illusion". Stays on longer—does not cake. Newest shades.

HOW TO GET YOUR 24 KARAT GOLD FINISH BRACELET

Buy a box of TAYTON'S face powder in your 10c store. Tear off pink band around box. Mail the pink band and 10c coin to Tayton Co., Dept. S, 811 West 7th St., Los Angeles, California and you will receive charm bracelet. Send pink band and 10c today.

Note: If your 10c store is not as yet stocked tell manager to order—and send 20c for both powder (state shade wanted) and brace— to Toyton Co., Dept. S, 811 West 1st St., Los Angeles, Calif.

TAYTON'S
CREAM-POWDER · LIPSTICK · ROUGE

"We'd like to sell you a two-story idea, mommy. Gameroom downstairs, playroom on top of it." Eventually, mommy was sold. The huge gameroom, with its fireplace and barbecue, is as pleasant a spot as you can imagine. The family spend their evenings in it, playing Monopoly or a version of three-handed bridge that appeals to Jane.

"It's not only deer, though," Mr. Withers complains. It's anything that breathes. We had three frogs that croaked so they shook the house. I had to coax 'em away when she wasn't looking. About three months ago I bought

"Because you don't need a little boy," she crowed with the wisdom of the eternal feminine. "Because you're a little boy yourself."

| | | |
|---------------|---------|-----------|
| CAROLE | SOS | LEMBARD |
| FREDRIC | DRE | ELEANOR |
| RES ALL | REEN | AIT ILE |
| EPOS YARN | NINO | ATES |
| DENTS TICKETS | GRASS | |
| OLA | MEETS | FAT |
| RONALD | RAT | ROBERT |
| LORETTA | | HOLLOWS |
| LEBB | SON | OLE TIM |
| EE | | RE |
| DRS IDA | | OPS ALA |
| STEARIN | | CHESTER |
| ARLEEN | MIN | TIDIED |
| IND | MILAN | LAM |
| PRICE | WILLIAM | NORMA |
| LANE | GAIL | LYES NOEL |
| UNA ION | ALI | ROE ASE |
| MENACED | NAN | LINDSAY |
| SEERESS | DIG | ELECTS |

Today's Beauty Shops Help



Beauty below par . . . She was lonesome, unnoticed, her whole personality warped by her lack of charm, her failure to attract others. Like thousands of other women with neglected complexions, dowdy, dull-looking hair—this girl is colorless, uninteresting—just average! Yet look what the skilled hand of a beauty specialist revealed!

Glamorous, alluringly lovely . . . Life holds thrilling new interest and romance for her now! She has new confidence in herself. She is admired, popular—her appearance transformed by the simple beauty secrets every beauty operator knows! A facial left her complexion clear, glowing. With clever shadowing her eyes appear larger, luminous. Correct rouging defines lovely lips. And in her hair you see the most glamorous change of all, its true sparkling beauty is revealed after the new-type shampoo better beauty shops use. And her hair modishly dressed to glorify her personality.

MISS "AVERAGE" TURN *Glamour Girl*



IN THIS modern day, there's no need for the "plain" woman to resign herself to a lonesome life! Almost any woman who would be classed as "just average" now, *can* develop the glamour in her and bring out the beauty that wins admiration and romance, *if* she is only willing to try!

For today's beauty operators are specialists in the art of making the most of your appearance! And glorifying your good points in a way that may change your whole life! Their suggestions are based on years of study of those little things that accentuate a woman's beauty. They can recommend the proper facial to help sallow complexions bloom. Your beauty operator can help you select the powder, cream or rouge best suited to your particular type of skin and coloring. And tell you how to style your hair to your personality.

Many beauty experts agree, that the hair, more than any other single thing, offers the greatest possibilities in a woman's glorification. Famous art models and movie stars, whose careers demand that they be beautiful, consider well-groomed hair especially important.

If your hair is properly styled to the contours of your face, if it "fits" your personality—if it's lustrous, shining with intriguing highlights—it may work as startling and glorifying a change in you as it has in the girl whose picture appears above.

Seeming miracles have been achieved in beautifying the hair by many of the nation's leading beauty experts, through the use of a new-type shampoo called Special Drene for Dry Hair. This

unusual shampoo is different from old-style shampoos because it's not a soap, not an oil. Therefore, it does not leave a dulling film on hair. Equally important, its mild, new-type lather safely removes the beauty-clouding film many types of shampoos leave on hair—and reveals all the brightness, natural sparkle and lustre that had been hidden in the hair! Another reason why beauty operators like Special Drene for Dry Hair is because it leaves the hair soft and manageable, ready to set in flattering new styles right after washing!

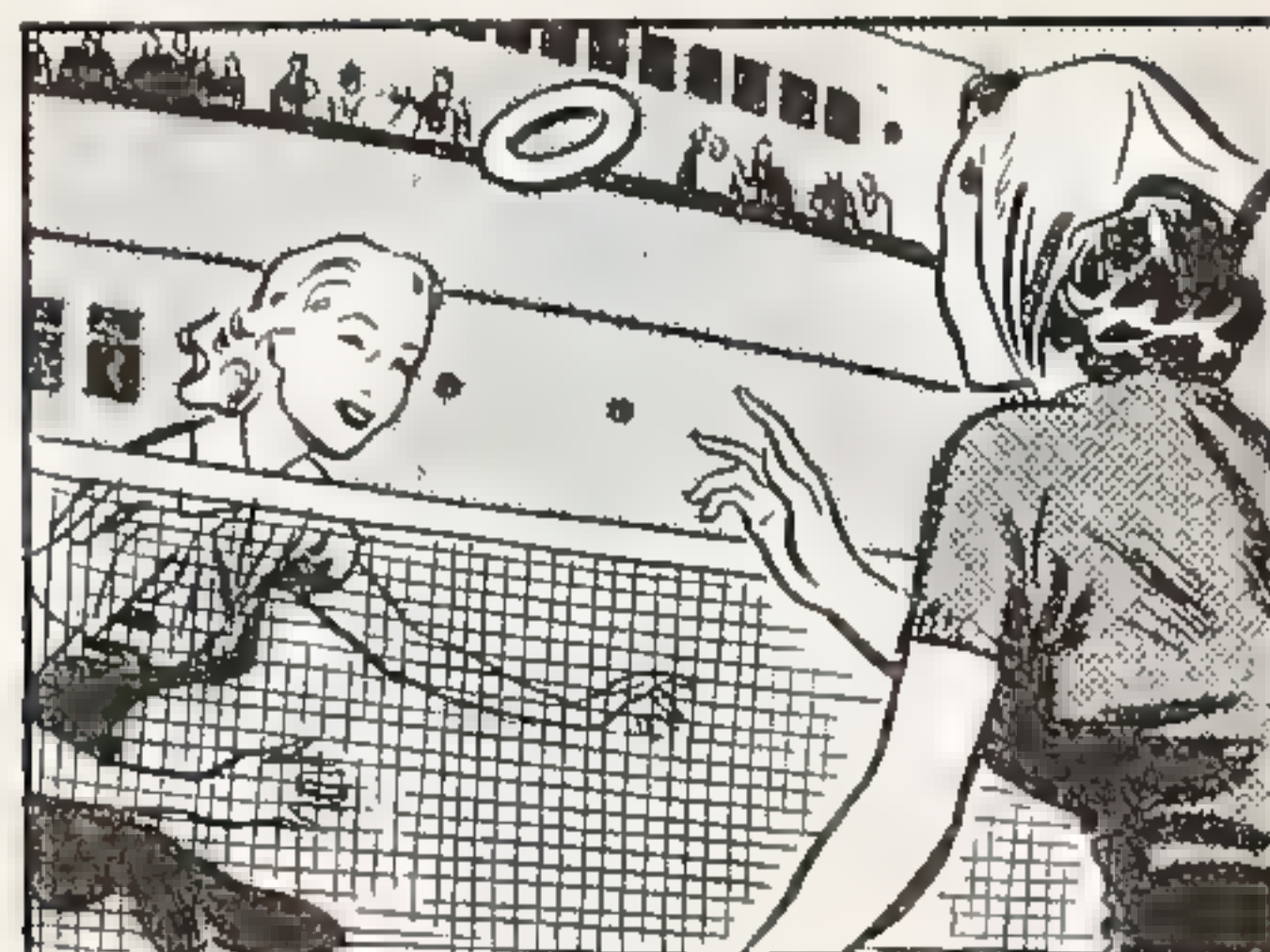
Important though the glorification of your hair is, it is only one of the ways modern beauty operators can serve you. Expert guidance in making the most of your appearance is yours for the asking at your beauty shop. The charges are moderate. And you are more than repaid by the feeling of pride and satisfaction over the transformation in your appearance. So resolve to go to your beauty shop more often. Make a date for this week . . . And make it your weekly habit!

"I'm living that missing month again"

"Just imagine, Helen — me, going this pace ever since morning, and at a time when I used to curl up like a sick kitten. How much I owe you for telling me about Midol!"



"Before I tried it, I was really giving up living a month a year — meekly surrendering to several days of miserable inactivity each time my regular pains came on."



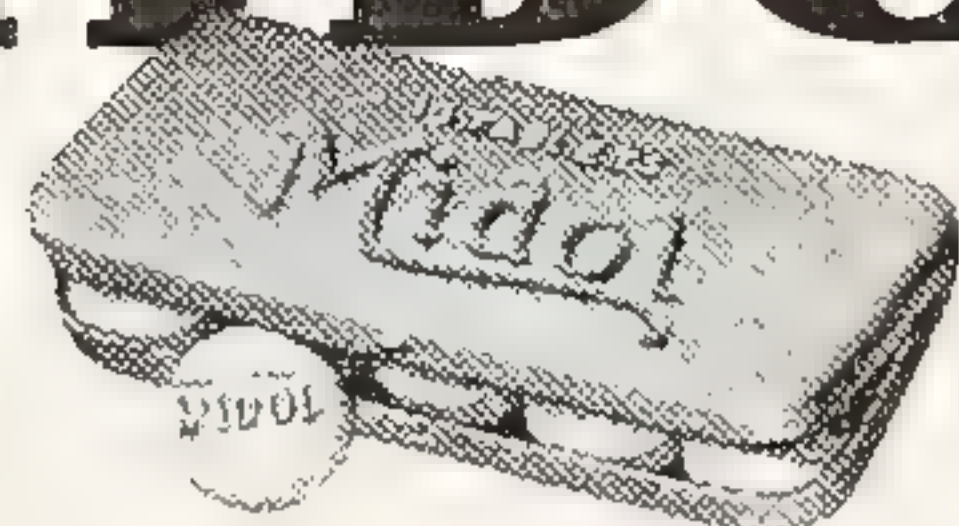
"Now, thanks to you and Midol, I'm living that missing month again. Not only keeping on my feet, but keeping comfortable. Too bad all women don't know how much Midol helps!"



IF functional menstrual pain makes you miserable at least one day each month, and keeps you uncomfortable and inactive several days more, give *Midol* a chance to redeem that precious time for *living*. It probably can. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding medical or surgical treatment, Midol helps most women who try it.

Midol is made for this special purpose. It acts quickly, not only to relieve functional periodic pain, but to lessen discomfort. Keep Midol on hand. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. Trim, inexpensive aluminum cases at all drug stores.

MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

Is there anything about menstruation which you do not understand? Midol's new booklet, "What Women Want to Know," deals clearly and completely with this vital subject. For free copy, together with a trial package of Midol, send name and address to General Drug Co., Dept. H-39, 170 Varick St., New York, N. Y.

SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS

(Continued from page 43)

doesn't care about them. Ham works like a dog. Why he isn't up with the other high-powered orchestra men is just his miserable luck. But even if he were a huge success in his work, I don't think that would have helped. The only thing that might help would be for Bette to give up her work, and that she couldn't do. It would be like removing an arm. That's why I say, much as I love Bette and much as her success is to be envied, I wouldn't want to be like that."

I SIMPLY couldn't, in that shining, young presence, summon enough crude courage to bring up the gossip which has linked the Davis name with the name of an actor who is young, handsome, famous and wealthy. Anyway, Jane continued talking and gave me another slant on the Davis break-up and, at the same time, another slant on her own mature personality.

"You know," she said, "I think it may be much more important to like the person you marry than to be passionately in love. Of course, I'm not going to even think about marriage for many years to come, so maybe I shouldn't talk. No, there's nobody in my life," she made a little face over the phrase, "and there never has been. But some day I shall get married, I feel sure, because I shall want children."

"I do honestly feel that, though the idea of romantic love is exciting, wouldn't it be just awful to be madly in love with a man and yet be driven crazy by niggling, unimportant little traits of his, little personal idiosyncracies that make you want to scream? I think it's much more important for two people to live in sweet accord than to be fainting with love at the sight of each other."

I maintain, folks, that that is an unusual point of view for a girl of twenty. I asked if the Davis situation had prompted this opinion, but Jane deliberately avoided the question.

"I read an article a while ago," she said, "in a woman's magazine about career girls. It said that over sixty percent of all the patients who go seeking aid from psychiatrists are married career women. The reasons for their mental mix-ups are familiar to us all. Wife more important than husband, wife makes more money than husband, wife subconsciously despises husband because she is more important than

he is. It all wound up with the rather depressing conclusion that woman's place is in the home. The most depressing thing about it is that, in my heart, I really agree."

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Jane Bryan?" I asked. "You say you don't want to be a star."

"I don't want to be a movie star," she corrected me firmly. "I'd give my eye teeth to be a really great stage star. For that matter, I'd give my eye teeth to do even the smallest, if good, role in a play."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Usual objections to pictures?" I asked. "No chance to sustain character in scene-by-scene shooting? No audience? All those things?"

"That's part of it. But mostly I feel that, on the stage, I could look back on a piece of acting I had done and say, 'I did that. Me. Jane Bryan.' Not the director. Not the cameraman and the electricians. They make the pictures—not us. I'm going to do a stage role soon," she finished.

"When? What will it be?"

"Oh, I don't mean I've anything lined up," she laughed. "No Broadway producer has been scrambling for my services, drat it. But I know I'm going to, because that's what I've always wanted. Pictures are just an interlude. A lucky interlude, and I'm happy enough, but I never lose the feeling for a moment that I'm just waiting."

"Well, now," said I, "do you think you'd stand a better chance of combining fame with happiness in a stage career than in a movie career?"

"Perhaps. The life isn't so out of focus. But I don't think I'll try any combinations," she said slowly.

I'M young, for which I'm devoutly thankful. I don't want to get married for at least five or six years. In that time, I shall find out whether I'm a really good actress or not. Versatility, interest, excitement—there are all those attributes to acquire, as well as doing a sincere job with nothing phony about it, as I've tried to do so far.

"I've wanted to be an actress ever since I was a child. I know exactly the kind of actress I want to be: I'd like to be a composite Bette Davis, Margaret Sullivan and," she ducked her head, eyed me quizzically over her shoulder and just



Oh, for the bliss of the dietless teens! Bonita Granville and Frankie Thomas are together again in "Nancy Drew, Reporter."

Even as you Sleep your skin must stay Awake



Sleep your way to Beauty! Leave on a thin film of this skin-arousing Cream when you go to bed.

LIKE your heart, your skin is on 24-hour duty. Daylong and nightlong, it must stay wide awake and busily at work. For only skin which functions *actively* can hold its clear "alive" look.

Luckily, you can help your skin to bolster its waning energies. Every night before you go to bed, first cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Then leave on a little extra cream to stir your skin to wakeful activity while you sleep. This fragrant cream contains a skin-stimu-

lating Vitamin to help enliven laggard skin. This Vitamin, together with Woodbury's snowy gentleness as a cleanser, its rich oils

and germ-free purity, makes Woodbury Cold Cream a *basic* cream for beauty.

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Please send me *new* Woodbury Make-up Kit, containing tube of Woodbury Cold Cream; attractive metal compacts of Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

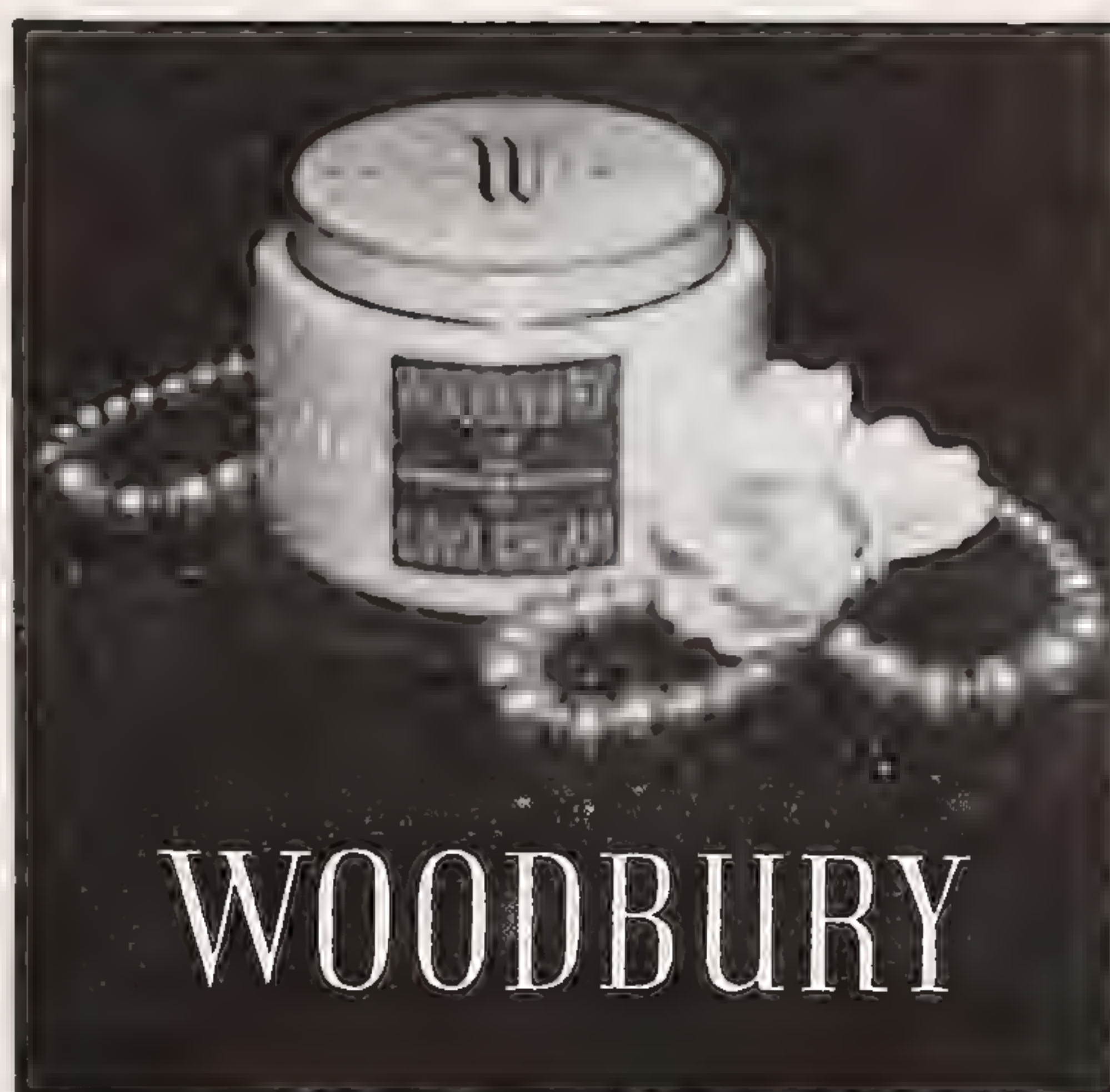
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(For golden skin)

WINDSOR ROSE ☐
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New Glamour for Nude Eyes

"How nude my eyes must have looked before I started using Camille Cream Mascara! Now that my eyes are dressed to attract I know they are my most important beauty point—the first thing a man notices when he talks to me. Camille is so easy to use—the Vanity Kit so convenient to carry—I don't know how I ever did without it."

"No more nude eyes for me! Now my eyes say 'Come Hither'—thanks to Camille. It's mascara at its best—tearproof, sting-proof, harmless. The vanity keeps my purse clean—my brush sanitary."

Ask for Camille Cream Mascara—10c complete with vanity, brush and tube of mascara—at all 5 and 10c stores. Black, brown or blue.

CAMILLE, INC., NEW YORK
49 M East 21st Street



Camille
CREAM
MASCARA

whispered the name, "Helen Hayes! Oh, there's nothing small about Bryan! But seriously—that's a big order and don't I know it! I want nothing half-way. I must be first-rate or nothing. Maybe I'll get an awful blow between the eyes one of these days and find out that I haven't got the stuff. If so, I hope I can take it. I think I can."

"And when romance comes along?" I asked.

"Career is tossed out of window," she answered promptly.

"You think you mean that, but you don't. You wouldn't quit when it came to a show down."

"I do! I would!" she cried emphatically. "To think any other way would be a most greedy way of looking at life. It's just too much to hope that I'll fall in love with a man—and he with me—who will be as important in his way as I *hope* to be in mine. Even if a staggeringly happy break should come my way, I don't see how it would work out."

"I don't want to marry an actor. And a man in any of the professions—lawyer, doctor, engineer, whatever—why, such men want a home to live in, not a hotel. They want a wife, not a room-mate. And then—children. I don't want anybody to bring up my babies but me! No nurse and governess partnership for my kids. Oh, I'd like to feel that there was some way of having everything—career, love, marriage, husband, home, children—but I'm convinced that there just isn't. And I know what I want most. After I've had my little chance to prove myself, I want love, marriage, home, husband, children—and the deuce with a career. Any female who says she doesn't want these things and prefers her 'independence,' is lying in her teeth."

There. I said she wasn't like other girls. Remember the little Bryan is twenty.

"But Jane," queried the girl friend, who

up to that point had had no chance to take a part in the conversation, "what in the world would you do if you weren't acting? You would die with boredom if you tried to take part in the usual sort of social life. And I can just see you being the leading lady of some amateur Little Theatre Group. You'd be miserable."

"Would you get any kick out of running a house—beautifully, efficiently, being a charming hostess and all that?" I asked.

"I'm afraid I wouldn't know the first thing about it," she said in a small voice.

"Well, then?" demanded the girl friend and I together.

OH, those details would work themselves out," Jane maintained stoutly. "In the first place, I'd have two or three children as fast as the statute of limitations would permit. I hear tell that can keep a gal pretty busy. And I'd want to be responsible for seeing to it that somebody provided tasty meals and dusted and sent out laundry and all that. I'd want to be a good manager—a good household executive. If you don't think that the haphazard manner in which these mundane details are looked after in some of our best Hollywood homes has a great big effect on the divorce rate—you're crazy. Many a big, strapping man is dining off lettuce to such an extent that his nose begins to wiggle the minute he enters the house."

"Hmm. I can't quite see you in the role," I said. "I wish you luck. I hope you don't run smack up against some situation that won't fit into your scheme of things."

"I guess I've sounded pretty smug and know-it-all," said Jane. "But I'm honestly not. I guess I'm like the trite folks who say, 'I don't know much about art, but I know what I like.' Me, I certainly don't know much about life yet, but I know what I want."

HOMESPUN HERO

(Continued from page 46)

pletely new type home town boy—that of a jail bird. This is really a character role for Erwin and therein lies a story, but let's hear it from him.

"The story begins when we're all kids," Stu began in his folksy manner. "Then five years later—movie time—Wally Ford comes in and after getting in plenty dutch is shipped to the reformatory. Another five years later, the scene is Leavenworth, and we're just getting out from a stretch. Things happen and we're no sooner out of cold storage than back we go again. I'm always around to get into messes even though I don't commit the deed. I guess I'm just too dumb to clear out once the cops head our way."

"You know, it's a real life story. A true one, too. Bill Howard, the director, Jim Tully and a fellow called Makeley, who ended up with the Dillinger mob, actually lived it. Bill heard about it when Makeley was killed and decided to one day do the story and this is it. I believe it's going to be good. At any rate it'll be entertaining and that's what seems to count nowadays."

"What Mommy thinks I should do," Stu generalized, "is to stay here now and do a Broadway play. She's probably right, too. But, a play is a gamble, with the chances of success entirely problematical. I might be the one to rehearse four weeks only to open and close the same evening! Stranger things have happened, y'know. So, Mommy and I will stick to a sure thing for the present, and go home."

With an amused glint in his eye, Erwin

told one of his experiences during the filming of "Frankie."

"Did you ever visit the prison out on Rikers Island?" he began. "Nope? Just as well! We had some outside stuff to do there the other day and I'm still not sure whether it was I or the red tape that got us in a jam. Anyway, the scene was supposed to be of us in the can—at play! We did the one in the ball park and moved into the courtyard for the final takes. When the sequence was over and we asked to get out, the guard took one look at me, shouldered his gun and marched off in the opposite direction! Try as we might we couldn't get an inch nearer to freedom than the big gate."

"Well, to get on, I've got a very sensitive skin, so by five I looked like a broiled lobster, or Jack the Gyp! About five-thirty, when the rest of the inmates were taken in, they herded us into the main hall and, luckily, found no place for us. After much ado the authorities let us go home, and not a minute too soon."

"I think Stuart would still be there," June broke in, "if I hadn't gotten worried and telephoned, when he didn't come in. Even then it took an hour to locate them! He won't have any trouble making people believe he's a graduate of any local jail."

"No siree," Stuart confirmed and continued, "I'm pretty darn sure I'll be convincing. But the funny part is, I still don't know whether it was on the level or whether it was a gag. I wonder if they think I'm dumb enough to fall for a thing like that?" We don't.



MEN FALL FOR
SKIN THAT'S
SMOOTH AND
SWEET

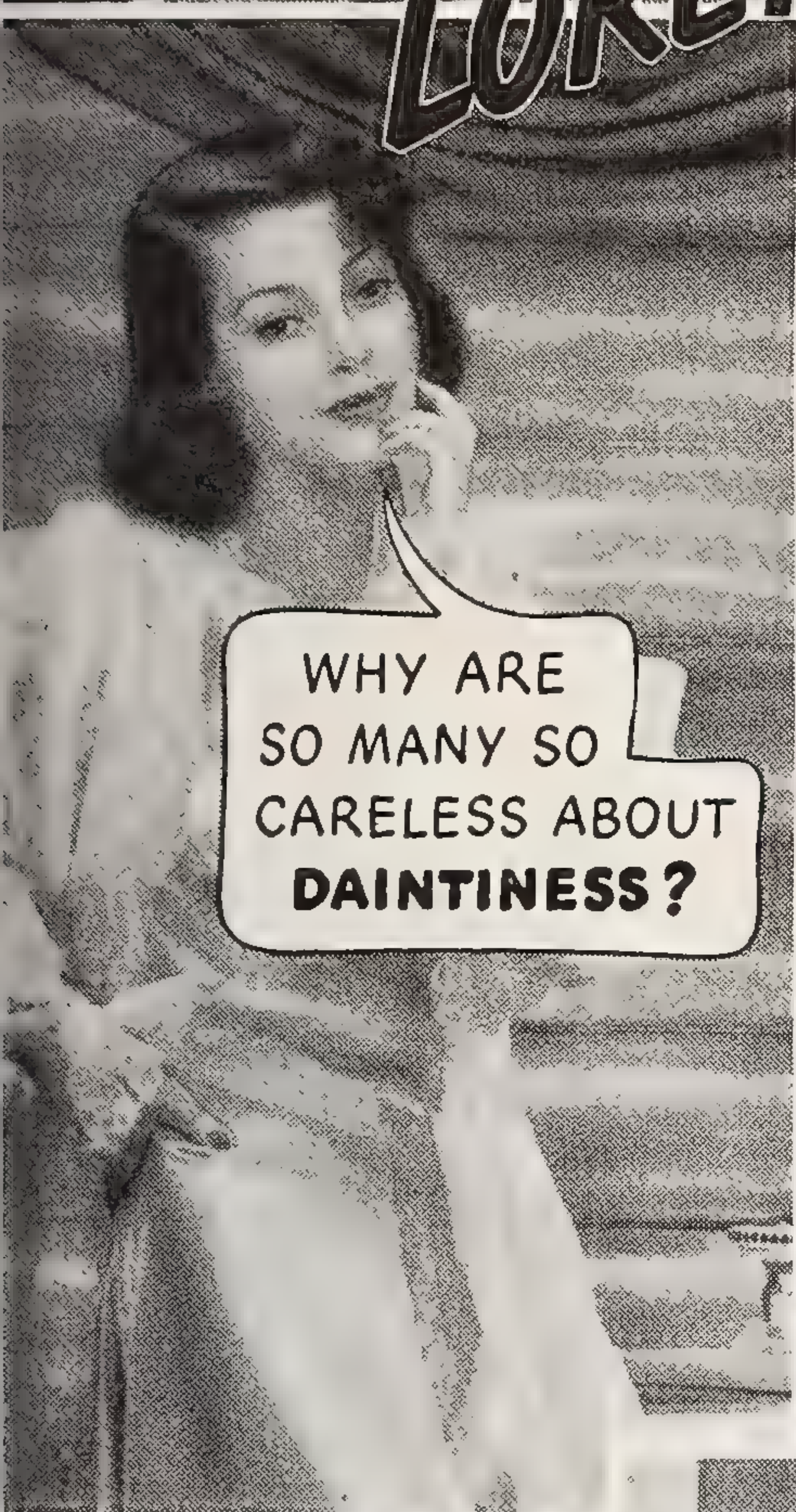


GIRLS WHO
DON'T PROTECT
DAINTINESS
LOSE OUT



EVERY WOMAN
REALLY WANTS
ROMANCE

LORETTA YOUNG



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**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**



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SMOOTH AND
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**WHY NOT
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**NO BELTS
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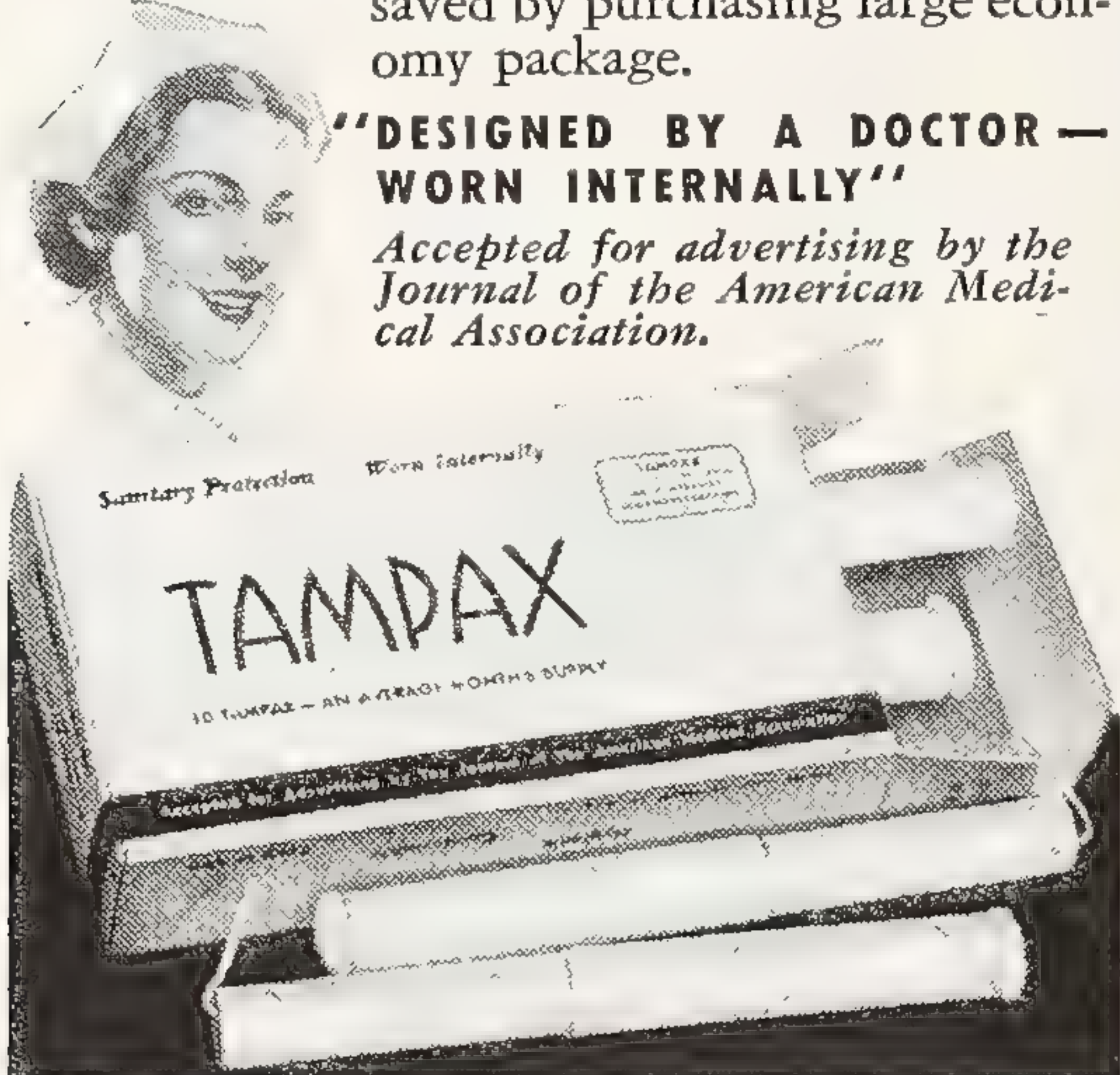
EVERY day more women are discovering Tampax, and spreading the news among their friends. This modern *civilized* sanitary protection is rapidly sweeping the country. Already over *one hundred million* Tampax have been sold to outdoor women, college students, housewives and office workers. It is really a necessity for any woman who *must* keep busy and active at all times of the month—every month, every season.

Tampax is unlike any other product. Of compressed surgical absorbent cotton, it is hygienically sealed in *individual containers*, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! No belts or pins are used, because Tampax is *worn internally*. No bulk to show. No odor can form.

Tampax is comfortable, efficient and very compact to carry in your purse. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory size 20¢, average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package.

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No. 1383—A drop stitch stripe makes this flatteringly fluffy bolero bed jacket.

EARLY SPRING TONICS

DOES your wardrobe look a bit winter-weary along about this time of year? Then get out those knitting needles and make yourself this good-looking basic frock with its graceful, cleverly designed skirt and radiating detail at the waist front. Hand-knit of cobble crepe, it's the kind of adaptable dress that looks well on either miss or matron.

The fascinating bit of fluff at the top of this page is a bolero style bed jacket made of such delectably soft pink or blue angora that breakfast in bed will become a serious temptation to its lucky owner. It is easy to make, too. Fill in the coupon and we'll send you directions for either or both of these attractive garments.

No. 1360—It would be hard to find a more becoming dress than this cobble crepe knit.

ANN WILLS, Modern Screen
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

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Knitting directions for No. 1360.....

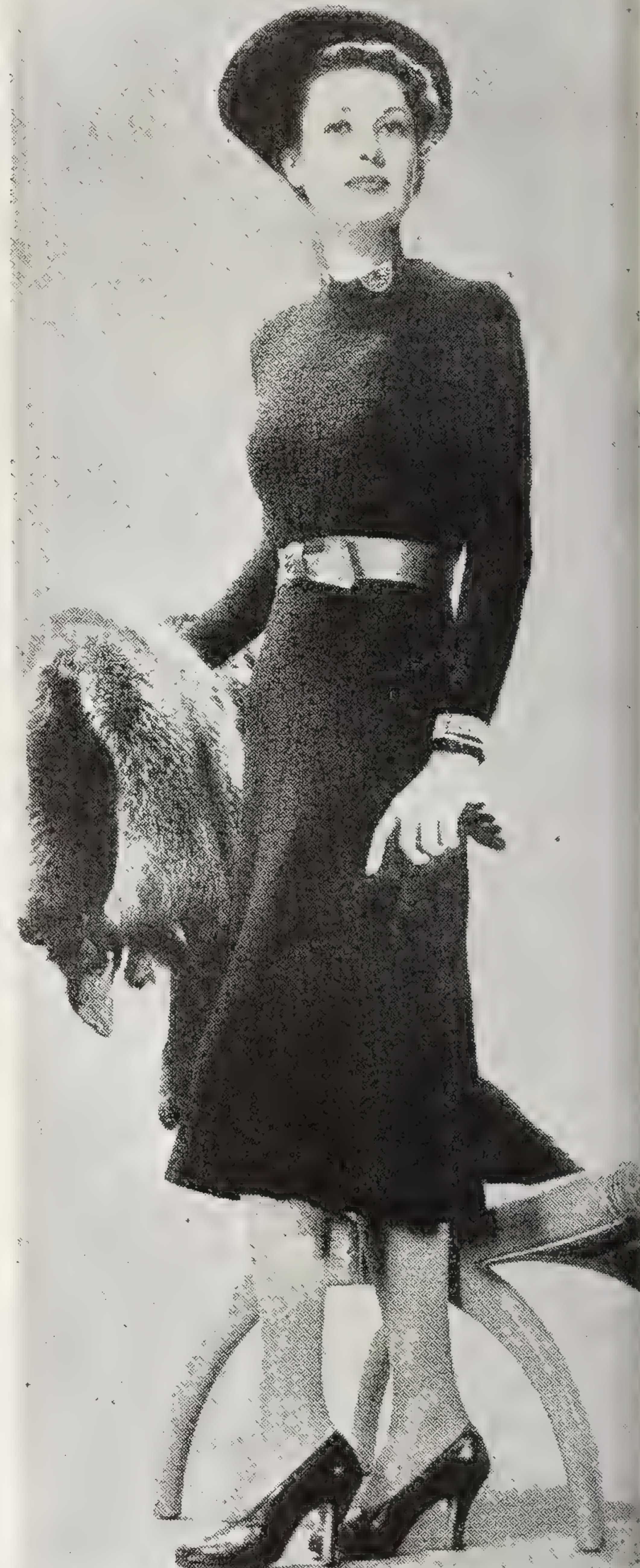
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Check one or both designs and please print name and address plainly.



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IT'S Max Factor's new Tru-Color Lipstick... Hollywood's latest sensation. Just imagine a lipstick with these *four* amazing features...

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For your most thrilling lipstick experience, try this wonderful new Tru-Color Lipstick created by Max Factor, Hollywood, for the screen stars and you... *it's perfect!* There's a color harmony shade for you whether you are blonde, brownette, brunette or redhead. Remember to ask for Max Factor's TRU-COLOR Lipstick...\$1.00

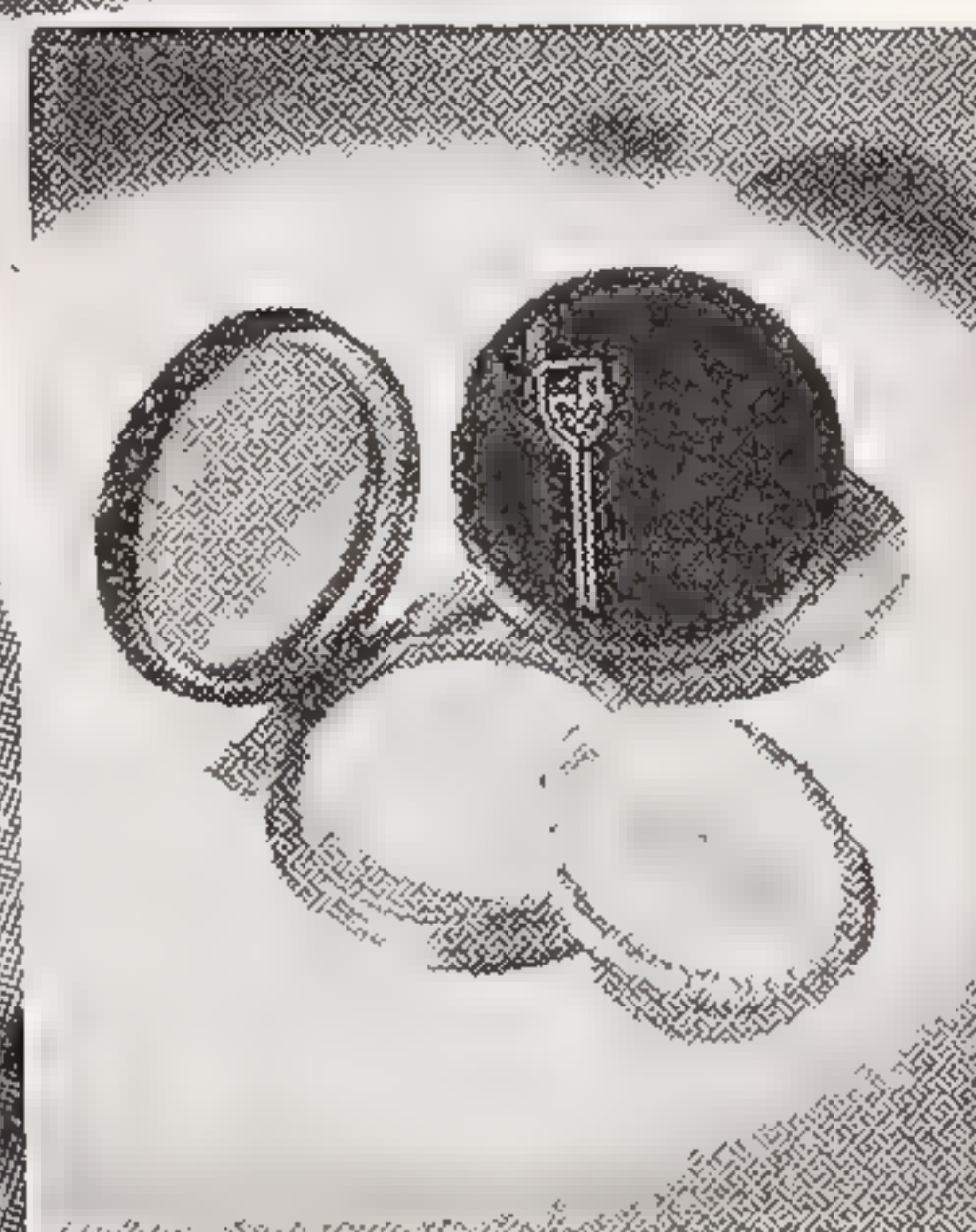
★
Franciska Gaal
in Paramount's
"PARIS HONEYMOON"

Do you know your type in make-up?

DISCOVER Hollywood's beauty secret! It's color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor. You can actually look lovelier, more alluring, more attractive with powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony for your type. Note the coupon for special make-up test.



FACE POWDER... Your skin will look lovelier, more youthful, if your powder is the color harmony shade for your type. This is the secret of Max Factor's Face Powder...each shade is a perfect color harmony tone. Satin-smooth, clinging, it really stays on...\$1.00



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"Cosmetics of the Stars"

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up".....FREE. 24-3-49

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

| COMPLEXIONS | EYES | HAIR |
|---|--|---|
| Very Light <input type="checkbox"/> | Blue <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Fair <input type="checkbox"/> | Gray <input type="checkbox"/> | BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Creamy <input type="checkbox"/> | Green <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/> | Hazel <input type="checkbox"/> | BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Sallow <input type="checkbox"/> | Brown <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Freckled <input type="checkbox"/> | Black <input type="checkbox"/> | REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Olive <input type="checkbox"/> | LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/> | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> | If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/> |
| SKIN <input type="checkbox"/> Dry <input type="checkbox"/> | | |
| Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/> AGE | | |



THE KISS YOU DREAM ABOUT... Perhaps your *lipstick* stands between you and the man you love...a harsh, greasy red...that makes him think your lips themselves are hard and cold. Why not experiment...tonight...with something different...color as lovely and as "natural" as a flower!



FOR WARM, SOFT LIPS—TANGEE! Just stroke that orange magic on. Watch it change to *your very own* shade of blush-rose...see how it makes your lips alluring, tempting...ready to kiss in return. And as they look tonight...velvety and petal-smooth...so Tangee keeps them, with its famous cream base.



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TANGEE
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BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

NEW! Booklet by Emily Post solving 50 important problems, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Emily Post Booklet. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Peach

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ MM39

TODAY'S TALKIES

(Continued from page 70)

★★★ Out West with the Hardys

"Love Finds Andy Hardy" has been equalled, if not topped, by this latest Hardy epic. The congenial Hardys go west this time for a visit. Ranch life provides an excellent background for the various problems that beset the family, and also provides the excuse for Andy Hardy to get into some more grievous and hilarious escapades. He has just acquired his letter in basketball and the combination of that honor and the new jallope has made Andy pretty insufferable. Father Hardy (Lewis Stone) hopes the wide open spaces will prove a cure-all, but it's small Virginia Weidler who's responsible for wiping out every last vestige of the Hardy heir's superiority complex. And it's Virginia, too, who's responsible in large measure for the picture's success. Her characterization of the rough and tough youngster, brought up to shoot straight and think straight, is enough to make an Academy Winner sit up and take notice.

Daughter Cecilia Parker provides the romantic element. Because the boy friend back home has cooled a bit, Cecilia falls pronto into the arms of the first good-looking cowboy she sees and again Father Hardy's wit and logic are called upon to extricate her from the entanglement. And, of course, Mother Fay Holden and Andy's real love, Ann Rutherford, contribute their familiar and competent characterizations. Directed by George B. Seitz.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★ Ride a Crooked Mile

If the wild Cossacks have intrigued your imagination, here's your picture. Akim Tamiroff is the Cossack and a wilder one you'll never meet. Nor, in all probability, an actor who can make such a lusty and swashbuckling character more believable. His characterization is excellent.

As for the rest of the picture, the plot has novel twists but the net results are too complicated for credence. Akim Tamiroff, a cattle racketeer, is suddenly confronted by his son, Leif Erikson, whom he has not seen for twenty years. It soon develops that the son is a true Cossack at heart and perfectly adaptable to the free and easy life of Cossack cronies. But the U. S. government upsets every plan for the future by slapping his old man in jail. From there on the story is concerned with the son's efforts to arrange an escape for his father, his joining the army to further the plans and his consequent struggle between a sense of family loyalty and keeping faith with the Army.

Leif Erikson's characterization is spotty, but his healthy good looks and sincerity ought to put him in line for other opportunities. Frances Farmer takes on a Garbo accent and blonde braids but still manages to do well enough with her role of a Cossack maiden. Lynn Overman, a prison pal of Tamiroff's, does a grand bit of acting. Directed by Alfred E. Green.—Paramount.

★★ There's That Woman Again

Those happy-go-lucky Reardons are back in a picture that tops their previous effort. Melvyn Douglas again plays Detective Reardon but "That Woman" is now Virginia Bruce instead of Joan Blondell. And Virginia Bruce is the surprise hit of the picture. She is not only photographed to better advantage than ever before but

handles her role in as adept a manner as one could ask. Sleuth Reardon and his busy-body blonde wife sail through impossible situations with the greatest of ease and plenty of hilarity, making good entertainment of an otherwise trite "whodunit."

The plot again has the Reardons in danger of their lives for every minute of the picture's sixty. People are being popped off right and left by a mystery woman, later identified as Margaret Lindsay. She's a heartless beauty who loves not wisely but too well and when it looks like Mrs. Reardon is going to gum up her amour, the villainess plots to do away with her, too. It is only through the adroit actions of Melvyn Douglas and his faithful stooge, Stanley Ridges, that the heroine is saved for further Columbia serials. Besides the good work of the stars, the supporting cast is excellent. Margaret Lindsay does a swell job and models some Kalloch numbers and a collection of jewels that will make feminine mouths water. Directed by Alexander Hall.—*Columbia*.

★★ Smiling Along

The popular English star, Gracie Fields, is here presented in a sparkling musical comedy. "Smiling Along" is crammed with diverting songs and comic situations. As the leader of a struggling theatrical troupe, Miss Fields displays all the talents which rank her as the world's highest salaried actress.

The story deals with the adventures of the show folk who have been cut adrift from a chiseling manager and the troubles they have producing their plays in both countryside houses and swank houseboats on the Thames. Roger Livesey, working opposite Miss Fields, gives a likable account of himself and the pretty and talented Mary Maguire romances convincingly with Peter Coke, a pianist who befriends the stranded troupe. Last but not least, Skippy, a gifted pooch, gathers his share of credits for intelligent work throughout the picture. But the show belongs to Gracie Fields. Here is your chance to become acquainted with an actress who promises to make an enviable collection of American fans as well as English. Jack Donohue, Joe Mott and Philip Leaver as villains turn in commendable performances too. Directed by Monty Banks. Produced by Pinewood Studios, England.—*Twentieth Century-Fox*.

★★ Charlie Chan in Honolulu

Best news in regard to this picture is that Charlie Chan, as played by Sidney Toler, is as convincing a sleuth as was Warner Oland, with many ingratiating qualities which should endear him to Charlie Chan fans.

The renowned Chinese detective goes out to a ship in the Honolulu harbor, where a murder has been committed, only to find that his No. 2 son has beat him to it and managed to mess everything up, to say nothing of No. 5 son (Layne Tom, Jr.) who has sneaked aboard to see what he can do to help his honored father. Sen Yung, who takes Keye Luke's place as the aspiring young detective of the family, is likable and capable, but it's Layne Tom, Jr., who walks off with every scene. Aboard the ship is a beautiful blonde (Claire Dodd) who obviously is up to no good, a pretty young thing (Phyllis Brooks) who has been robbed of \$300,000, an untasty gentleman (George Zucco) who dotes on collecting live brains, a couple of escaped convicts, a sinister captain and a handsome young officer for romantic purposes. Before the second corpse shows up you'll be suspecting even No. 5 son and having a fine time. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone.—*20th Century-Fox*.



"I call that a shame, Mrs. Panda! Here you are, a stranger in a strange land—your baby comes down with a common ailment like prickly heat—and what has anyone done to help you? Absolutely nothing! ...Well, I'll say this..."



"You've come to the right place at last. I've got a mother who can hop to the Johnson's Baby Powder can quicker than any woman you ever saw. Watch her come running when I whistle!"



"Is that powder good stuff? Say, I've been dusted with it every day since I was so long. Of course, my skin looks kind of monotonous compared to your baby's, but it's mighty comfortable. And Johnson's helps keep it that way!"



"Now—never mind the thanks, Mrs. Panda—it's a pleasure to tell people about my powder. The talc in it's so fine, and no orris-root, either. I wonder what else can make a baby so happy for so little money!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

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Whatever Your Life May Be...



...**BUSY** all day with the hustle and bustle of housework...



...**DIZZY** and delirious as a tabloid newspaper office...



...**OR EASY** and languid as a Park Avenue socialite...

Remember...IT'S GLAZO FOR LONGER WEAR!

Here is a Fairy Godmother polish—that flows on smoothly, hardens with gem-like lustre, and wears like part of the nail itself. This miraculous 1939 Glazo...a new secret formula...defies all fingernail hazards. It simply *wears* and WEARS and WEARS!

Colors? Glazo leads the style show. Stop at your toilet goods counter and thrill to the new Glazo shades—TARA, EMBER and RUMBA. See the luscious CONGO, TROPIC, CABAÑA, and other Glazo favorites.

Glazo gives you all the perfections of a 60-cent polish—for only a modest 25 cents.

★ *Guaranteed!* ★

Buy Glazo, not on our say-so, but on your own! Glazo is **GUARANTEED** to give you longer wear than you have ever known before—or else you can simply return the bottle to The Glazo Co., Inc., East Rutherford, N. J., and back will come your money!

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Ask your dealer, too, for Glazo's **NAIL-COTE**, a marvelous new polish foundation that contains wax. Nail-Cote gives *super* wear and brilliance to your manicure. Guards your nails against splitting, cracking and breaking. Helps relieve nail brittleness.

TCH, TCH—THOSE FURRINERS!

(Continued from page 39)

induced Madeleine Carroll to sign a contract well up in four figures. RKO was content to pay the passage of only one actor from abroad, Anton Walbrook, the Prince Albert of "Victoria The Great." Having used him in one picture they allowed him to return quietly to the seat of the British empire.

Many of these most recent "brought-overs" have already proven themselves box-office fiascos, completely unadaptable to the Hollywood scene, and must be listed as bad stocks. Yet the producers, recognized by renowned bankers as astute business men, continue to play this will o' the wisp game, for instinctively they are gamblers who find their fortunes in a smile, a voice, or the way a man kisses a woman. Always there is the hope that another Valentino will be discovered or a second Garbo brought to light. But only once in a blue moon does a Hedy Lamarr flare on the film horizon.

Hedy's sensational debut in "Algiers" is the talk of the industry. Not since Marlene Dietrich captured the American imagination in "Morocco" has an imported movie queen rated the raves that are being showered upon this Viennese charmer, who first aroused interest as the scantily clad heroine of the much censored foreign film, "Ecstasy." Miss Lamarr already commands star billing on the same lot with Greta Garbo and is being hailed as the Swedish star's most logical successor. Her career apparently is to be tailored to the peculiar standards by which Hollywood measures glamor. It is more than a coincidence that she will be made to follow in almost the exact footsteps of her predecessors, Garbo and Dietrich.

It is too soon yet to prophesy anything definite for Miss Lamarr's future. On the face of things it looks as though her success will be more than a mere flash. In her first Hollywood film, she is introduced to the public in as glamorous and mysterious a setting as any actress with exotic inclinations could wish. She wears the atmosphere of the sexy, tropical Algiers with real grace and lets it frame her strange beauty without seeming to so much as

move an eyebrow. The question is, how long can she last?

Critics of the movies have practically agreed that Miss Lamarr's histrionics are nothing to write home about. Furthermore she makes no attempt at acting. In "Ecstasy," she was a dramatic, lovely and innocent exhibitionist. In "Algiers," fully clad, she is still an exhibitionist. The girl can't help it.

With time and experience Lamarr may develop into a competent actress, depending a great deal on the way she is handled, the stories assigned her and the direction she receives.

If Hedy is to become a fixed star in the film firmament she should be humanized, for sooner or later the Great Public, who make and break careers, will begin to ask, just as they did of Dietrich, "Can she act?" If the answer is "no" the box office will tell the sad story as it already has in the case of the marvelous Marlene.

COLD statistics prove that the foreign stars who have survived the longest as public favorites are the personalities discovered by the public itself. Remember that Garbo came to this country a lanky, unattractive Swedish girl with but little actual experience. Contracted by Metro at Mauritz Stiller's insistence, they took Garbo into their fold as an intruder, paying her a very small salary.

After months of weary waiting, during which she posed in shorts for the publicity department, she was at last assigned a role opposite Ricardo Cortez in "The Torrent." Over night the movie fans discovered her, demanded that she be made a star—and in turn made her a legend. To each fan she was a personal discovery, and they began immediately to take an interest in her career. Therein to a large extent lies the secret of her lasting success over a period of years.

Hedy Lamarr's discovery by the movie going public parallels Garbo's first Hollywood triumph in many ways. Contracted by Mr. Mayer, Hedy came to this country with a flock of other imported actresses, hams and screen acrobats. Her salary



This butler and maid (Bob Hope and Martha Raye to you) put plenty of life into "Never Say Die." Here they're studying their lines between scenes.

would hardly pay for the rental of quarters such as foreign celebrities are supposed to occupy during their sojourn in the cinema capital. Forbidden to give personal interviews, it was whispered about this was because the studio was saving her for something important. But she was permitted to languish for months, until gradually curiosity and interest in her American debut waned.

Nothing more was heard of her career until it was announced, quite without any fanfare, that she was being loaned to Walter Wanger for a secondary role with Charles Boyer and Sigrid Gurie. What happened is now history. The public discovered a new star of their own free will, without ballyhoo, and minus the blowing of press trumpets. And at what a saving in cash dollars to her studio!

Zukor and Zanuck spent thousands of dollars introducing Marlene Dietrich and Simone Simon to the American public in impressive introductory campaigns that displayed their names on billboards all through the country. Hedy Lamarr, like Garbo, got a word-of-mouth introduction that no amount of money could buy. Marlene Dietrich's career is now at a standstill, her tricks for keeping it alive having given out. Simone Simon is back in Paris to start all over again. But Hedy stands at the threshold of success, where Garbo stood a dozen years ago. Time will tell whether or not she is a comet.

It cost Samuel Goldwyn a million to learn that a star cannot be thrust upon the public. Anna Sten, Soviet Bernhardt, was hailed by the press agents as Europe's gift to the American screen. She was glamor plus, twice a Duse. Nature's composite of Garbo and Dietrich. There were hardly enough adjectives with which to describe her. By the time Mr. Goldwyn had presented Miss Sten in a half dozen million dollar epics ranging from "Nana" to "Resurrection" even he had to raise the white flag and give Anna back to the Soviets.

AT PRESENT Mr. Goldwyn is concentrating his amazing showmanship on the home-grown brand of foreigners, like Sigrid Gurie, Scandinavian actress from Brooklyn, and Zorina, Russian ballerina and present star of the New York musical hit, "I Married An Angel," whose background is strictly Broadway, even if her accent isn't. In passing, let it be said for Mr. Goldwyn that he has had his hits as well as his misses. Lili Damita, who is Mrs. Errol Flynn now, was one of his early cinema miscarriages. But on the other side of the ledger there is Merle Oberon, whom he brought to Hollywood after her triumph as Anne Boleyn in "Henry The Eighth," and even before that, Vilma Banky is another shining example of a great foreign star he created.

Paramount and Metro have imported more stars from abroad than all the other major companies combined. Out of literally dozens, only a scant half dozen clicked like Dietrich and Maurice Chevalier. But on the deficit side there were Emil Jannings, Dorothea Wieck, Charles Laughton, Jan Kiepura, Ida Lupino, Carl Brisson and a great many others whose names already are blurred from memory.

At the Culver City studio Garbo was of course the first imported actress to achieve unusual distinction. Her reign has been long and glorious, with the end not yet in sight. Then came dozens of others, men and women who sat around Hollywood drawing four figure salaries sometimes for a year, and then departed without ever having appeared in a picture.

Then Luise Rainer emerged from the pack of dark-horses with accents, the lone thoroughbred since Garbo to rate a star dressing-room. Miss Rainer has since

A NEW HIGH LUSTRE LIPSTICK THAT BRINGS

New Dewy Sheen to Lips!



New..exciting..daring..glamorous beyond dreams! Twin Sisters DEWY-SHEEN Lipstick's exclusive ingredient keeps lips looking moist, not for moments, but for hours. A glistening sheen that reflects lights most enchantingly..makes lips look alive and enticing..an awakening of your whole appearance.

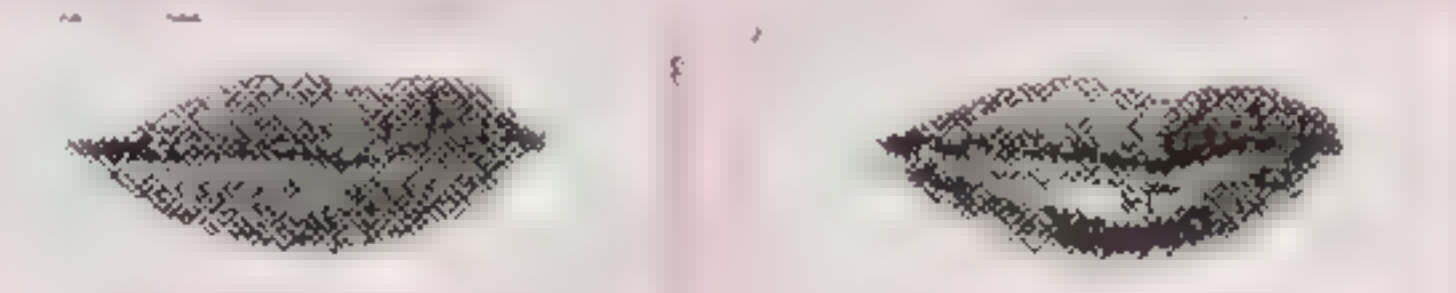


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DEWY-SHEEN
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KEEP LIPS LOOKING TEMPTINGLY MOIST

Blonde?—Try Twin Sisters DEWY-SHEEN Lipstick in Tangerine, Light or Medium.

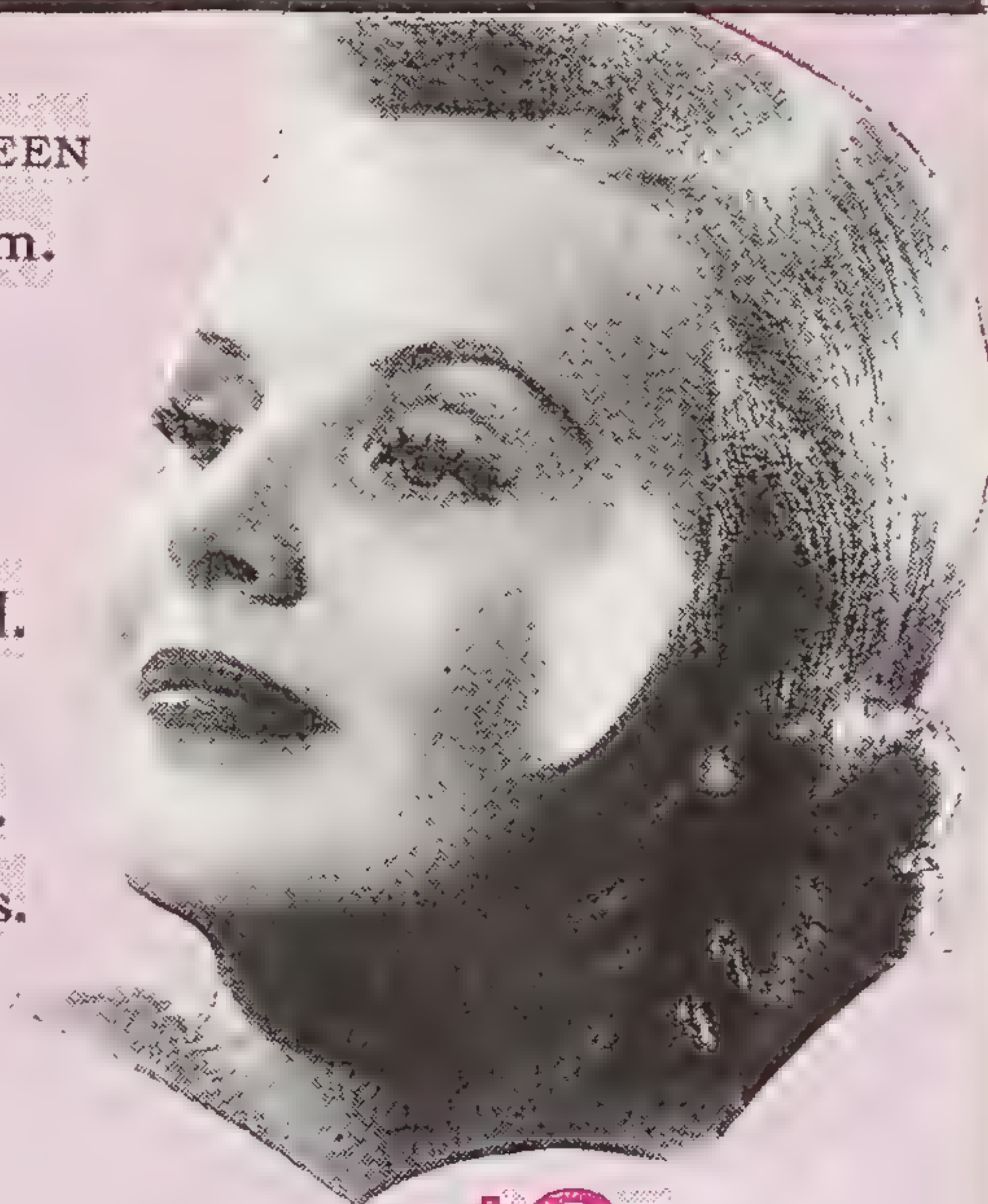
For an intriguing effect, try Orchid at night. Brunette?—Give your lips irresistible warmth with Medium, Raspberry, Cardinal..or the new Orchid. See the tender, natural moist sheen it imparts..like morning dew on petals. Creamy—helps prevent chapped lips.



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Men dislike dull lips. Lips remain looking moist for hours with Twin Sisters DEWY-SHEEN Lipstick.



TRY HIDE-IT, Cream or Stick, for concealing skin blemishes. **WHITE ROUGE**, its color changes to suit your complexion. **Twin Sisters—CLEANSING PADS**, saturated minute facials; **NAIL PADS**, removes nail enamel and lubricates nails; **HAIR-DO**, keeps unruly hairs in place; **BLACK ROUGE**, turns red on lips, rose on cheeks. **BLACK LIPSTICK**, black in the stick, a luscious red on your lips. 10c each. (15c in Canada.)



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Please send me Twin Sisters DEWY-SHEEN Lipstick in the following shades:

I enclose 10c for each. (15c in Canada.)
You may list other desired items on separate sheet

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been the winner of Academy awards. So has Garbo. Perhaps Mr. Mayer feels well repaid with the dark Rainer's success in spite of the arithmetic that says his investment on the duds would hardly be covered by the profits realized on Miss Rainer.

Nevertheless, on his last jaunt to Europe he took another suitcase of contracts along, and before one could say "Quota" the Normandie and the Queen Mary had reservations for Ilona Massey, Della Lind, Miliza Korjus, Robert Morley, Vivian Leigh, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, The Earl of Warwick, known on the screen as Michael Brooke, Hedy Lamarr and so many others that it was said someone with a sense of humor and an ironic appreciation of the truth, had signs posted about the lot reading, "English is also spoken here."

This is not intended as an indictment against foreign actors in American pictures. After all, motion pictures are as international in their appeal as music. It is rather a decry against the futile practise of signing up so many continental actors who are unsuited to the demands of American audiences, when Hollywood is full of foreign-born players more adapted to our standards, and who are allowed to go jobless while producers import less competent performers at salaries far beyond their worth.

Rudolph Valentino is a good example of a foreigner who was given his first chance to screen fame in Hollywood, and became one of the immortal stars of the business. Sonja Henie is another foreigner who has been made a great star by Hollywood brains. Errol Flynn, brought from England, is Hollywood-made. In truth, one rarely even thinks of him as foreign. Cary Grant, another Englishman, came to Hollywood on speculation and through persistence and



Petite June Duprez is a pleasant reason for seeing the London Film, "Four Feathers."

hard work has developed into one of the most sought after leading men.

Perhaps the gravest mistake made by producers in importing stars from abroad is the way they attempt to change their personalities once they have set foot in Hollywood. When the make-up experts, the cameramen, the publicity department and the studio hairdressers get through with their job of Americanizing the alien celebrities, their own mothers wouldn't recognize them. They look as like as two Frigidaires given away on Bank Night!

Another reason for the failure of most foreign stars who come to Hollywood is

that the American public is fed up with glamor. We know the greatest stars of the American screen have been homespun personalities like Mary Pickford, Will Rogers, Marie Dressler, Janet Gaynor, Shirley Temple and Deanna Durbin. Only occasionally a Valentino and a Garbo.

Check the box office records of these homespun stars over a long period of years and you will find that their popularity has been consistent. It is doubtful that you will be seeing Fernand Gravet, Franciska Gaal, Isa Miranda, Miliza Korjus and Annabella on American screens in three years from now. What happened to Chevalier, Tala Birell, Lillian Harvey, Elissa Landi, Lil Dagover, Conrad Veidt and Marta Eggerth can happen to them too.

Not so long ago a bill was brought up in Congress asking that foreign actors be barred from this country except in cases when their services were required for a specific production. Long term contracts were out. This was a slap back at England and other countries where laws have been enacted allowing outside performers to stay only long enough for one or two pictures. The bill was defeated. So Hollywood will continue to have foreign invasions from time to time.

Right now accents are ten cents a dozen on the Boulevard. But it won't be long again before every studio will be looking for another Hedy Lamarr. From Paris, London, Budapest and Berlin will come a new band of foreign importations, most of them with round trip tickets. And, as others have learned before them, they will find out for themselves that America is looking for individuality, will applaud it and reward it. But they are not looking for another Garbo, a duplicate Rainer or a carbon-copy of Lamarr.

Modern

AS A JITTER BUG

ALWAYS FRESH! Doubly protected by not one but two jackets of Cellophane. OUTER jacket opens at BOTTOM of pack.

TUNE IN on "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network

UNMASKING MAGGIE

(Continued from page 47)

beauty, you see. I wasn't brought up in a Park Avenue penthouse nor in romantic old Budapest, but in Dubuque. My father had been a respected druggist, and not an aloof continental banker with little time to devote to me. There was no picturesque tragedy lurking behind me either. I had a sensible mother to guide me, and I'd not only never seen a villa nor ridden in a Rolls-Royce, but my boy friends could keep me off their minds when that was necessary. I just didn't have Paris in my eyes, it seems!"

Newly installed in the fashionable house she has taken in the swank Los Feliz district, Margaret looked her vivid best. A cerise velvet cocktail suit cleverly complimented her abruptly smooth long bob. She had just given instructions for the kind of liqueur she wished served after eight o'clock dinner.

"I persuaded my mother to send me to the best dramatic school I could spot in New York. But soon after I started I discovered I'd be sunk before I ever began in the theatre or in pictures. I never could compete with women of the world."

A LESS spirited nineteen-year-old would have folded up and resumed her apparently destined routine back home. Margaret, typically middle-class until then, got a wild notion.

"I wrote a fifty-page, burning letter to my mother. Both Broadway and Hollywood were then hopelessly impressed by sophistication served with a British accent. A young, docile amateur from Iowa, like myself, would be treated like a ridiculous aspirant. My only chance was to pretend to be poised. So, instead of going on at the dramatic school I should go to England for a surface polishing. Then—success, a wonderful husband, everything!"

Few mothers have the understanding and sympathy Margaret's mother evidenced. "She trusted me," Margaret remembers gratefully. "So off I sailed on the Aquitania. It wasn't as hair-brained as it sounds. I really planned. First of all, I went directly to the very north of England, to Harrogate. I picked it because it was the most out-of-the-way place I could have had stock company training. Of course, I didn't do any acting in the tiny theatre there. I'd never done any professional acting at all. But it was to be my elementary reference, so I mastered all the local legends and names. And how!"

"Next," she smiled, "I went to Leeds and visited friends I'd made crossing the Atlantic. No, I never confessed my objective. I always explained that my mother felt I was too shy and so I'd come over to see a modest bit of the world."

"After five months in these two towns, I had six or seven weeks left to spend in London. I registered at a family hotel and attempted to put my finishing touches on. I've an amusing memory of that coaching school that rejected me firmly. I went over to the Regent School of Languages, 153 Bond Street, to be coached. But they turned me down flatly, said a convincing British diction couldn't be learned in less than three months. I keep the receipt for what I paid to be rebuffed—seven shillings, six pence—in my desk."

"I couldn't accept the ultimatum of defeat, however. I had to pass as British, and in short order, too. So I crammed on my own. I memorized the names of streets, golf clubs, restaurants. I read all the newspapers and magazines, observed the customs, watched the popular actresses



Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!

Cashmere Bouquet



MEN DO FIND YOU MORE ALLURING!

WHEN, BEFORE DATES, YOU BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

ALL THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS I KNOW BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP! FOR CASHMERE BOUQUET'S DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR...AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS—LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, IT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!



I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! CASHMERE BOUQUET'S GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!



CUT IN? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! NOT WHEN I'M DANCING WITH ANNE!



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THE LOVELIER SOAP

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and imitated their manner. I spent my week-ends at the country estates of interesting people I met.

"When my experiment-study time was up I wrote letters to the foremost producers and managers in New York. I said I was coming to America, mentioned the plays I'd done in England, and hoped I'd have the pleasure of knowing them. I explained that, while I'd lived all my life in London, I was an American citizen because I'd been born in New York. My father was in the American embassy in London. On the boat I believe I switched "fathaw" into the law, made him a barrister. When I reached Hollywood the pater was a broker and I'd been born in Kenley, an austere suburb of London! In those letters I signed my newly-concocted name, Margaret Lindsay. It's rightfully Margaret Kies, you know!"

IN New York, which she'd left seven months before as a mere nobody, she was immediately accepted at face value. She still had never been in a play, but there were a dozen notes from important producers awaiting her. Casually, she called the men who would have rudely ignored her had they known who she truly was. When she met them they hailed her as a young find of finds!

She consented to enact the lead in a play and was ready for rehearsals when she was swept west and onto the screen. Because of her deliberate transformation, she was much too good for the stage!

"I didn't admit I had a line until after I'd been in Hollywood more than a year, until I'd clicked and had signed my long-term contract." Sinking further in an easy chair in her formal-but-friendly drawing room, Margaret tossed one slipper off and there was a glow of amuse-

ment in her black eyes. "My line skipped me from outside to inside here, but it was no fun! You may have read that it's so stimulating, so developing to your poise to assume a glamorous personality. That's not so! I know. I forced myself into a strange mold and it was an awful strain. I couldn't afford to slip up once, for more than a year, and so my deception was anything but gay for me.

"I had to be on guard continuously. I even suffered for months with an aching wisdom tooth because I was literally afraid that if I took gas I'd talk and give myself away. I came to know fear as my everyday companion. I no longer had good friends. I had to be cagey with everyone, and so all of a sudden I had only acquaintances who weren't confidants.

"I was forever praying no one would pop at me and expose me. Oh yes, I had my terrible moments. There was that night, for instance, in the Coconut Grove. A girl friend from my school days rushed over to my table and I had to blankly deny I'd ever seen her before. She had recognized me. Now imagine trying to so change yourself that everyone who'd known you couldn't tell on you, couldn't expose you!

"Luckily, I did get away with my fancy line. But even if I was fortunate, believe me, I learned how to be an actress the hard way. I acted steadily, with no time off at all. It was playing an unending scene. At first it was like a dare to have to be astonished at your Americanisms over here. It flattered my ego to be accepted as a cool exotic when lord knows I wasn't. But when the pose stretched through a year it was all on the nightmare side.

"I threw the whole idea of a line overboard because a line is an outmoded approach to success—and to love!

"Today a girl can't get half as far with as without a pose—and what she *can* get she'll not want. I got in on the dying days of magnificent hooley. I'd have gone on putting on if I'd felt it'd help me. But times and people have changed unmistakably and I decided I'd be smart to be streamlined, too.

A LINE used to work because a whole generation was raised on superficialities. There was little honesty between men and women, between bosses and employees. But today men can spot subterfuge in a woman, and fast! They can detect stalling, and all the quaint gags. They recognize a poseur, no matter how hard she works at it, and then they leave her strictly to her silly self. They're bored by nonsense. No, you can't fool the men of this realistic era.

They want us to be wholly sincere, to make our lives worth living by trying to be what's best for us, whatever that is.

"When you adopt a line you severely limit the men in your life. I found that out. You attract only those few who are drawn to the very definite type you've made yourself. When I was attempting to be so veddy, veddy, only much older men asked me out. In turn, they supposed I was undoubtedly a woman of the world. Any girl who isn't knows what maneuvering I became involved with!

"Now," Margaret sighed contentedly, "I can relax when I want to, and I am beginning to meet the sort of man who truly fascinates me. I can go out on the spur of the moment. I don't have to be self-conscious every second I'm out on a date. I might have gradually become mercenary with that line, and then I'd have gotten what I deserved.

"I'm still postponing marriage until I've accomplished more. But now I'm invited

S.O.S.



SORRY, JACK...I'M CUTTING IN. BUT LISTEN, FELLOW, WAIT FOR ME AFTER THIS DANCE, WILL YOU? I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING



I KNOW JUDY GAVE YOU THE HIGH SIGN, WALT!

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHY, JACK! ON THE LEVEL, PAL--- YOU'VE JUST GOTTA SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!



TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS

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LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S



WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE---IF IT ISN'T THAT DAILY DOUBLE, JACK AND JUDY, AGAIN!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!



MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!



COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

Good Housekeeping Bureau Seal of Approval



Mr. Fairbanks' talented son, Doug, Jr., is glad to be back after his European holiday.

to drive to the beach for roller coasters and hot dogs. I can get gardenias instead of orchids and complications.

"I was missing the friendship of the kind of people who are important to every woman, no matter where she is. I'd always had girl friends before I began that act. In high school I was president of our dramatic club, captain of our basketball team. But in Hollywood, doing my 'stuff,' I had no women friends anymore. Because, I learned, one woman can tell if another woman's a phony!"

"My artificial personality could even have ruined my career. Darryl Zanuck told me to get rid of that English elegance. It's your performance that counts now. You can even come straight from Iowa and be proud of it! So, from my own experience, I'd advise any girl to shun the obsolete line as if it were poison. I myself wouldn't be caught dead with one!"

"But," sighed Margaret, "do you know, it's a job to turn a pose off, too? Honestly! I've had more trouble getting rid of my broad A's than I had getting them. And I was so into the mood of being cautiously cool that I've had to work like a fiend to warm into a natural American again. I doubt if I'm yet satisfactorily melted!"

Well, she's melting, if I'm any judge of femininity! And I think I am. So her big experiment helped, and hasn't handicapped her—because she was smart enough to know when to quit.



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SISTER ANN TELLS ON TY

(Continued from page 33)

he had to learn about acting himself.

"He was never able to take attention for granted. He was always wondering if he had earned it. He was still wondering that when I came back to the States for a visit, just after he had made 'Lloyds of London.' If you remember, he was billed in that as 'Tyrone Power, Jr.' He didn't realize just how famous he had become in his own right. He didn't believe me when I tried to tell him.

"I went back to Hawaii and didn't see him again for nearly two years. I knew what Hollywood, and sensational success, sometimes do to people. And there didn't seem any doubt about it: Tyrone was sensationally successful. I ached to see how he was taking it. When I came back to the States this time, I half expected to find many changes in him. I found just one. He had grown more mature. He had more poise, more sureness. He had himself more under control.

"But the thing that I noticed most, after living in the Islands, where everyone is very relaxed and easy-going, was his energy. I realized, more than I ever had before, what a human dynamo he is. I could sense immediately this tremendous surge and force. This restless urge to accomplish something more than he has accomplished. This driving lack of satisfaction with himself.

"He's still wary of anyone, either male or female, who tries to flatter him. It's almost a fetish with him. It's the reason why he's slow to make friends, despite the

fact that he's a good mixer. He doesn't trust flatterers. Tyrone can't fool me by being polite to them. I know what he's really thinking. And he can't fool me, either, by pretending to be easy-going."

Behind that warm smile of Tyrone's, according to Ann, is grim determination.

HE will never trust flatterers, never be easy-going. He's too determined not to let anything sidetrack him from his acting ambitions. That determination goes 'way, 'way back. When we were little, Mother played six summers in The Mission Play at San Gabriel. Her dressing-room was our play-room. And, even then, acting was on Tyrone's mind. Not only was he always getting me to play-act, he was always hounding the producer of The Mission Play to give him a little part. The producer kept telling him he'd have to wait until he was grown up. 'Well, when will I be grown up?' Tyrone would want to know. When he was seven, he wore the producer down. He got a small rôle in the play. I can still remember sitting in my nurse's lap, watching him.

"Until we were well along in school, we had home instruction in dramatics from Mother—elocution, deep breathing, and all the rest. Both of us were conscious very young of our dramatic heritage. But Tyrone was more conscious of it than I was. My inclinations ran to music and books. I was a bookworm, a dreamer. Tyrone was more restless, more of a doer.

"When he was fourteen or fifteen, he

started cataloguing all the movies he saw. He had his own system of rating them. He'd note down performances he liked, and why. He was very observant of little tricks. When an actor got a certain effect, Tyrone would analyze how he had got it. He read all the fan magazines and made notes, too, on what he thought were good interviews. So that when he was a screen actor, himself, he'd know what to talk about. It was 'when'—not 'if'—with Tyrone.

"All the time he was growing up, he went in for all the dramatic work in sight. He prepared for college, but he never intended to go. And, when the time came, he talked Father out of making him go, and into letting him study acting with a stock company, instead.

"He was in Hollywood, playing a small part in a picture with Father, when Father died. That was a great blow to him. But it was only the first of a series of blows. First, he lost the small part. Then he couldn't get anything but 'extra' work. In spite of all the slaps, he stuck it out for a year and a half. And when he finally left, to try Broadway, it was only to learn enough more about acting to come back to the movies in leads.

"Don't let anyone tell you he isn't determined."

Even to the point of being stubborn—?

Ann smiled. "I used to think so. I remember one time, when I was in the third or fourth grade, going to school with him one morning. We were back east

**THIS IS FOR
ALWAYS,
DARLING!**

**NAN HOPES SO, TOO! THAT'S WHY SHE GUARDS
AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!**

I'VE SEEN TOO MANY WIVES LOSE ROMANCE BY LETTING THEIR SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING. I WANT TO KEEP MY COMPLEXION SMOOTH AND ALLURING! THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE SOAP!

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BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG. THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!

AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY. LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

WELL, IF YOU OWE YOUR LOVELY COMPLEXION TO PALMOLIVE, THAT'S RECOMMENDATION ENOUGH FOR ME! I'M GOING TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF AND MAKE PALMOLIVE MY BEAUTY SOAP, TOO!

IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS
SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN
SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

"She made me BOIL... with her know-it-all air!"



*How Helen raised her baby
by up-to-date methods while living
with an old-fashioned aunt!*



AUNT: Now Helen, if *I* were you—

HELEN: But Auntie, we've been over that a million times already. I know exactly how to handle the baby... even if he is my first.



AUNT: Tush! You're mollycoddling the child, and you know it. Why in *our* time children grew up without all this fiddle-faddle.



HELEN: Times have changed, Auntie. Our doctor says that today children should get *special* care... *special* food, *special* clothes. Yes, even a *special* laxative!

AUNT: What! A special laxative for babies?



HELEN: Of course! Doesn't it stand to reason? After all, Bobby's only 7 months. His tiny system is still delicate. Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a mild, gentle laxative, one made especially for a baby's needs?



HELEN: That's why the doctor said to give him Fletcher's Castoria. He said it's the modern laxative made *ONLY* for children. It's on the *SAFE* side... has no harsh "adult" drugs. It works mostly in the lower bowel and won't disturb his tummy.



AUNT: Well, he certainly takes it willingly enough. I'll say that much.

HELEN: He ought to. The doctor says Fletcher's Castoria has a *grand* taste... Isn't it wonderful to know we're giving Bobby a laxative that's so dependable?

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — **SAFE** — laxative made especially and **ONLY** for children

then, and there was snow. He was pulling me on a sled. I thought he ought to be the complete young gallant and carry all our books, too. He refused. I said that if he didn't, I'd drop them in the snow. He dared me to. I took the dare. He wouldn't go back and pick them up. Neither would I. We lost them. We both were stubborn, I guess.

"He has always been good-natured, but he has never let anyone—even his sister—impose on his good nature. No one will ever use Tyrone for a doormat. He's too independent. Sometimes independence is a synonym for selfishness. But I've never known Tyrone to insist on his own rights and then infringe on someone else's.

"If he made a mistake, he wouldn't shift the blame onto somebody else. I remember, one time at school, a bunch of us were throwing snowballs at passing cars. Tyrone threw one that broke a taxicab's window. He didn't run. He stepped up and took the blame and paid for the window out of his allowance week by week.

"Not that he had any urge to play the heroic martyr. Any time that he could get out of a scrape without hurting someone else, he would. He just had compunctions about letting anyone else pay for his mistakes. Whenever he was scolded, it always distressed me. But it never distressed him. He was always able to take it on the chin."

In Ann's eyes, Tyrone is "almost a dual personality."

"Most of us can't be very practical and very idealistic at the same time. But Tyrone is as much one as he is the other. An amazing combination of Mother and Father. His practicality comes from Mother, and his idealism from Father.

"He was realistic, admitting to himself during his struggling days that the name 'Tyrone Power, Jr.' probably was a handicap. But so idealistic that he never thought of changing his name.

ANOTHER thing about Tyrone: He has never wasted time breaking his heart over things that he couldn't have, that were beyond his ability to get. He developed that philosophy very early. I think football had something to do with it. He went through a phase where he was crazy to be on a football team. He tried hard, but his build was against him. He was a string-bean sort of boy. That was a hard fact to accept. But he did accept it, finally.

"That may seem a small thing now. It was a big thing then. Big enough, I think, to have an influence on his whole life. It taught him that ambition, without the right qualifications, wasn't enough. You had to be fitted for something to make good at it.

"That's his attitude today. About rôles he wants some day to play. About marriage. About everything. He doesn't say much about it, but he's an ardent fatalist. Secretly convinced that he won't get those coveted rôles, or find the right girl, or achieve anything else, until he's qualified."

When Tyrone does find the right girl, Ann asserted, she won't have to put up with his acting at home.

"That's something he has never done. And she won't have to put up with temperament, either. Or 'temper,' as Tyrone calls it. It takes him a long time to work up a temper. It always did. He realized very early that loss of temper is a foolish thing. I have a dim recollection of his having a tantrum once, when we were both small, and Mother's telling him that she would have to take him out of The Mission Play if he didn't have any better control of himself than that. Perhaps, that's the answer. I know that all the time we were growing up, if Tyrone found himself in a situation that tried his temper, he'd extri-

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No fuss, no bother!
Ex-Lax is easy to use
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...undisturbed! No
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out strain or discom-
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after taking it, ready
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Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the
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SMART, up-to-the-minute designs. Pins in 2
colors with any 3 or 4 letters and year. Hand-
some Sterling silver rings. Oldest, largest makers;
famous for quality 44 years. Write for catalog.
BASTIAN BROS. Dept. 52, Rochester, N.Y.



Do you know why Dole pineapple fields in
Hawaii are so big? Well, it's because so many
people like big glasses of Dole Pineapple
Juice so much that it takes fields and fields
of Dole-grown Pineapples to make enough.

cate himself from it. He still does that.
He'll walk out on you before he'll quarrel.

"We used to have some lovely squabbles,
but I can't remember one single bitter
quarrel. Tyrone had an uncanny gift for
changing the subject at the crucial moment.
Or suddenly laughing at what we were
arguing about. He has always had this
sense of humor, this ability to laugh with
everyone. It's one of his greatest assets.
It has helped him over many a rough spot.
It has kept him from taking unimportant
things too seriously."

One thing the right girl will have to be
prepared to accept is the fact that, for an
actor, Tyrone has one strange trait. He
keeps his emotions, his inner thoughts, to
himself. He doesn't talk about them. He
lets his actions do the talking.

"I've known him to hide his thoughts to
the point of fibbing about them. But I
could always tell when he was fibbing.
There was always an odd little quirk to
his mouth."

One reason why Ann thinks Tyrone is
a good actor is that, as an actor, he can
express emotions so vividly.

IF one thing was true of Tyrone when we
were growing up, it was this: His loves
and affections had roots that went very
deep, but he never was one to make a great
demonstration of them. I remember one
time he broke my favorite doll. He said,
at the time, that he was sorry. But I had
no idea just how sorry—in fact, I won-
dered if he was sorry at all—until Christ-
mas came along. His gift to me that year,
bought with his own money, was a doll to
replace the one he had broken.

"That was very typical of him. He is
such an enthusiastic person, has so much
vitality and force, that all his emotions
seem to be in plain sight, where anyone
can see them. But that's an optical illu-
sion. Actually, Tyrone's deepest feelings
are far below the surface, hidden. The
practical side of him demands a time test
of his emotions. Because the idealist in
him makes him very impressionable, and
the world takes advantage of impression-
able people.

"I suppose I'm partly responsible for
that—putting things over on him as a
youngster. It got so that he wasn't im-
pressed at all by sudden displays of affec-
tion. And I couldn't go 'grand' and impress
him, either, after a while. Neither can
anyone else, today.

"He gives the impression of being im-
pulsive. That's an optical illusion, too.
When Tyrone does something, he usually
has it thought out long in advance. He
must believe in something before he'll do
it. He must see it clearly, in all its ramifi-
cations. He analyses a lot, and very
quickly, too.

"I've always envied Tyrone his mind.
It isn't a vacillating mind at all. It's quick
and clear. And photographic. He could
always look at a lesson once, and know it.
I'd have to study it a while. That used
to annoy me no end. It used to annoy
him, too. He'd accuse me of being 'lazy.'

"He has never had any patience with
laziness, either mental or physical. He
never will have. He'll never marry a girl
who is beautiful but mentally lazy. Or a
girl who is clever but languid.

"He's thoughtful, and he doesn't talk
much about what he's thinking, but that
doesn't mean that he's moody. He isn't,
never has been. He's too energetic to
make a good brooder. He'd rather *do* some-
thing about a thing than brood about it.

"I've had people ask me why Tyrone
took that trip to South America. 'He's
the type, you'd think, who would rush off
to Europe and hit all the high spots,' they
say. 'What impulse led him down toward
Brazil?' It wasn't an impulse. He'd thought
about it for years.

"Color is very important to Tyrone. He
likes it around him. There must be fresh
flowers in the house all the time." Ann
gestured about the large living-room, call-
ing attention to the bowls of vari-colored
flowers. "He likes warm colors particu-
larly. The tropics have always appealed
to him, and that's why. Father painted a
great deal, and talked a great deal about
the tropics, the cloud effects, the blue skies,
the riot of colors, 'the untouched display of
Nature.' Those are things that Tyrone
wants to see. This seems to be news to
most people."

SO it may be. But, if you can believe
the gossip columns, Tyrone's interest in
girls isn't news. When did that start?

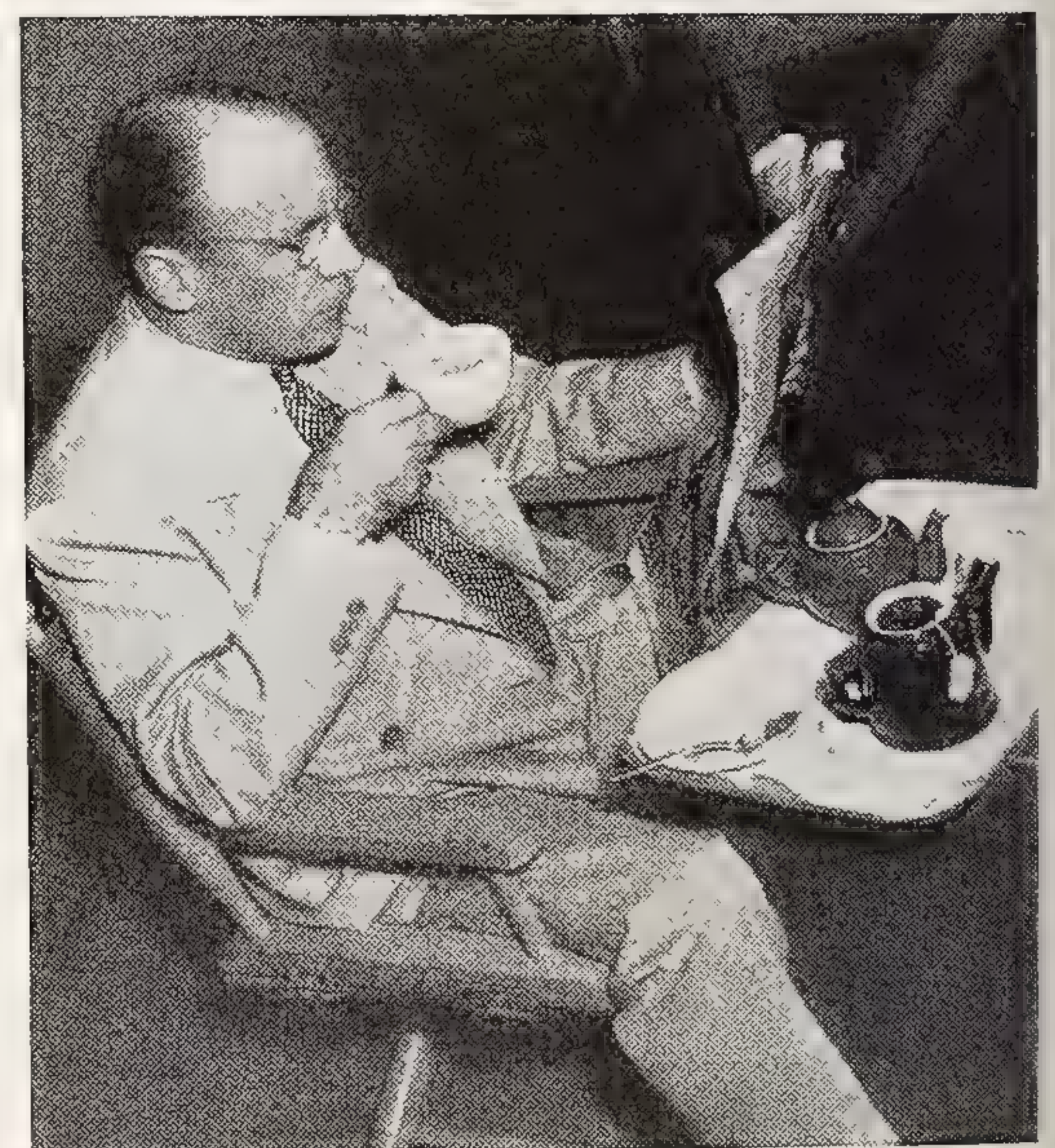
"Well, one of my earliest memories of it
goes back to when Tyrone was about five
and I was about four. Our nurse took us
to visit some friends in Bristol, Pennsylv-
ania. The first thing Tyrone did, after
we arrived, was to discover a cute little
girl next door. He forgot, temporarily,
that I existed. I was only a sister. Here
was a different kind of attraction. He
was so smitten that the nurse took a pic-
ture of the two of them together—Tyrone
smiling at the little girl. Mother still has
it around somewhere. Mute evidence of
Tyrone's first interest in the opposite sex
and their first interest in him.

"He was popular in school, and was
always going to dances and movies and
having dates with a variety of girls, most
of them blonde. I don't ever remember his
going off the deep end about any particu-
lar one. Or, maybe, that was something
else he kept to himself. Anyway, he never
gave any outward signs of puppy-love.

"He wasn't fickle in his attentions. He
wouldn't drop one girl cold for a new one.
He seemed to have a knack for rotating
his attentions between old and new. He
just didn't seem to lose his heart. I think
he broke hearts, though. But that didn't
go to his head. He kept a very even bal-
ance. He didn't seem to have any play-
boy urges. His only urges, so far as girls
were concerned, seemed to be a search for
companionship.

"I think that's still the way it is with
Tyrone. People are asking him to give
more and more interviews about marriage,
as if he should be thinking about marrying
pretty soon. When Tyrone finds the right
girl, he'll marry; not before. I don't have
any idea of what she will be like. But I
do know that I'll be very happy to have
her as a sister-in-law.

"I told him that once. He smiled, as
much as to say, 'Maybe I'll fool you.' But
he won't fool me. I know him too well."



Roland Young, one of our best
tea-takers, rests on the "Yes,
My Darling Daughter" set.

O—BEE JOYFUL!

(Continued from page 27)

the fact that Merle couldn't go to her, by the fact that she didn't live long enough to enjoy all the things Merle loved to lavish on her. For the most part, her daughter keeps her sorrow to herself. On those rare occasions when she speaks of it, her eyes take on the bewildered look of a lost child's. But hers is a nature that rejects morbidity. As her healthy body craves sunlight and open air, so her healthy mind turns instinctively to the warmth of kindly human relationships and the release of laughter.

She loathes Hollywood chi-chi. She has none of that false graciousness that smacks of Lady Vere de Vere condescending to the peasantry. She is unimpressed by her dignity as a movie star. She was rehearsing a scene with Walter Brennan for "The Cowboy and The Lady," a picture so long in the making, incidentally, that Merle amended the title to "The Tired Cowboy and The Very Old Lady."

"I don't smell, do I?" she inquired anxiously. "We had snails and garlic at Claudette Colbert's last night, and she said the flavor lingers." Next moment her voice, polite English accent and all, rang out indignantly. "What do you think you're doing, Walter?" He had turned his head slightly, so as to give her full advantage of the camera. "Will you put your face back or shall I sock you one?" the lady demanded.

Gary Cooper's stand-in is shyer, if possible, than Gary himself. Girls terrify him. He writhes visibly when he has to go into a clinch with the feminine stand-in. One

day he electrified the set by marching over to Merle, and thrusting a picture of herself under her nose. "Write something hot," he muttered. "No good wishes stuff."

Merle giggled and wrote, "Something Hot from Merle to Slim."

When luncheon was called, someone yelled, "Obee's private car." The assistant director pedaled up on his bike, Merle settled herself on the handlebars and was wheeled off, the sun in her eyes.

SHE takes her fun as kids do, on the giant roller-coaster at Venice, Hollywood's Coney Island, swooping and shrieking in terrified glee. She eats, by her own admission, like a horse and loves to dance, but not at the Trocadero. Her idea of a well-spent evening is to dine at a chop suey place, then go to the Palomar, where the jitterbugs hang out, where they pay a dollar for the privilege of dancing themselves into a state of exhaustion, where a movie star is just another Big Apple-er, ignored unless she steps on their feet.

Her studio held its annual picnic recently. The stars were asked to attend. Some of them dropped by for half an hour. Merle arrived at eleven and stayed till three, not as her good deed for the day, but because she couldn't tear herself away. She ate hot dogs and hamburgers and spilled soda pop down the front of her dress. She howled when they put Sam Goldwyn into the jail house for coming late—the jail house being an ancient contraption on wheels that you have to buy your way out of.

A baseball game was in progress. "What the dickens is baseball?" They tried to explain it, she tried to understand it, and finally wailed, "I'm just an English ignoramus," and gave it up. Strong hands seized her, dumped her into the jail house, and wheeled her, squealing, round the park. "Fifty cents to get out."

"Ride me round again," she offered, "and I'll give you a buck."

She had sent her two maids to the picnic, and left them there when she went home to prepare for a dinner party at Norma Shearer's that evening. She couldn't find the shampoo, she couldn't find the towels, she couldn't find the makings for a cup of tea. She soothed her feelings by carrying on a dialogue with herself. "Blast it, why did I let them stay?" "Blast it, why shouldn't you let them stay and whip up enough gumption to find out where things are kept in your own house?" She left a pathetic little note propped up on her dressing table, asking them please to tidy up her room. She found a note from them on her return, thanking her for the lovely day they'd had.

Hilda is the cook; Frances, the maid. She brought them with her from England, "because I like them and they like me and it's nice to have friendly people around." Since they're strangers in a strange land, she feels a special responsibility for them. She sends them out with the chauffeur to see the sights. She is often at Norma Shearer's for dinner, and when Norma plans to show a picture in the evening, she asks for permission to have Hilda and

Can you dance 1 HOUR AND 34 MINUTES without tiring?

ENERGY TESTS with BABY RUTH

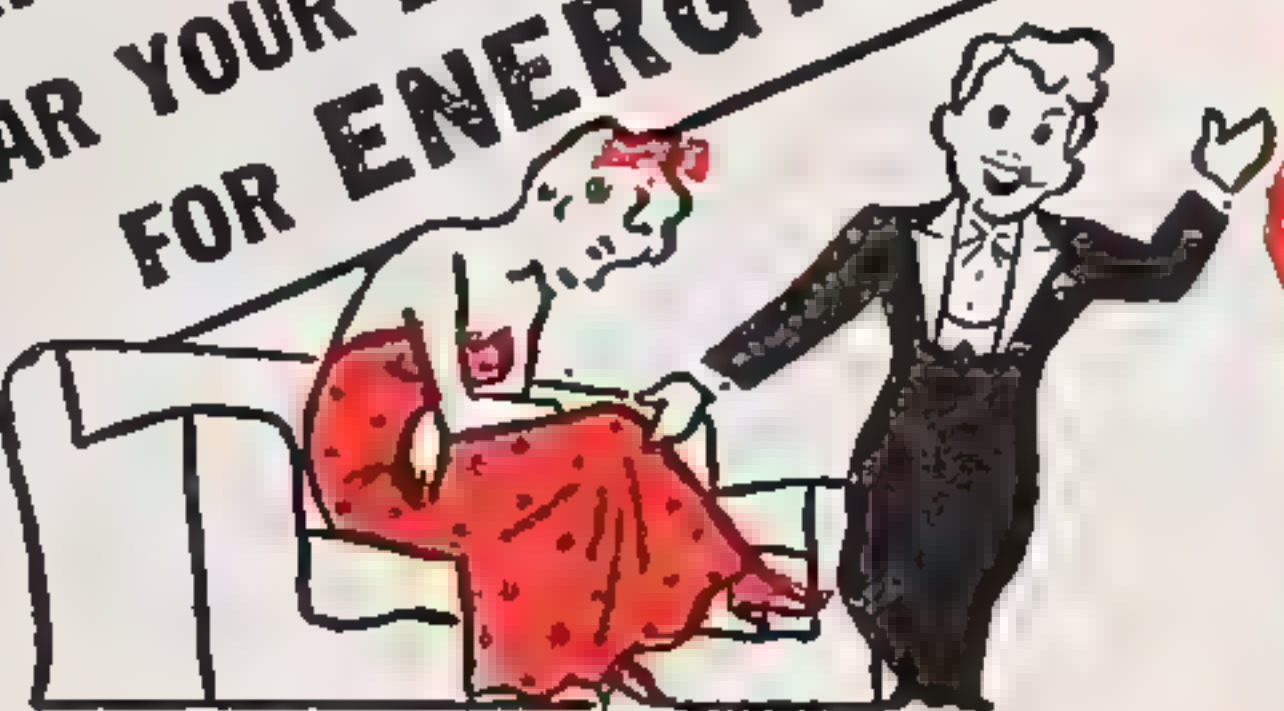
By actual calorimetric tests, an active adult weighing 120 lbs., can dance continuously for 1 hour and 34 minutes on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c bar of Baby Ruth candy.

Lively people are gay, interesting partners in every kind of activity. Their energy lends them charm and personality. The energy of the body comes chiefly from Dextrose, which is the primary "fuel" sugar of the body.

Baby Ruth candy, so pure and delicious, is rich in Dextrose—rich in real food energy. You'll enjoy Baby Ruth—and you'll find it helps you to forestall fatigue.

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THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY
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• This advertisement appeared when Sani-Flush was new. Sani-Flush is still the easiest and best known way to clean toilets after 27 years. (Also cleans out auto radiators.) *Directions on can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 10c and 25c sizes. . . . The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

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5 rinses 25¢ at drug and department stores.
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Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

LOVALON

the 4 purpose vegetable Hair Rinse

Frances come over. They seek her expert advice as to dancing places, and come home to tell her, "Oh, miss, when we get back to England, they'll think we're mad if we dance like that."

As between California and London, her heart is torn. Her friends in both places are legion. A sun-worshiper and fresh-air fiend, she revels in the outdoor beauties of the south. She lives at the beach in a house rented from Norma Talmadge, and the beach is her happy hunting ground. On working days she gets up at six to swim. On non-working days, she swims and lies in the sun and goes up and down the beach to visit her neighbors, the Goetzes, the Zanucks, Norma Shearer. She walks in the sand by preference. When her shoes get full of it, she takes them off. When it sifts through her stockings, she takes them off. When it gets between her toes, she wriggles them and feels simply elegant.

But London is her home. It's the place her people came from, it's the place where her beloved house is. She was frantic because she had to leave while the house was in process of renovation. She sends long cables describing to the last fraction of a detail how she wants her curtains hung. She sighs, "Those lucky contractors. They can walk up my beautiful staircase, and I can't." To no picture has she looked forward with greater eagerness than to "Wuthering Heights," the next on her schedule. Yet, even "Wuthering Heights" has taken on something of the guise of a dragon, looming inexorably between herself and her house.

LONDON is also the home of Alexander Korda. What Korda means to Merle can only be guessed at. Their friendship blossomed during the period of her last stay in London, during the period when so many things happened to her, when after her illness she made "The Divorce of Lady X" and "Over the Moon" for him. That, at least, is the supposition.

Hollywood, the world's best smeller-outer of romance existent and non-existent, suspected nothing till the slender Hungarian, with his sensitive face and great personal charm, arrived a couple of months ago, ostensibly on business only. He and Merle were constantly together, taking candid joy in each other's company. The air bristled with questions, which remain unanswered. The principals smile and keep their mouths shut, the curious continue to burst with curiosity, but the only conclusion safely to be drawn is that Korda and Miss Oberon are excellent friends, and that she's looking forward to making "Lady Hamilton" with him when she goes back to England.

Her extravagances are jewels and fur coats. She loathes imitations and will wear only genuine stones, contending, reasonably enough, that they're not really an extravagance at all, but a canny investment. She offers no such alibi in vindication of her passion for fur coats. "I love them," she admits, "for themselves."

Otherwise, her interest in clothes is that of any woman. She doesn't go in for fripperies and, in Hollywood, at any rate, follows the fashion of informality. "Dress up and be glamorous, Merle," begged a publicity woman who was bringing an important newspaper representative to call on her. Merle appeared in a dirndl, looking all of twelve. The newspaper man, needless to say, was enchanted. When she does dress up at night in something slinky, she is not immediately recognizable to her friends. "Is it you or your aunt?" they'll inquire sarcastically.

She's a cinch for puppies and babies. She pines to adopt every stray she meets up with, and compromises by feeding them



We'd risk breaking a few of our own bones if we could look as cute as Mary Carlisle does on skis.

crackers and milk, and sending them off by private car to The Tailwaggers. She owns two noble Dalmatians. Unable to take them to England because of the quarantine laws, she was forced to leave them behind in kennels. En route to Hollywood, she drove her traveling companion crazy. "Do you think they'll know me? If they don't know me, I'm going to turn around and go right back home."

Not only did they know her. By some sixth sense they'd got wind of her coming, broken loose from the kennels, torn madly down the Santa Monica beach and leaped her own gate in time to welcome her home.

One of her favorite babies is Katharine Thalberg. "Likewise the other way round," as the grip put it. They call on each other, they tell each other stories, they admire each other's clothes.

Katharine's mother came in one day to find them both crosslegged on the floor, identical blue ribbons, supplied by Merle, holding their curls in place. Katharine was handing Merle colored beads from a bowl in her lap. Merle was stringing them and listening to a complicated tale of how Dopey had caught cold and couldn't find his handkerchief.

"Which of you two is the baby?" Norma asked.

Merle looked at Katharine, Katharine looked at Merle, and they both giggled.

Hollywood star **ANDREA LEEDS** in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Last Frontier." You can buy the dress in **SIMPLICITY** pattern 2978—at any Simplicity dealer.



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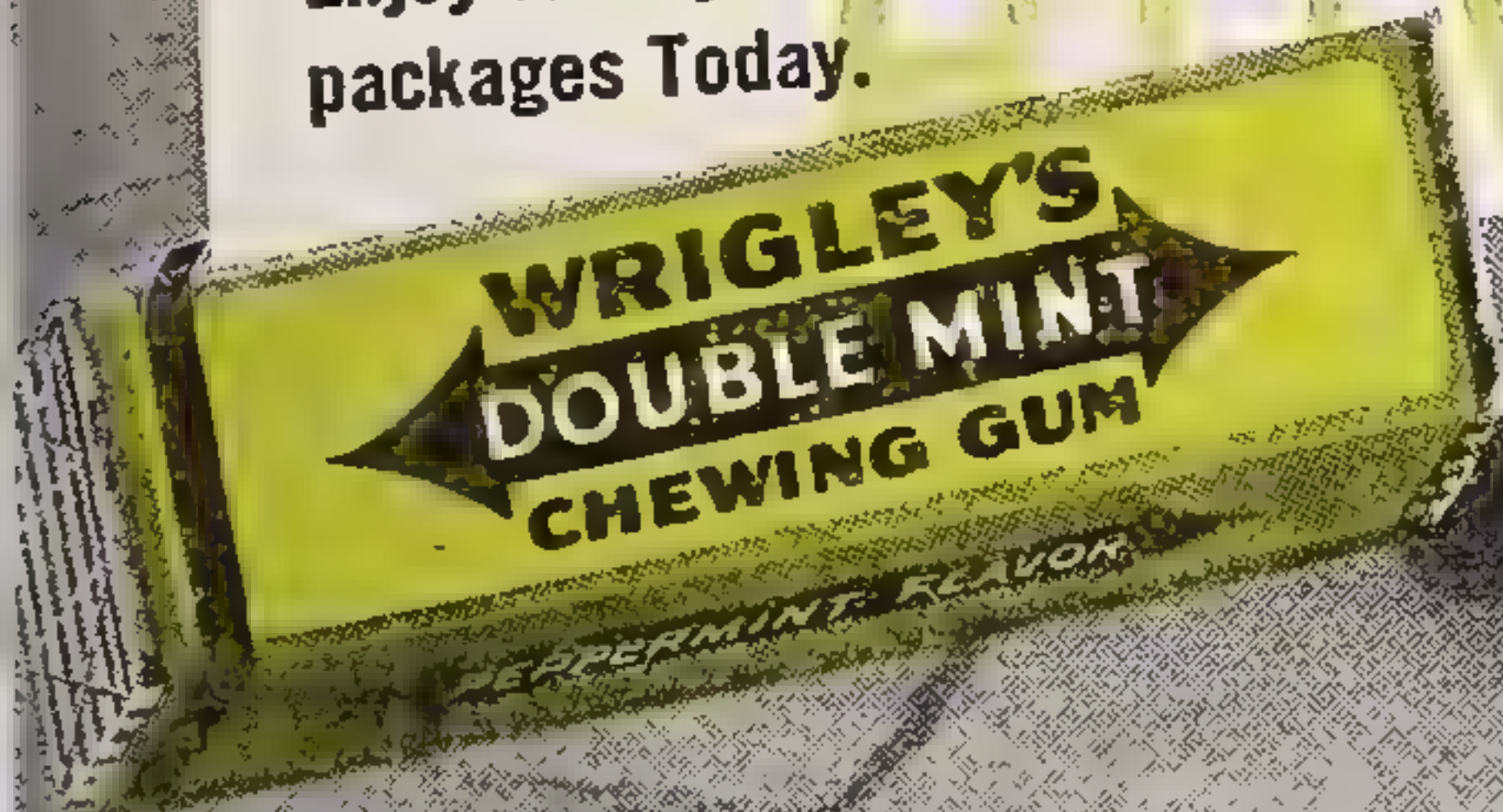
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DRESSING YOUR PART

(Continued from page 49)

very carefully the wardrobe selected for her supporting players. Many a time a star has gone into a temperamental fury and ordered all the rest of the cast to be dressed in light colors, because she has decided to look slim and snaky in black.

A very interesting and instructive situation develops whenever a picture is being made in which the star plays a poor working girl who triumphs over a lot of idle rich vultures. She must look more attractive, more ingratiating than they do, even though she is wearing cheap clothes.

That is fairly easy. Our heroine is put in a simple dark dress or suit, beautifully fitted, with a little white schoolgirl collar or a crisp lingerie blouse, and the idle rich are fairly smothered in lavish fabrics, drapery, intricate shirring. Their clothes may be very beautiful and within the realm of good taste, but, by contrast, she will be as refreshing as a hamburger after a round of parties that offer nothing more substantial than caviar and champagne. There is a lot to be said for girlish innocence in clothes, but I don't need to tell you. Just imagine how ridiculous even the hauntingly-lovely Hedy Lamarr would look if she broke into a broad grin and tried to hop into a rumble seat.

IF your clothes are going to help you be the star of your crowd, you are going to have to do some home work, as well as some careful shopping. Your clothes must first be suitable, then becoming, then smart, then different from what the girls around you are wearing. If that all sounds very difficult, just keep it in the back of your mind while you go to see some pictures. And suddenly you will discover that the clothes girls wear in pictures illustrate those very points.

When the scenario of a picture is finished it is sent to the wardrobe department, and, before the chief designer discusses her costumes with a star, he figures out what sort of girl she is playing, in what locale, what action is called for, and then what styles are best for her.

That is what you must do for yourself. But I am going to ask you to skip lightly right past the question, "What sort of girl am I?" and take up, "What do I want to be?" Maybe, struggle as you will against it, you are a blunt sort of person with a strong will, and you want to be willowy and poised and softly-appealing. Clothes can help you. First, choose fabrics that are soft and smooth, then choose lines that are curved rather than straight—a round neck rather than a V; a shirred bodice in preference to the shirtmaker type; a gathered or pleated skirt with graceful fullness rather than a plain gored one. Maybe you are a quiet, droll, inconspicuous sort, and you long to be more definite. Simple tailored lines, sharp color contrasts will give you a big lift.

Now—what is your setting? Do you fall out of bed, hurl your clothes on and dash off to early classes—either as pupil or teacher? Do you work in an office, travelling in buses or street cars? Do you go to market, have lunch with the youngsters home from school and then go to a bridge club? Whatever activities fill the major part of your day should dictate the choice of an outfit that will be the mainstay of your wardrobe.

If you are off to school, a casual sports outfit is a good choice. The lines of the costume Madeleine Carroll is wearing in the picture on page 49 will do wonders for the tall girl. The pleated skirt, the

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● According to old superstition, the sparkle in a diamond was said to be "the fire of love"—hence the diamond

was thought to keep love undimmed.

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You'll feel the difference in your skin the minute you start using Italian Balm. It will be smoother, softer, lovelier looking. Italian Balm contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest-selling brands—yet the cost to use is negligible, because it "goes so far." It's rich, wide-spreading—not thin or watery.

See for yourself why 98% of users interviewed said: "It acts quicker in overcoming dry, chapped, rough skin than anything I ever used before." Clip FREE coupon below.

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To keep blonde hair from darkening, fading and losing its attractiveness, it is always necessary to wash it with particular care. A shampoo suitable for dark or auburn hair may quickly ruin the charm of golden hair. New Blondex, the shampoo for blondes only, helps preserve the natural golden beauty of light hair, washes it shades lighter and brings out the glorious, shimmering radiance that can make blonde hair so attractive. You'll be amazed and delighted with the results of even the first shampoo. Blondex leaves the hair fluffy, soft and lustrous. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Nothing better for children's hair. Get Blondex today at any good store.

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New **BLONDEX** THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO

almost wrist-length jacket, require height to carry them gracefully. The extreme simplicity of this outfit matches the serenity and directness of her temperament. Madeleine is an anti-gadget girl. And, because she is essentially a soft and luxurious sort of person, the fabric is a soft flannel.

Madeleine Carroll wears this costume in "Café Society." Simple and unadorned as it is, you will find that it helps her to stand out in the scenes where she wears it.

For the girl who is brisk and active and energetic, take a look at the herring-bone tweed three-piece suit that Rosella Towne wears in "Adventures of Jane Arden." Closely-fitted, slim as a reed, here is a suit that is wonderfully practical as well as smart. A girl could travel in it by air, by train, by subway—and arrive at her destination immaculately well-groomed. Vivid-colored accessories should be worn with such a suit, if you are inclined to be neutral in coloring, but Rosella is such a vivid personality herself that she can wear black accessories without looking in the least dull or grim.

You will notice that the jacket is quite short and snug, while Madeleine Carroll's is boxy and longer. Which is the fashion? Both.

THE time is long since past when Paris dictated that jackets should be a certain style or length, and skirts pleated or plain, and women took it to heart. Hollywood has made it possible for women to wear whatever is most becoming to them and yet feel in the height of fashion. The two fashion centers borrow from each other, and it takes time. Paris coutourieres have their showings four times a year, as ever before, at which they introduce radical changes in fashion. Hollywood designers dress stars, not in the mode that was launched in Paris last week, but in whatever is most becoming, so that when the picture is shown six months or even a year later, players will look beautiful and chic, but not dated.

Sometimes months after a picture is made, a Paris designer will see it and copy a sleeve or a hat or the drapery of an evening gown. Sometimes a Hollywood designer will read in a cable from Paris that huge jewelled trimming is being used, and decide it is a refreshing change for glamor girls to have jewels on their dresses instead of their wrists.

This division of authority is all to the good for you and me. We don't feel out of date every time some new Paris whimsy comes along.

We can observe what the fashion creators in both places are up to, and select what will pep us up most. In both places designers are clinging to exaggerated shoulders. They are not only built out, but up—the better to make hips look wonderfully slim. Hats perch forward and have something to give them height, an upturned brim or trimming that points to the sky. Clothes are more colorful, and instead of having all your accessories match, it is a new idea to have them in two colors. For instance, hat, handbag, and shoes may be blue, gloves and belt or scarf a purplish tone. Browns and yellows can be mixed equally well.

At Palm Springs and in the Southern states that are already sunny and warm, a fashion has been introduced that will probably sweep the country. You may want to be the first of your crowd to take it up—and the first to drop it as soon as it ceases to set you apart. This new mode is to match some of your accessories to your lipstick, some to your eye shadow, and some to your face powder. With white or black dresses, beige or gray suits, it is most effective. Match your stockings and your handkerchiefs to the shade of your face powder; get hat, gloves, and maybe

shoes to match your eye shadow; then carry a handbag that matches your lipstick.

One girl in Hollywood whose cleverness and smartness far exceeds her clothes budget could not afford a lot of new accessories, but she achieved the same colorful effect by using ribbons in the three colors as a belt on a white sports dress. And chiffon handkerchiefs knotted together as a girdle on a chiffon evening dress.

But before I put you up to any such tricks as that, let me ask if you have one absolute knockout siren dress in your wardrobe. Every girl ought to have one for the sake of her morale, and for the sake of that big moment that may be just ahead for her. And she should never—let me repeat it, never—add a gadget to a dress like that. A siren dress may have one lavish spot of trimming, like the heavily-jeweled bib on the dress Hedy Lamarr is wearing on page 49, but with such a dress there must be no hair ornaments, no bracelets to distract from its svelte simplicity.

And now that that fatal word svelte has crept in, let me ask if you plan your clothes from the skin out, or just put them on over whatever you are accustomed to wearing. If your clothes do not fit smoothly, without ever a budge or a ripple, you are not taking advantage of all the wardrobe helps that are right at hand. Available in shops all over the country at very moderate prices are the sort of underwear and girdles that cling to the streamlined figures of the stars. Maybe you love satin and lace, ruffles and monograms, embroidery and frills. You can have them in nightgowns and negligees. When it comes to underwear, the simpler the better.

"The simpler, the better" is a good slogan for you to adopt every time you go shopping, particularly if your budget is very limited. Classic pumps or sandals with medium heels are appropriate to wear with all outfits except evening dresses. Get those first, and then add all the giddy open-work toes for evening, wedge-heeled flats for sports clothes, and spike-heeled pumps to wear with afternoon dresses as you can afford them. Plan your wardrobe around certain basic colors, so that one set of accessories can do multiple duty. And don't forget to observe what your friends are up to in the way of dress innovations, so that you can do something quite different.

IF you just notice the general effect of what women are wearing, and don't remember details—as many women don't—here is a very pleasant way to train your fashion eye. Take a copy of MODERN SCREEN and turn to the candid camera shots of Hollywood parties. Who stands out in each picture, and why?

I have just been looking at an issue several months old, and I find that Joan Bennett and Barbara Stanwyck were consistent standouts at huge gatherings where practically all of Hollywood was on dress parade. All the other women present at the party where Joan took the sartorial honors were practically submerged in ruffles and lace, flowers and jewelry, bouffant skirts or puffed sleeves. Joan's dress had a very low-cut V bodice, fitted smooth as could be, and there wasn't a particle of trimming to distract from the sophisticated elegance of her dress. At the party where Barbara shone, the other women wore low-cut, sleeveless dresses, and looked very worldly. Barbara wore a frosty-white jacket over her dark dress and looked very much like a little girl at her first party.

Next month I will tell you about some exciting new Spring fashions—some new motion pictures that should be a required course for the girl who wants to dress effectively—and do you want me to tell you how certain stars go about planning their wardrobes? Which one would you like to hear about first?

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(Continued from page 15)

or something that might have been happening in our very own home.

Alan Mowbray, I am sure that all your fans salute you for the superbly comic performance you gave in "There Goes My Heart." We want more pictures with you in them.—Blanche Grossman, New York City.

\$1.00 Prize Poem

Ann Sheridan

Ann—so gay and blithesome,
Bright and debonair,
Willowy and lithesome,
Radiantly fair.

Though your role be tragic,
Though your role be gay,
There is always magic,
In whatever part you play.

In the days of flapper girls,
I thought my visioned dream
Was just a glimpse of Clara Bow,
As brought upon the screen.

A scene with Lombard held some zest,
Grand was a part with Dunne;
But tops for me o'er all the rest,
Is Annie—ten to one.

Crawford, Colbert, Garbo too,
All held me in their day,
And certainly I can't omit
That buxom gal called Mae.

But now those lovely creatures,
Have lost for me their thrall
For you combine the features,
And glamor of them all.

—Mrs. Marylin Boiski, Milwaukee, Wis.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

"Men with Wings"

Give us more pictures like "Men With Wings." It will remain in my memory as one of the finest pictures ever made. This mighty air drama was a perfect blend of comedy, romance and action. When one's throat tensed, one's eyes went out of focus, then a bit of comedy intervened and eased the pain of sadness.

I believe people like to be touched by a good film. When the actors move one to the point where the eyes blur and the throat tightens, they are *good*. The story was true and plausible—the kind we need more of. All in all my hat is off to the director and the entire cast of "Men With Wings" for their sparkling contribution to America's list of truly great pictures!—Jack Rohrer, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

DEANNA DURBIN TALKS—

FOR GIRLS ONLY!

in

April MODERN SCREEN

*Ida Lupino and Warren William in a Columbia production based on the exploits of "THE LONE WOLF".



"Romance is sweeter
when **HANDS**
feel soft," says

Ida Lupino
(Lovely
Hollywood Star)

Hand Skin, ill-supplied with Moisture, suffers from "Winter Dryness"

"HOLLYWOOD HANDS", girls call them—the soft hands whose touch is delightful! Even busy girls can have them! Skin moisture-glands are less active in winter; water, wind and cold tend to dry out your hands. Then's when roughness and chapping threaten. But Jergens Lotion supplements the insufficient natural

moisture; helps do beautifying and softening work for your hand skin. Doctors have experience. To soften and smooth rough skin many physicians use 2 fine ingredients you have in Jergens Lotion. Regular use prevents chapping. Never sticky! Get Jergens today. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00.

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NEW FACE CREAM—Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream—gives special help against dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE
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I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous *free sample* of Jergens!

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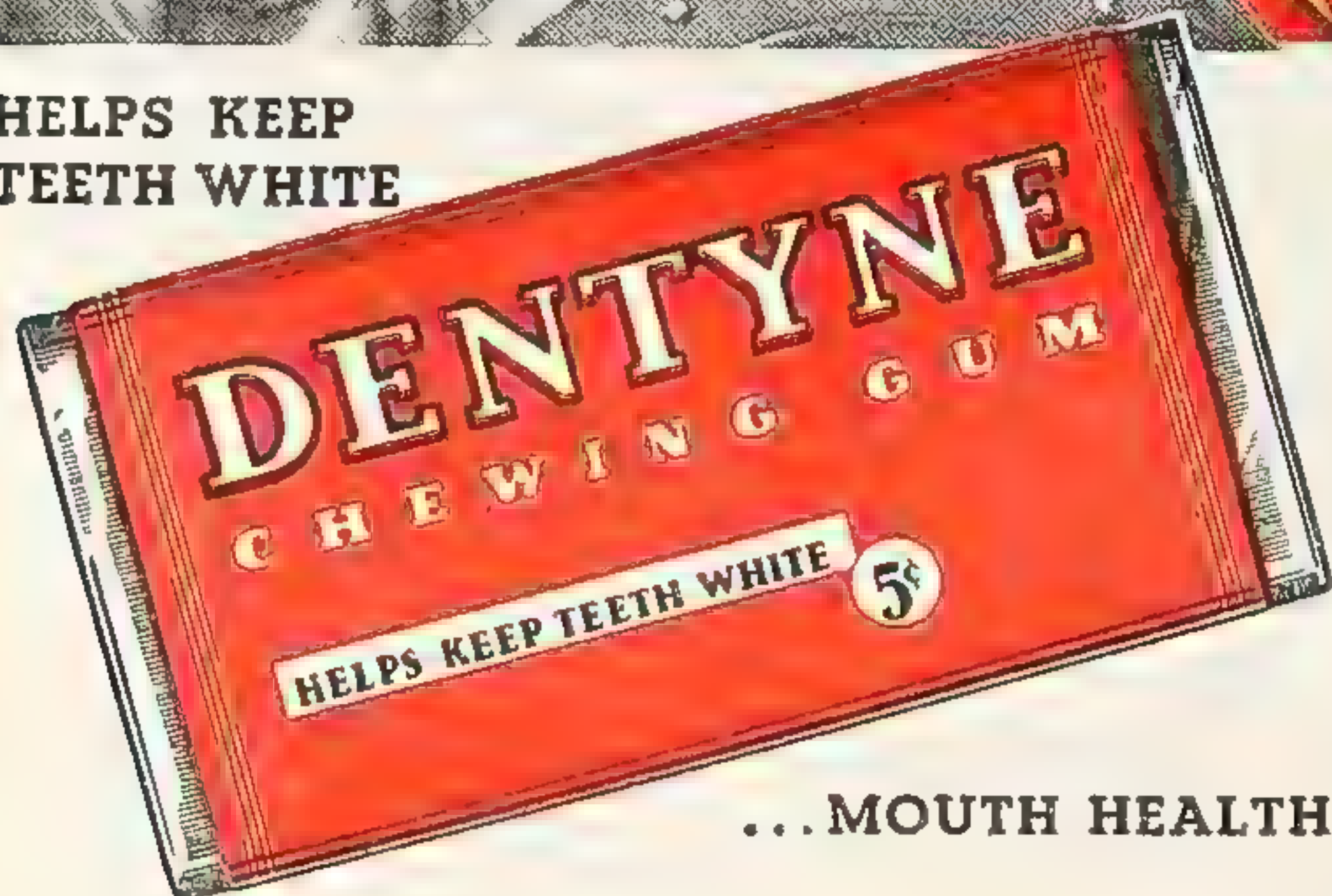
City _____ State _____

Warrior Queen wins with smile!

Roman soldiers feared her—but admired her beautiful smile. Her teeth were kept sound and sparkling by exercise on rough, chewy foods. We moderns eat soft foods that fail to give our teeth enough healthful exercise.



HELPS KEEP
TEETH WHITE



...MOUTH HEALTHY

YOUR TEETH NEED DENTYNE!

Dentyne, the "chewier" gum, gives your mouth and teeth the invigorating exercise they need. Stimulates healthy circulation of the blood in gums and teeth-roots—and increases the flow of cleansing saliva. Helps keep your teeth cleaner, healthier, more lustrous white.

FOR SHEER PLEASURE, TASTE THAT FLAVOR!

You'll find it a delight as well as a sensible health habit to chew Dentyne daily—its spicy flavor is so delicious, so *lastingly* good! The flat package (exclusive Dentyne feature) slides neatly into your pocket or purse—a treat always in reach.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

THAT GUY GABLE

(Continued from page 50)

mistake about what Clark said. I caught a glimpse of a hitherto only partially-revealed facet of Clark Gable.

For however much a man may disparage his own fame, he can seldom stand by with equanimity and see that fame challenged by another, younger man. So he really is, I thought, totally devoid of professional jealousy. Never before has he been face to face with any serious rivalry.

For Bob Taylor is Clark's greatest "menace." Unless statutes have changed, Shirley Temple is No. 1 Box Office star, Astaire and Rogers, as a team, come second. Clark comes third. Taylor, fourth. Which means that Gable ranks first among the men, Taylor second. A precarious position for both. Taylor is the first young man to rise from the ranks and challenge the supremacy of Gable.

CLARK, then, by all the tenets of trouping should fear Bob, resent him, endeavor to continue to top him and out-rival him. Yet Gable used his own interview time to talk about Taylor. He talked of the sportsmanship and regular-fellowness of Taylor.

He even worries about the boy's career. He doesn't know that he is getting the right kind of parts. Bob is, Clark declared, more than good looking. He's got a head on his shoulders and a brain in that head. "And he deserves a lot more credit," Clark said, "for not losing his head than I ever did. I had to work long and hard before I got the breaks. He didn't. He just got a break and there he was, up tops. He's kept his head level like the sound sport he is.

"I'd like to see Bob play the kind of parts I've had. What he needs is to get all mussed up, get grease on his face and in his hair. He should be allowed to scrape off the make-up and go to town as he is. I'd like to play in a picture with him. I've been to the front office and suggested that they star us together in some kind of a story where we could play brothers. It's a question, however, of finding a story."

"But they'll kill him," Clark was saying, "if they keep on stressing his looks, the romantic stuff to the exclusion of all else. Taylor isn't like that. He's got what it takes. Even without that pan, he'd be good. He can go on forever if they give him the stuff that endures."

"No professional jealousy at all," I remarked, as a statement of fact.

"Not a molecule," grinned Clark. "The more men there are on the lot, the better I like it. When I first came here, there were only Bob Montgomery and me to carry most of the male roles. Kept us hopping like overworked mosquitos. It was awful. Now there are five men to distribute parts among—Montgomery, Spencer Tracy, Bill Powell, Taylor and me. The more the work is divided up the more time I have to myself."

I made another statement of fact. "Not interested in fame," I said. "Not even now. No desire to hog the limelight."

Clark answered as I knew he would. Less interested in fame than ever, he said. The money's the thing. He never goes to previews or openings. He never reads his own reviews unless they pan him.

He said, "I don't have a good time tearing to night clubs and places. So why go in for it? I prefer dinner in my room, a good book, unless I can be with a few people I know and like, can have some fun playing backgammon, chatting, or singing

off key—I'm quite a master of the latter.

"The things that get under my skin," Clark continued, "are what are called the 'little things.' But they're the big things to me. They're the things I'll remember to tell my great-grandchildren when they say to me, 'Tell us, Grand-pop, what was it like to be a moom pitcher star in the olden days?'"

"I'll tell 'em about the fan mail. And about the letters I value now. And they are the letters from kids asking how I keep in physical condition. There is sense to those letters.

"There was the mother who named her son after me and wrote and told me why. I got a wallop right in the solar plexus out of that. That wasn't one of those transient things. That was for keeps. She named her son Clark Gable and she had to stay with it. She couldn't change his name to something else tomorrow. There was the tribute of the time element to that.

"There was the scene in one of my pictures which brought a divorced couple together. That was really something. That actually knitted something that was broken.

"There was the dear old lady, half blind, who knitted me a cap to wear while making up. She took her time and money to do that for me. She didn't want anything in return, not even an autograph. There was the chap who sent me the gold latch key so that I could distinguish it from other keys in the dark. There was thoughtfulness in that.

THEY don't ask anything in return, the folks who do this sort of thing. They put it on the premise that I happen to give them entertainment, lighten the load a bit. And these are the things I appreciate. These are the kind of things," Clark said, "that make up the business of living. You can't eat fan mail. You can't sleep in the box office or on an electric light sign. You live with comfortable things like latch keys and fellows who give you a hand when you're in a jam.

"I'm a putterer at heart, I guess. I like to monkey around with things. I spend more time fussing over my horse's feed than feeding myself. That horse gets a lot more care than I do. The other day my groom told me he ought to have a mixture of alfalfa and molasses. I spent two days going to every feed store and stable for miles around trying to find sacks of the stuff. I kept at it until I got 'em, too.

"I get a kick out of figuring out the proper size for a duck blind for two men. Every time I get a chance that's where I go—duck hunting this side of Oxnard.

"I like to tinker with my car. I spend more time taking it apart and putting it together again than I do riding in it. I'm a practical mechanic, too, if I do say so. Monkeying about with cars entertains and amuses me as no Troc'ing could do. Joe Mozetti, the mechanic, and I figure that we may build us a car of new style entirely. Car manufacturers better look out. There may be a new Gable V-48 on the market yet!

"The part of picture making I like best is the location trips. I like to mix with the boys on the crew and meet all kinds of out-of-the-run people and there's always a chance to fool around with machinery, cars on the bum or something."

The director called Clark to the set. And I was left marvelling at the "little things" which make so big a man.

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 11)

after that. She has been in and out of movies since 1934. Florence has traveled all over Europe and America and numbers many distinguished personages among her friends. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred eight pounds, has blue eyes and light brown hair. Her last picture was "Sweethearts." Her next will be "Stand Up And Fight" with Robert Taylor. Address: M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mrs. M. Ryffel, St. Louis, Mo. We were glad to again explain the way our barometer works. The figures that appear under each star's name represent the total number of votes that star has received during the last six months. Each month when the new figures are added, the figures for seven months ago must be subtracted to leave the correct six months' total. That is why the results appear to fluctuate crazily at times. Is that clear now? Thanks for your inquiry.

Gilbert Inafortu, Hilo, Hawaii. Wendy Barrie was born in Hong Kong, China of British parents on April 18, 1913. Her real name is Wendy Jenkins, and she has red gold hair and green eyes. Wendy is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred ten pounds. You may reach her in care of Columbia Pictures, Hollywood, Cal. Her last picture was "I Am The Law."

Alexander Jaffee, San Francisco, Cal. Lionel Stander is a New Yorker and proud of it. He was born in that city. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred sixty pounds, has brown eyes and hair. His last picture was "The Crowd Roars." His next will be "Ice Follies." Address him in care of M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Phyllis Larson, Onida, So. Dak. Florence George was born in Dayton, Ohio, the daughter of Florence and George Guthrie. Her mother was a singer, her father is a building contractor. Florence studied music at Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio and at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago. She sang with the Chicago Civic Opera, and appeared on many radio programs before entering the movies. She has blue eyes, blonde hair, stands five feet four and a half inches tall, and weighs 115 pounds.

Marjorie Mewhan, Coventry, England. Henry Fonda was born at Grand Island, Nebraska, May 16, 1908. He is six feet one inch tall, weighs one hundred seventy pounds. He has black hair and blue eyes. Fonda is a graduate of the University of Minnesota and is married to Frances Brokaw, a society girl. His last two pictures were "The Mad Miss Manton" and "Jesse James." Address him at United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Morris, Scranton, Penna. Frankie Thomas played the first mayor of "Boys Town." Address him in care of M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. Always enclose twenty-five cents when requesting any player's picture. Photographs must be obtained from the player or his studio. MODERN SCREEN has no facilities for distributing pictures. This is in answer to hundreds of similar inquiries.

Helen Biernat, Cheektowasop, N. Y. Robert Wilcox was born in Rochester, N. Y. May 19, 1910. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred sixty pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. He is a graduate of the University of Southern California, started his stage career in Buffalo, N. Y. and went from there to Hollywood. His next picture will be "Gambling Ship." He is with Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Beverly Peterson, Pennington, N. J. Billy Lee was born September 12, 1930 in Nelson, Ind. He has dark brown hair and eyes, weighs about forty pounds and is three feet five inches tall. His father is Pete Schlansker, a baseball player. Write Billy Lee in care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. His last picture was "Say It In French."

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CAGEY CARY

(Continued from page 29)

rot, but I've done that, too. So long as the discussion remains general and some scribe and I just drizzle around on a hypothetical question, I'll play ball.

"But when something important is going on in my own life—a private, personal thing—I see no reason why I shouldn't get a little tough about it and fight to keep something to myself. Whatever I say will be held against me, that I know. The press will have no consideration for me, that I know, too. Maybe that's the way it should be, and maybe it isn't. If I get myself into a spot where the columnists can enjoy a juicy Roman holiday at my expense, maybe I'm better off than if no columnist cared whether I lived or died. But I happen to have a disinclination for getting into such a spot.

"Look at John Barrymore, now. If ever a man was a prince to reporters, he's it. Crazy, mad, if you like, but always colorful, always interesting. Why, he has crawled out of bed with stupendous hangovers to talk with reporters, has given as much time as they wanted, never pulled his statements. They always got swell copy out of Jack. But when he got in a spot, did any of them show him the slightest consideration? No."

HE hunched his six-foot-odd over to a low table and poured himself another cup of tea. Yes, a cup of tea. A vestigial remainder of his British raising, no doubt. "It has almost as much bucking-up effect as Scotch and soda," he said, "and doesn't rise up and bite you afterwards. How in the dickens did we ever get wound up in this depressing topic, anyway? I didn't mean to sit here and crab for the duration of the interview. Let's talk about something pleasant."

"All right, but you're not going to put me off my track completely," I said. "However, to change the subject temporarily, I did want to ask you if you remember C. J.?" I mentioned the name of a gent I know, who had known Cary Grant some years ago, when he was Archie Leech, and not the least bit famous. This man had told me how Archie and several other fellows lived in Bohemian bachelor-glory in a dump on Barrow Street in Greenwich Village. Bert Lytell had furnished the apartment. He was the only halfway prosperous one of the group.

There was Archie and an impoverished newspaper man and Don Dickerman, who later ran a Village night club. When one got a cheque, he bought a supply of canned goods, some alcohol to make bathtub gin, and paid the collective laundry bill so that everybody could have a clean shirt. They all lived handsomely until the cash was gone. Then somebody else would get a cheque, or an honest tradesman was fast-talked into extending credit. The Lord, it seemed, always provided.

"Old C. J.!" whooped Cary in answer to my query, and so spontaneously that I knew he really did remember and wasn't just being polite. "I should say I do. Where is he? What's he doing now?"

"Oh, he's all married and settled down and has two kids," I said.

"You don't mean it. He was hardly the marrying kind."

"Yeah, I've heard some tasty tales about those Barrow Street days, Mr. Grant. I've been told that the parade of belles who drifted in and out of those untidy rooms would have made the great Ziegfeld look like a poor picker."



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Is the title of a fascinating free booklet which many women say has shown them the simple, easy way to

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BARBO imparts a lustrous, natural-looking color to gray, faded or streaked hair, whether blond or dark. It is easy to apply; does not wash out or rub off; will not color the scalp; is not sticky or greasy and leaves the hair soft and glossy. BARBO is most economical and has been successfully used for 25 years. Try the money-saving BARBO recipe today.



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Cary grinned and for the first time looked matey and friendly and lost that on-the-defensive, formal look.

"You know," he said, "that apartment got to be taken for a sort of night club, I think. A bunch of kids would get in a taxi uptown and tell the driver, 'Oh, it's down on Barrow Street somewhere. We'll tell you when we get there. What's the name of the place?' That's what one would ask the other. We really thought of putting up a sign and having a small cover charge. Gosh, did we have fun! Nobody ever got any sleep. The phone rang all day and all night. I guess only extreme youth could have stood the pace we went. And C. J. married and settled down? Well, maybe he's to be envied."

EDGING cautiously back to my theme, I answered that this former acquaintance of Grant's dizzier days was, in a sense, to be envied, for I knew that he had caught the knack of playing a truth game with his wife and it had worked beautifully. They were known the country round as a gay and congenial pair. Did Mr. Grant think that a guy should and could, with success, be absolutely truthful with a gal?

"Oh, here we go again, boys!" he said, but with a smile. "Well, I'll tell you . . . I think people make too much fuss about being on the level and straight-from-the-shoulder and all that. I mean, as soon as love enters the picture, so many are apt to take themselves sternly by the ear and say, 'Now, this here is serious! This is love!' And they lean over backwards about confessing all past romantic experiences and expect the other party to do the same, instead of acting as one would with a good friend—being kind of casual and easy and not burdening the friend with heavy confidences to weigh down his loyalty and

liking and not seeking too deeply into the friend's confidence.

"I think that sincerity and loyalty—and love, too—prove themselves in time. And—since you ask me—I don't think that a man can be brutally frank with a woman. Not to most women, anyway. I don't hold with spinning up a tissue of lies to whisper into a shell-like ear, but I do feel that a little sugar-coating is not only nice, but necessary. Heck, I shouldn't want a girl to be too grimly frank with me. Why shouldn't I respect her feelings—her vanity, if you like?—to an equal degree? I shouldn't want a girl to be too loving with me. As I say, I like the light touch. To be swaddled in attention would make me feel like a mummy. To have the outward manifestations of love served up to me three times a day at meals would drive me nuts. I'd want to know that the basic business was there, all right, but I'd run a mile if it crowded me. And I shouldn't want to be expected to put on the balcony scene from 'Romeo' constantly myself, either."

Perhaps, for these reasons, Cary bides his time. For these reasons, plus the usual Hollywood hazards: (a) a first marriage, which began with a publicity-bedecked honeymoon and ended in a publicity-spattered divorce; (b) the battle any Hollywood marriage must put on with the gossip mongers which must make it difficult for even the most devoted couples to keep their perspective; (c) the women, who, in spite of the most exemplary behavior on Cary's part, would throw themselves at his head unless Phyllis kept him under lock and key; and (d) the men who, in spite of the most exemplary behavior on Phyllis' part, would be drawn by her golden beauty unless Cary put her in a safe and kept her there.

"I would want to be sure, the next time," he said. "And right now—well, we can't be sure for numerous personal considerations. We've each got a great deal of family business to settle. We've had grand times together, are still having grand times, and will probably continue to do so. She's a marvelous companion. When, as, and if we do take that step, it will be without any of the fuss or the fixings. This is okay with Phyl. I'm not of a nature to say—now, on April the Umph, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I will get myself married."

AND all the blither and bother and your friends getting drunk and crawling into the church on their hands and knees—ugh! No wonder so many marriages get off on the wrong foot. And now, madam, that's the last word I'm going to say about love, marriage, women, and divorce. It's not a bit of good, your trying any interviewer's tricks on me. I'm an old hand at this game."

Just to show that my heart is in the right place, I switched the subject abruptly and asked him if he'd had a nice time on the journey to England and during his stay in New York. He was stopping in Bert Taylor's apartment—the same Bert Taylor who is brother to the Countess di Frasso, party-thrower extraordinary. Under the Taylor wing, Miss Brooks' dates with Mr. Grant had been chaperoned and much café society had been graced by the handsome pair. This, he said, he found quite boring. The shows, now—he had enjoyed some of them immensely. But he was really homesick for Hollywood.

"You have no sneaking urges to do a play on the stage, before real people?" I asked.

"No. I wasn't on the stage long enough, you know, for the virus to enter my blood."

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You would, Dot— if you were as dainty!

Here's what Jean does every day—

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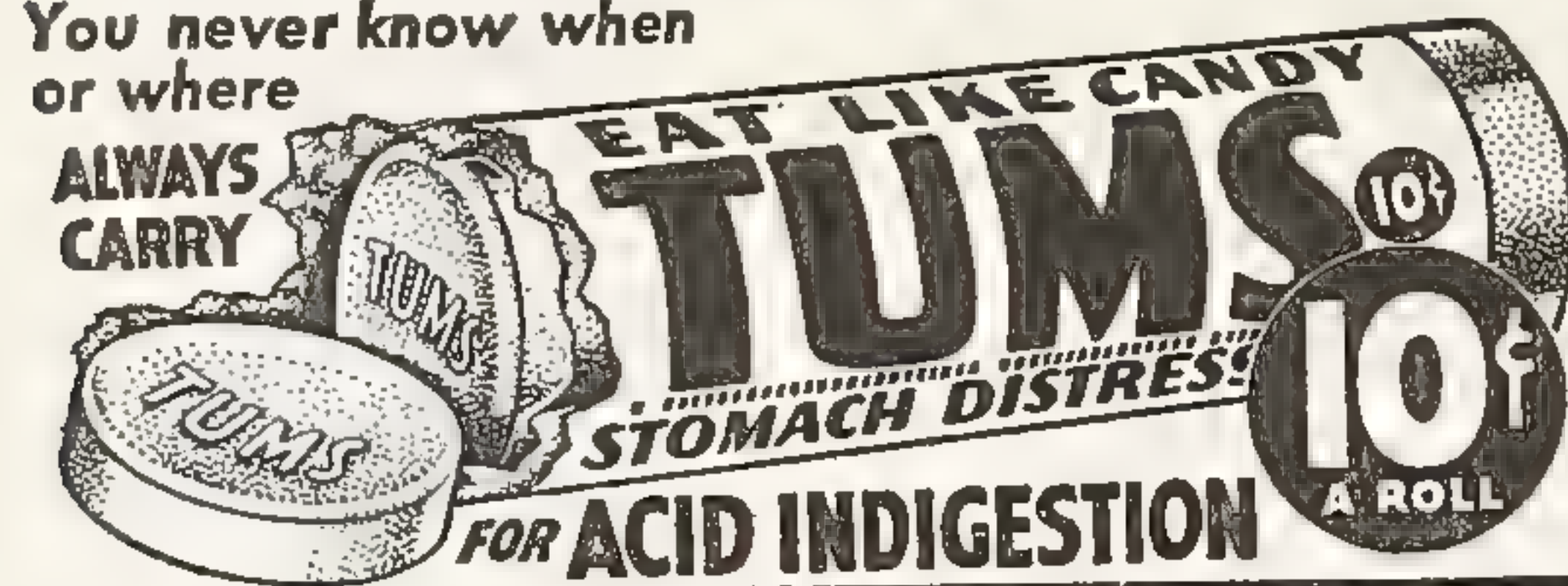
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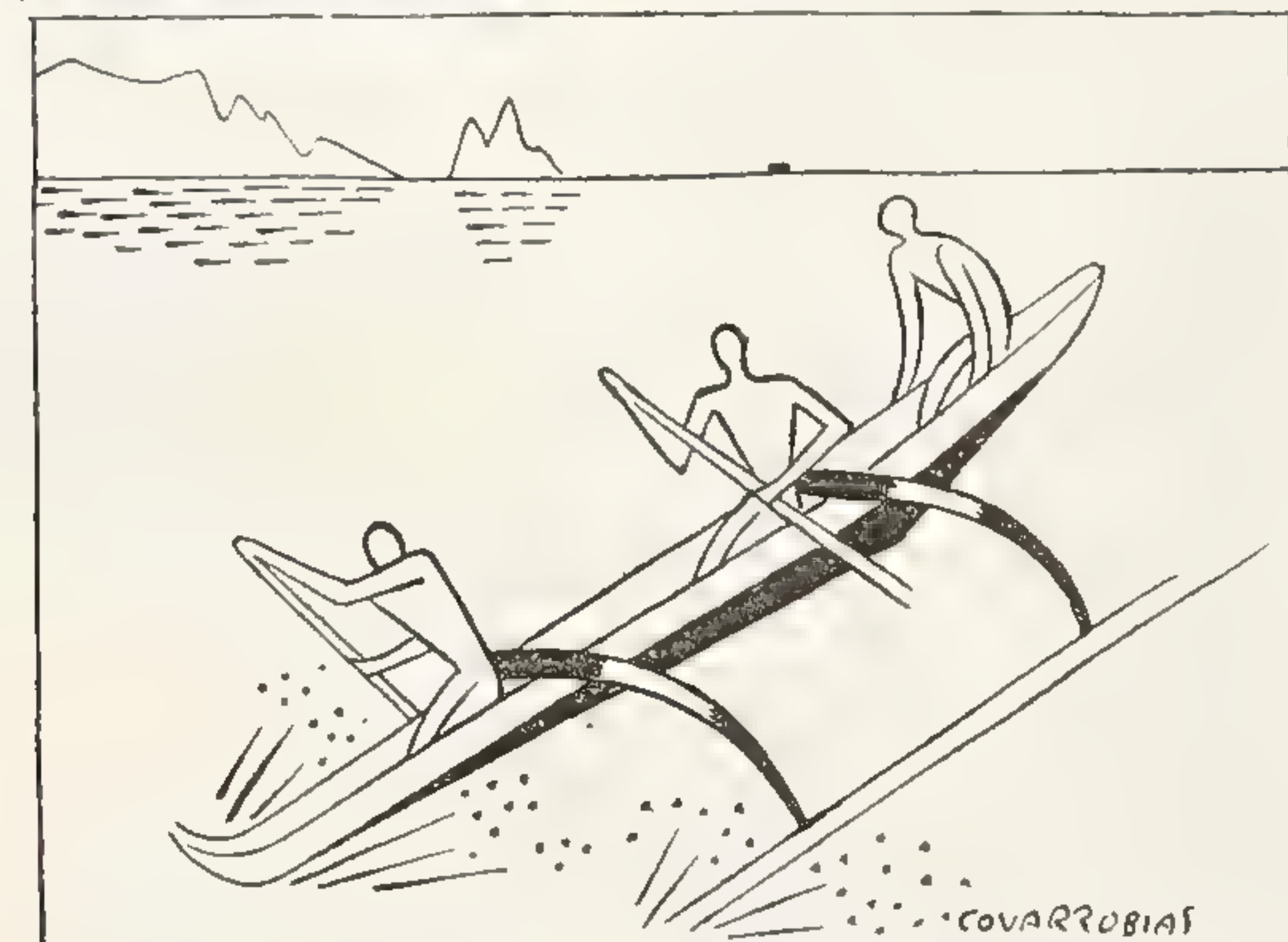
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My brief experience taught me how to walk around without bumping into things and how to smoke a cigarette in a play without looking as if it were the first puff I'd ever taken and—oh, mechanical things like that. But give me pictures, any day, in preference to the legitimate theatre.

"If I've sounded like an old sourpuss up to now, talking about the terrible time us actors have, you're about to see me do a lightning change to the role of Cary, the Pollyanna Boy in Cinemaland. I am crazy about working in pictures. I think pictures are getting better all the time. I think there are more good pictures than there are good plays, in proportion to the number of each produced. When I'm working in a good, meaty role, I get up in the morning simply busting out at the seams with eagerness to get to work. I don't care if they do shoot pictures piece-meal, and start at the end and then go to the beginning and then have a whack at the middle. This is what stage folks complain about. It doesn't bother me at all.

OF course, I'm sitting in a very pretty spot right now, as far as work is concerned. It's no wonder I'm all full of sweetness and light about the picture business. I'm not bound down with any iron contract. And I am allowed to have some say-so about the pictures I'll play in. Not all the say-so. I wouldn't want that, for I don't think any actor is capable of being the sole judge of what he can and cannot do. But no man on earth can shove me into a cut-rate opus, just because I happen to be handy and he has to fill out his production quota. And I can say, 'No, I don't want to do another screwy comedy right now and would you show me something else, please.' Yep—it's swell. I had to put up a fight. But I had waited for a long while and had been a good boy and taken whatever assignments were handed me and I began to wonder whither is Grant drifting?

"It isn't, mind you, that I entertained any delusions of grandeur about my artistic ability. I want to do a good job in each picture and all that—sure. But I *do* think of it as my job rather than my art. And the way things were going, I had a nice mental picture of Grant sitting out on the ash heap while passers-by murmured 'Oh, yes, he used to be in pictures.'

"I'm daffy about working in pictures and, having sense enough to know on which side my bread is buttered, I realized that if my most recent picture was poor, Mr. and Mrs. America would soon be saying, 'Oh, let's not go and see him. Charlie McCarthy is at the Bijou. Let's go there.' So I got sort of cagey and sort of tough and put over a good deal for Grant, Incorporated, which I hope will keep me playing around in pictures until I'm an old, old man and have to be brought onto the set in a wheel chair."

"Do you suppose that, by that time, nosey people like me will have ceased to ask you if there's any truth to this rumor about a romance between you and Susie What'sthis?" I asked.

"What say?" asked Mr. Grant, cupping a hand to his ear. "I'm a leetle mite hard of hearing. Oh, the title of my next picture, did you say? Well, of course, the title will undoubtedly be changed, but it's a romantic comedy about . . ."

"Oh, I can get all that stuff from the publicity department," said I, gathering up bag and gloves and starting to wriggle out of one of the Taylor antiques.

"There, that's gratitude," said Cary. "I try to hand you a real scoop, and you won't listen."

"That's all right about the scoop," I said. "Just don't go and make a liar out of me before the March issue."

"I'll do my level best," said Cary.

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THOSE MARRIED CAREER GIRLS!

(Continued from page 35)

and the house tidy? I wouldn't blame her for saying, 'Yeh, you try pounding a typewriter all day and then standing over an ironing board half the night and see how you like your own advice!'"

NEVERTHELESS, she conceded, there were many things a working wife could do or avoid doing that have nothing to do with material possessions or the state of the family pocketbook. Things that involved only an expenditure of time, tact, and effort and didn't cost a red cent. Things that, in turn, proved as effective for a \$20 a week stenographer as for a \$2000 a week movie star. The secrets she had discovered for that sort of thing she was more than willing to share.

"Divorce court judges, sociologists and research scientists in human relations tell us the employed wife is proving an alarming threat to the stability of American marriage even if she has helped to put it on its financial feet and raise the general standard of living," Myrna said. "They are right to a certain extent. The whole idea of the woman carrying part of the financial load of a marriage is so new comparatively, that we've had no time to adjust ourselves. We've had no time to work out the fine points in the new relationship between man and wife.

"But I cannot help feeling it is the little things she does or forgets to do that are responsible for a large part of the trouble and misunderstanding that oftentimes arises between a man and his working wife. Things that rob him of that feeling of

inherent authority and command that has been his by right since the days of the caveman. Things that tend to make it obvious that he no longer is the lord and master of his household."

That feeling is important to a man. Let him keep it, Myrna counselled. And if the wife happens to be holding the more important job of the two, or by a lucky break, earning more money than he, work to make him keep it! That is her real job if she wants a happy home.

"The pity is, so many of these important little things really are too easy to do or to avoid, so we go stumbling blindly along, wrapped up in our own little world, giving hurt and offense where none is intended. Men are so much more sensitive than women credit—and so very unselfish about hiding their wounded feelings," Myrna explained.

When you come right down to it, it really is no trick at all to preserve a man's independence and sense of superiority, she went on. The cardinal rule to learn is: never belittle the importance of anything he says or does. Show him by word and action that you depend a great deal upon his sage guidance and help. Do him the courtesy of consulting him on all but the most trivial matters that affect you, your work, and your home and abide by his decisions when possible in all major matters. After all, smart women long ago learned the parlor feat of making their wishes appear to be men's. Sincerely interest yourself in the workings of his business and share his enthusiasms

for it and his new ideas. Encourage him to talk about it when you are together, and listen attentively when he does talk.

"And I mean listen!" Myrna said. "Don't give him one of those 'uh-huh' routines with half your mind while the other half is racing ahead with some little problem of your own, like the letters you must get out tomorrow or what was the matter with the day's sales, or how to play a certain scene that's coming up. That is worse than saying, 'I am too busy right now, tell me about it some other time.' In other words, use the Golden Rule.

AND above all, do not interrupt something he may be telling you with, "Darling, the funniest thing happened at the office (or the studio or the store) today. Just when I was getting ready to . . ." That makes a man want to say, "the heck with it," or take to the tall timber.

Money is a touchy subject when a wife is working and it takes a level head, hand, and tongue on her part to handle the situation with necessary tact and keep the sea of marriage calm. Unless you have a specifically different agreement, expect part of your earnings to be used for common expenses. That is only fair since perforce you are neglecting some of your natural duties as a housewife. Never discuss or compare your mutual earning capacities in front of friends.

Men may vow they have no objection to their wives working but deep down in their hearts, Myrna said, they are averse



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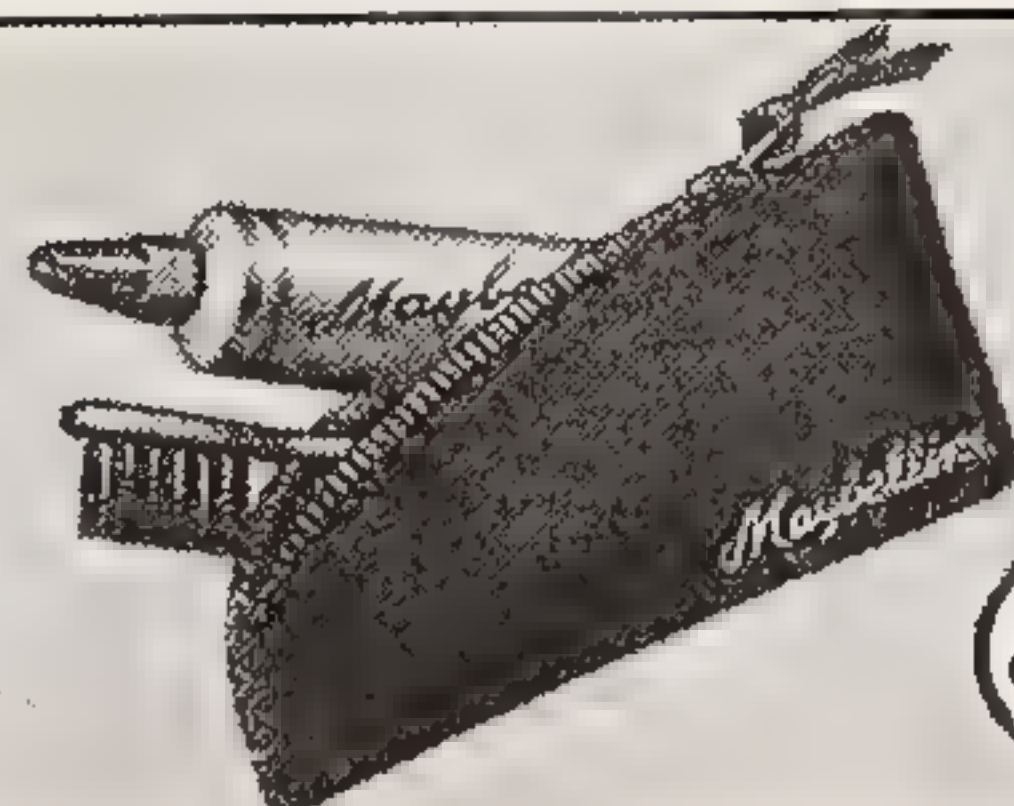
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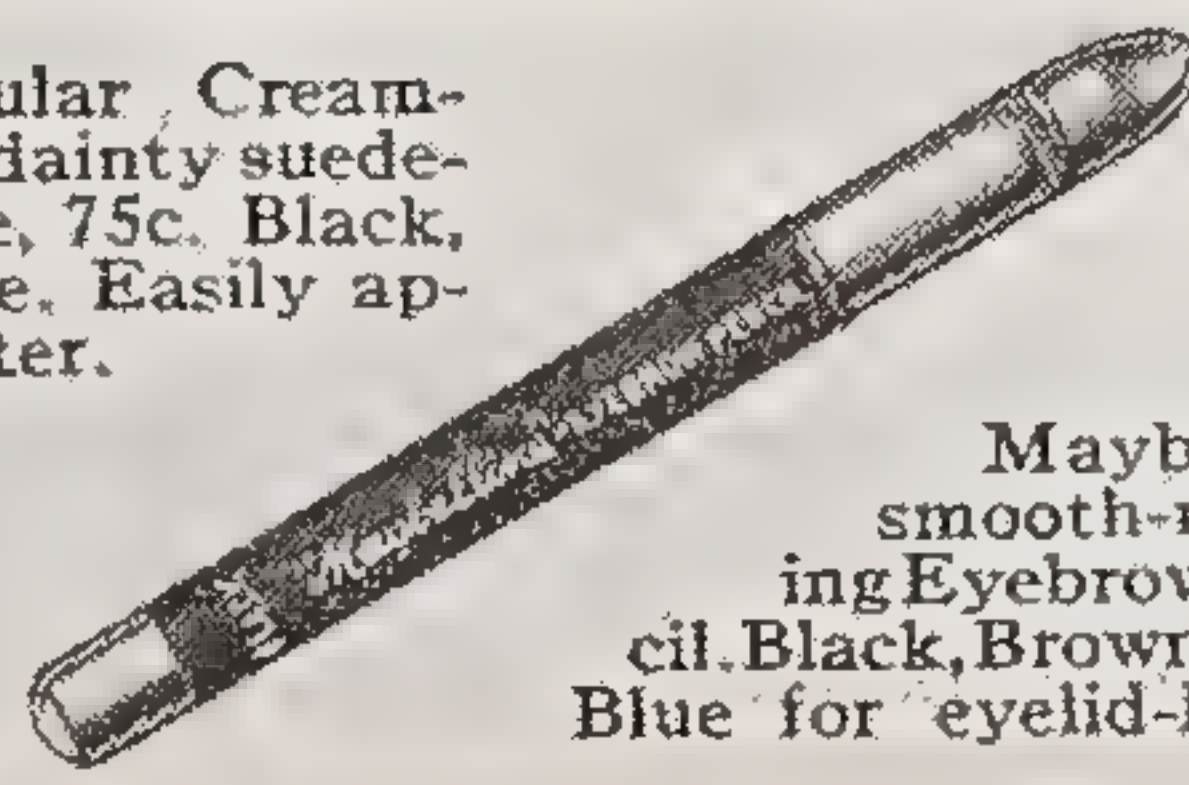
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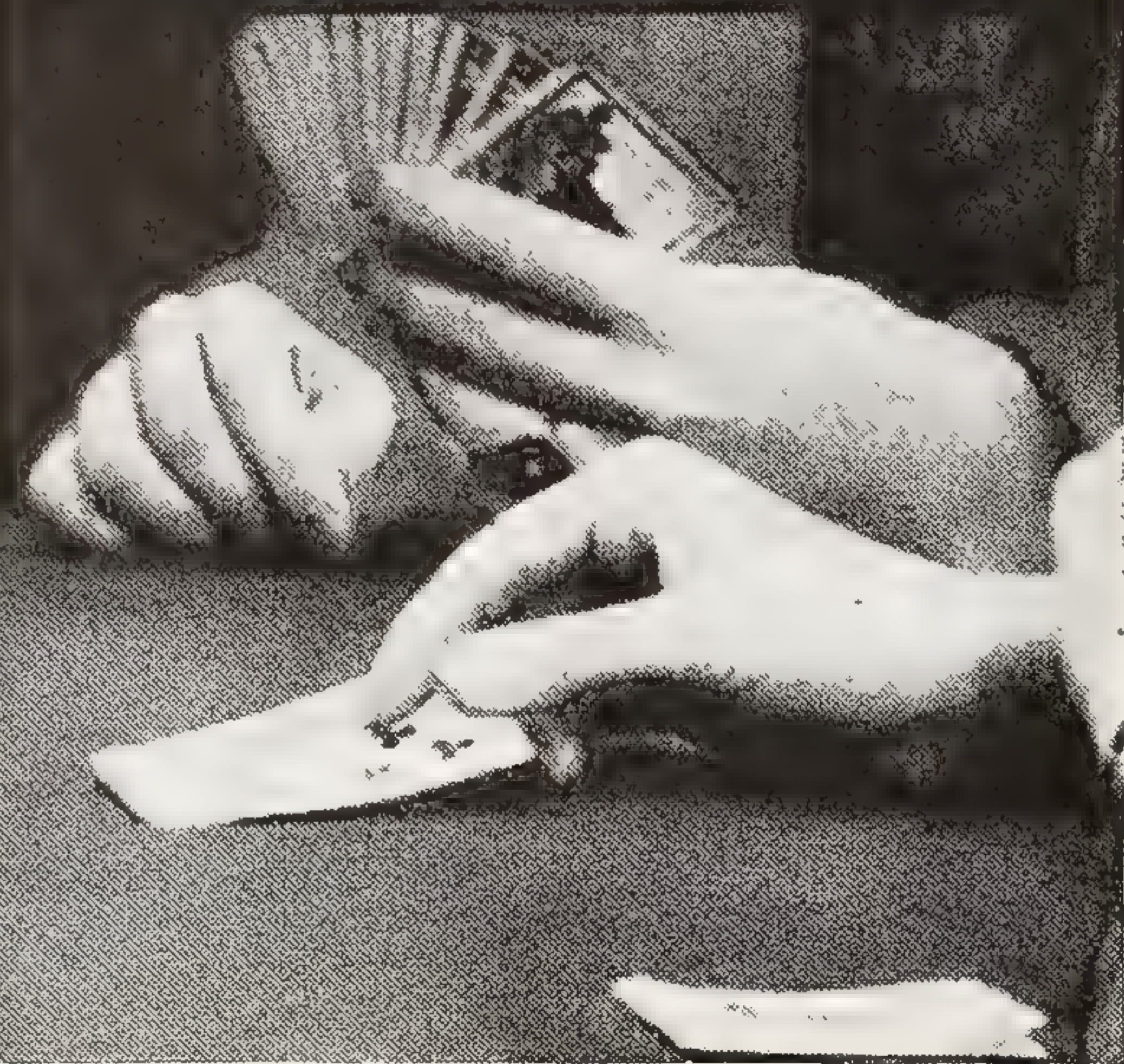


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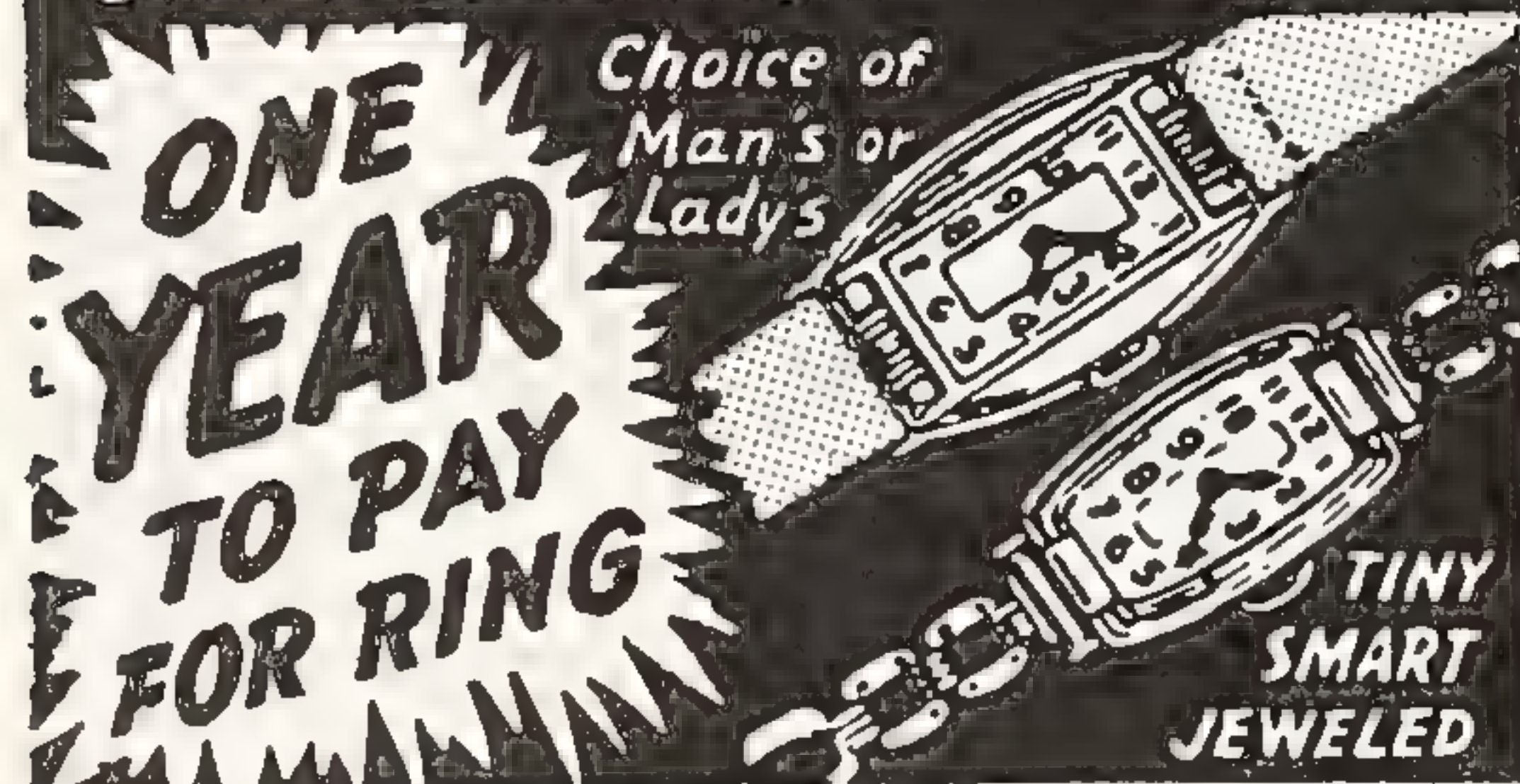
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to it and hate admitting their concession to a modern trend. Further, if you are equally capable of handling the family funds, let him attend to all money matters as the business head of your marriage firm. He has custom on his side, and that's a powerful ally.

"Avoid as the plague those five little words women can't seem to resist," Myrna suggested. "Those words are, 'Why not? It's my money!' They have wrecked more marriages of working wives than all other factors put together!"

ON the face of it, it may seem unfair but a working wife cannot afford to let down in the evening at home, tired as she may be from a hard day's work, Myrna contended. A man expects the same bright company from her as from the little woman who does nothing but run his home and that's all there is to it. Let her hesitate to join him willingly in normal social activities, or seek relaxation in solitude, and she is apt to find her husband starting the "I'm going to the club" habit and, from there, possibly to the company of other women. In that event she has no one but herself to blame. And so her tip on this is: Be good company for him if it all but kills you. The happiness dividends are worth it. In one way, the penalty is not so unfair as it may appear, Myrna admitted.



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"I think statistics will prove that most wives are working today because they want to, not have to," she said. "Usually, it is because they are not satisfied to live within the earning capacity of their husbands. They want a finer house, more clothes, or a newer car. That being so, they must be prepared to pay the price of that ambition. They cannot expect a husband to be satisfied with a glorified housekeeper."

THE wife who must work is entitled to extra marital consideration, of course, Myrna amended, and in fairness to the husbands of such women, they usually receive it in full measure. That is another story.

Whenever possible, it is a smart move for the working wife to breakfast with her husband. It starts the day off right, makes the home life seem more normal. It is smarter still, Myrna said, if the wife can squeeze the time and make the effort to preside at the breakfast table clad in a fussy something eminently feminine and alluring.

"That little effort gives the husband the right kind of a mental picture to carry with him during the day," she said. "Incidentally, that thought holds good for clothes in general. It is so easy for a busy business wife to let her workaday wardrobe become her personal one. And so disastrous! The severely tailored outfit is fine for the office but it is a flop at home, particularly when the husband is seeing tailored women all around him all day at his own office. Soft silk and curves can and do work wonders around a hearth and a wise woman doesn't forget it."

If you are lucky enough to have a jewel of a husband who offers to help with

the housework now and then, don't ever criticize his methods when he pitches in to give you a hand! Emulate the three wise monkeys, Myrna advised, by hearing nothing, seeing nothing, and saying nothing when he tucks a little excess dust under that throw-rug in the far corner of the room, or washes the dishes, glassware, and frying pans higgeldy-piggeldy under the tap instead of in proper order in a pan of steaming suds. Carp or nag, and you're apt to lose the help—and the man! Then where are you?

Take the time and make the effort to do little things for his especial pleasure, Myrna advocated.

"For instance, I know a busy wife whose husband likes to stop on his way to the garage in the morning and pick a cornflower for his buttonhole," she said. "The wife has no time to do the gardening herself but she sees to it the gardener keeps a small bed of the flowers blooming by the garage door as long as they are in season. That bed is more important to her than the blossoming of the garden's rare roses which are her hobby. And when the flowers are out of season for outdoor gardens, she strives to keep a bowl of the hot-house variety on the breakfast table."

Or, for instance, I might add the way Myrna devotes many of her free afternoons to replenishing Arthur's supply of fine handkerchiefs or prowling through a certain little Italian store in the commercial district of the city, far from her home, in search of special foreign delicacies he enjoys like creamy goats' milk cheese and spicy salamis. Or the way she carefully plans all the menus for the household, whether she is working at the studio or not, to insure the kind of a

meal her husband likes. Or the way she will stop on the way home to choose personally the boutonniere for his lapel when they are dressing formally.

"The smart working wife, no matter how busy, always can (1) find time to pamper her man, and (2) is willing to make the effort," Myrna stated. "To me, it is one of the basic essentials for a happy marriage."

From time immemorial, the right of dictating the way his leisure time on holidays, Sundays and vacations shall be spent has belonged to the husband, Myrna continued. Therefore, it is not smart to presume to encroach on that right just because you suddenly find they constitute your only leisure hours, too. If he wants to play golf with his buddies instead of you, let him do it. And cheerfully. Not with one of those grudging, "Oh well, all right if you want to, but I thought . . ." assents. That is worse than a downright scene about it and spoils what little fun he might have had.

AND finally, Myrna said, watch out that you, the working wife, do not permit your circle of business friends to dominate your joint social life. It is an easy habit to slip into but it does not work out so well. For some reason, probably something to do with an infringement on their personal rights, men resent that keenly and it becomes an annoying source of friction.

Oh yes, and one thing more. Don't bring the boss home to dinner! Myrna was quite definite about that.

"Since bars and barbershops have fallen to feminine invasion, bringing the boss home to dinner is the only masculine prerogative a man has left. Let him keep it!" she chuckled.

4 Quick Steps WITH THE NEW LINIT Complexion Mask

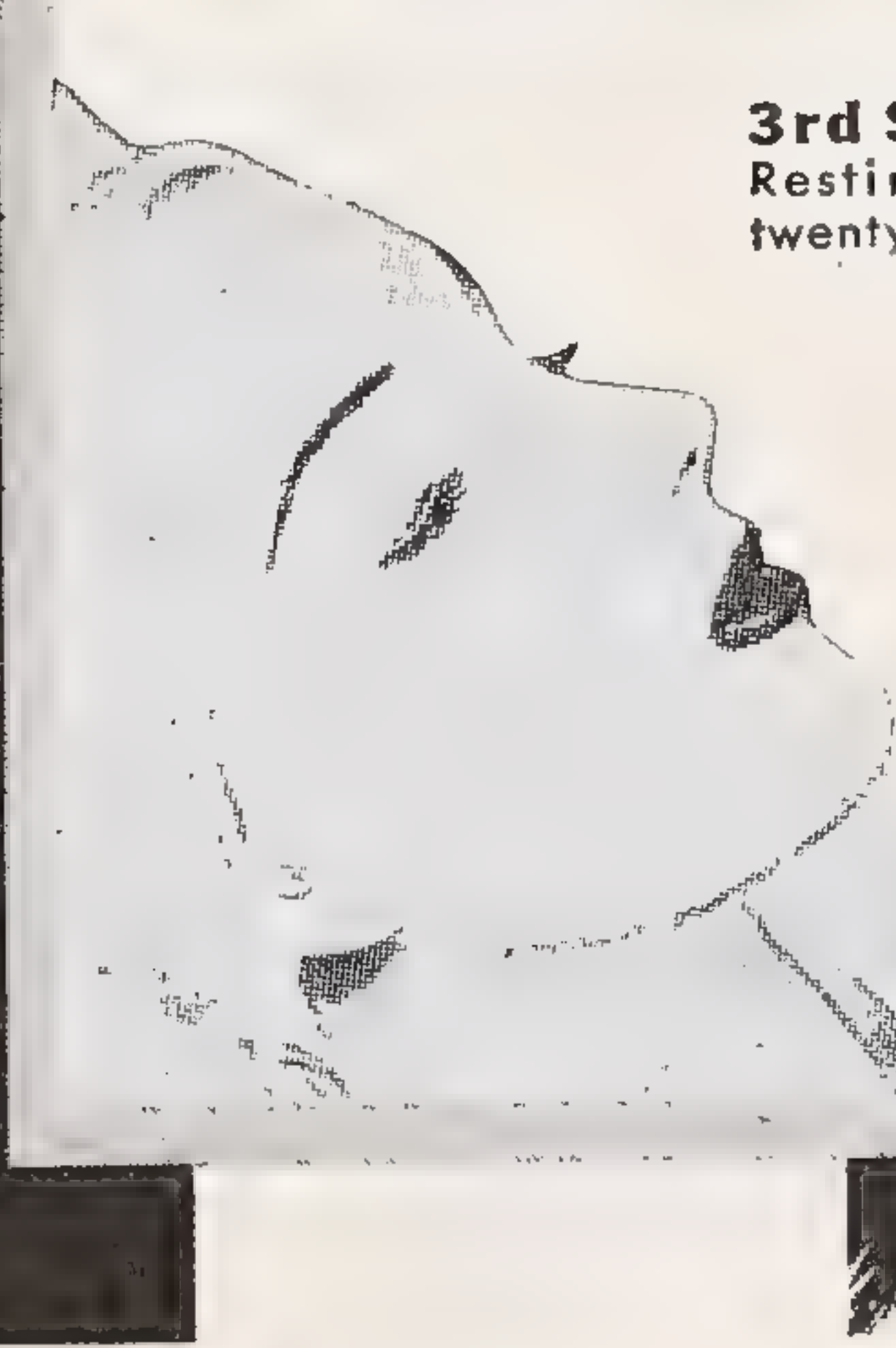
1st STEP—Mixing—takes a minute.



2nd STEP—Applying—takes a minute.



3rd STEP—Resting—for twenty minutes.



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VERY GOOD EDDIE

(Continued from page 16)

another of those things you see on a double feature bill. As a matter of fact, if they insist, I'll have to play it no matter what they do. But this play I'm in now, 'The Boys From Syracuse,' might run for two years, so—!"

Concerning Eddie Albert's current success, for it seems he's yet to appear in anything that's not the hit of the town—New York, we mean, it reminds us of a slight lamentation we overheard recently, while in California. Just after favorable reports began pouring into the studio concerning their new star, Mr. Albert, one of the Big Boys from the front was purported to shake his wise head and say:

"He's certainly good, but he'll be an awful problem to cast. Not much in the way of romantic parts that he'll fit." Well, just to make a fibber of the bigger and better variety out of said gent, Eddie no sooner opens in New York than first nighters found a new romantic interest in front of them. Little short of being the matinee idol this season, Eddie emerges the toast of the town. And, with the cream of the crop of leading thespians surrounding him, too. Imagine playing practically every scene with a Jimmy Savo! Well, that's just what Albert does, and shares all the honors to boot!

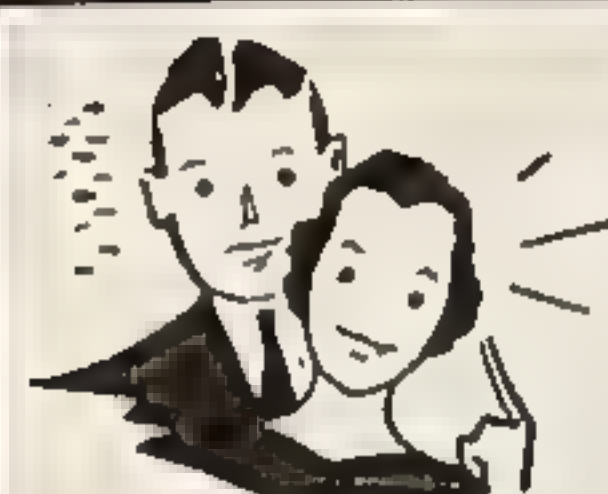
"You know," he began, with a smile spreading over his face, "I was never so thrilled as when I opened with 'The Boys From Syracuse.' Why, for days afterwards I went around grinning to myself like a kid at Christmas. I'd say, 'What the heck are you acting so silly about, Ed? You've opened on Broadway before!' Then I'd answer, 'But, I'm happy, old boy. I feel good, so why can't I grin my head off.' You've no idea how gratifying it is to be in a show with good, seasoned actors. It's darn stiff competition, but it's stimulating. It's hard work, but that's what I like. Why, when we close at night, I sit around with other actors and talk theatre and argue for hours. You know, that's how you learn. Hearing one person's idea of how a thing should be done often gives you a new slant."

Unsatisfied after many months of plugging on his part in the Broadway production of "The Boys From Syracuse," he still slaves away even though his notices were raves. A rough idea is his daily schedule. First of all he reads aloud for one hour. This he explains helps his diction. Then each time the clock goes around, singing and dancing lessons have their allotted time. All this in addition to giving six evening performances and two matinees a week.

Now you're probably thinking, as we, that he's a busy man, but you haven't heard all yet! Each week he reads two plays, one poor one and a classic. At the end of one year he'll have dusted off 104 scripts, thereby improving his judgment and acquiring a better feeling for interpreting the author's ideas.

Having seen Eddie successfully fill a romantic role we naturally wondered if this wouldn't be his future in films.

"Let them have their romantic parts," Albert emphatically stated. "There'll always be plenty of good-looking guys to do that sort of thing. Give me a good script and a part with meat in it, and I'll be completely satisfied. I'm not of the ham persuasion who has to get his profile down stage center, and, I'm not an admirer of those passe players who try to steal every scene, either. I'm interested in the story development and, if that's good, then Eddie's good!"



TIP

from a
WIFE



Do this to keep hands soft and smooth: "Every time I've had my hands in water, I use Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. It does more to keep my skin resilient, refreshed and soft than any other lotion. It keeps the nail cuticle from getting ragged and rough too." Use Frostilla yourself. Made with costlier ingredients, you can feel the difference. 35c, 50c, \$1.00 sizes in U. S. and Canada. Travel size in better 10c stores.

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HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

(Continued from page 41)

the pages of a Noel Coward play, except that they're much more real and alive and vital than even Noel Coward could have created them.

Remember "Private Lives," the story of two people who fought like wildcats, but who couldn't be happy away from each other? That's Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot.

While I was talking to Humphrey, Mayo came into the Lakeside Country Club. A slim vital person with yellow hair and blue eyes, she gave the effect of sunlight dancing into a room—that's how alive she is. The blue bow which caught her hair on the left side seemed to dance, her eyes danced, and she sparkled like champagne.

"Humphrey and I have had perfectly grand arguments," she said. "People who don't know us well can't understand it—sometimes they'll find us scrapping away like mad, and they'll think all's over between us, and the next day we'll be sitting across the table from each other, as calm as we are right now."

"There are times when Bogey would like to kill me, and other times when I'd like to kill Bogey. One night, when his mother was present, we had a terrific discussion. We couldn't agree on anything. The next morning I called Bogey's mother and said, 'I shot Bogey this morning. The dismembered pieces of his body are in the bathroom. What does one do with a body?' She understood what I meant perfectly. From the other end of the telephone I could hear her laughing."

There must have been times, too, when even Humphrey's mother must have wondered what to do about her son, who was always in hot water. She understands him so well that she was never amazed at any woman's wish to kill him or, on the other hand, at the great adoration he arouses in women.

MANY years ago, before Humphrey married the auburn-haired darling of Broadway, Helen Menken, he met Mayo—and instantly they hated one another. It was a strange party at which they met—at that sophisticated club for New Yorkers—the Mayfair.

"The queerest party I ever went to in my life," Humphrey assured me. "The strange thing about the party was that nearly all the men and women present at it, no matter with whom they came, were carrying the torch for someone else."

"If everyone had turned around and faced someone else instead of the person with whom he came," Humphrey said, "everything would have been perfect. Then the people who loved one another would have been facing each other. And Mayo might have turned around and faced me, and all the long years in between, and all the mistakes we made might have been avoided."

But Mayo didn't turn around. Just catching a glimpse of Humphrey at that party was enough for her. Immediately, she was convinced that he was the most conceited, insufferable, arrogant person she had ever in her life met.

"Everyone dislikes me on sight," Humphrey explained. "There's something about my face which annoys most people—something about the cast of my head or the look in my eye which makes people think I'm conceited. At that, I guess I was a pretty arrogant person in those days. When people mentioned me, Mayo probably said, 'Why, that conceited, arrogant, stuck-up person.'"

"That's exactly what I said," said Mayo smiling, but with a faintly sad tinge to her smile, as though a lump were rising in her throat.

Humphrey also thought Mayo conceited. Certainly it was obvious that she would never want for masculine attention, that one. The men swarmed round her. No wonder she was so spoiled, he thought.

"We were like a couple of cats on a back fence," Humphrey explained. "I recognized in Mayo an equal opponent, one who gives no quarter and who asks none, and the hackles on the back of my neck went up in resentment."

Not long afterwards Humphrey married Helen Menken. It was the marriage of dynamite to dynamite. Both were very young. Humphrey at the time still retained his little boy quality of getting into difficulties, and many were the hot arguments between the two. The real cause of trouble between the two of them, however, was that both still had their careers to build and, caught up in the maelstrom of their careers, their marriage suffered.

"I don't like to talk about my previous

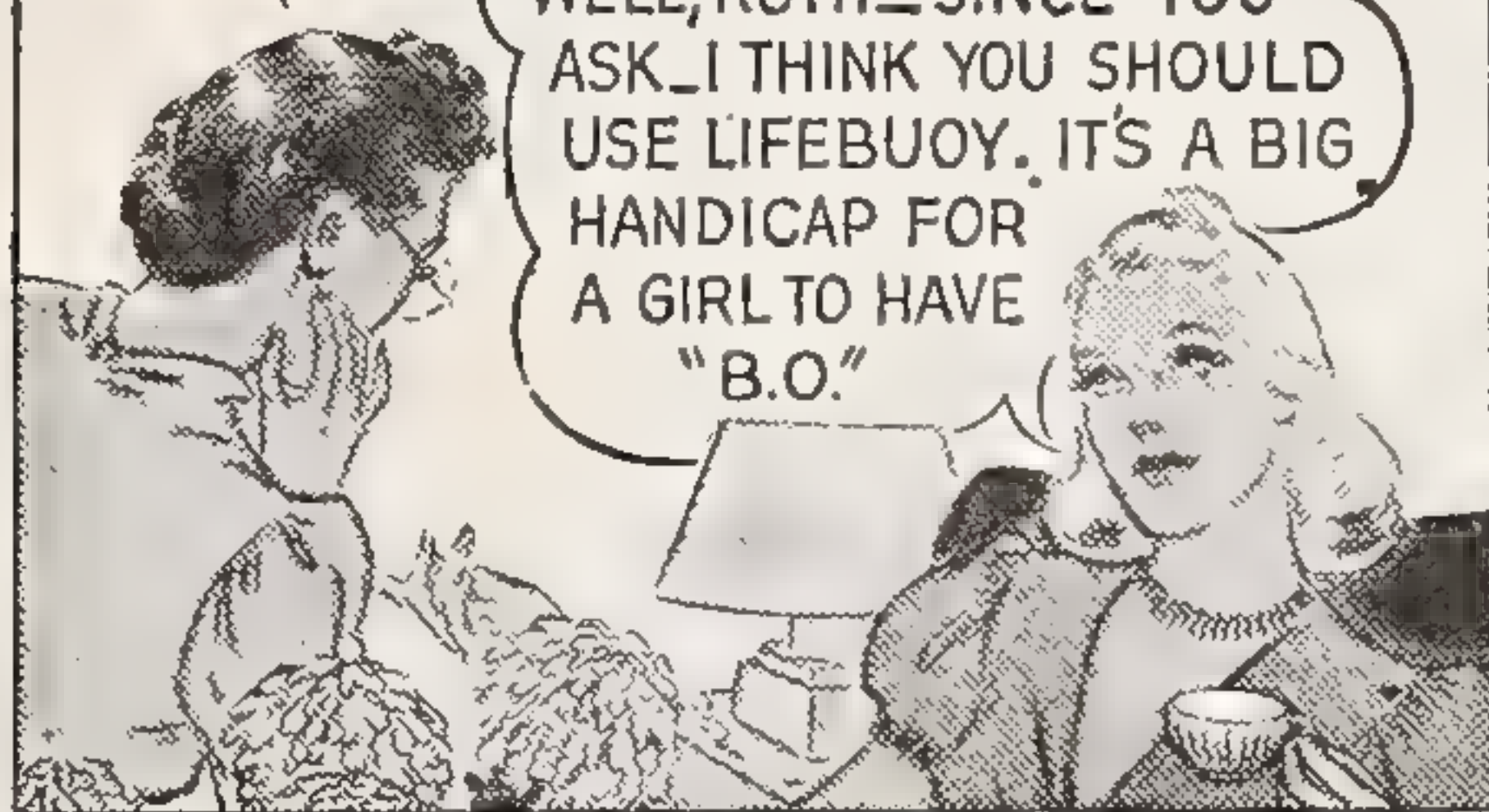
EVERYBODY THOUGHT SHE'D BE AN OLD MAID



BUT SHE DISCOVERED IN TIME WHY MEN DIDN'T LIKE HER...

YOU'RE MY BEST GIRL FRIEND, ANITA. TELL ME WHY I'M SO UNPOPULAR—PLEASE!

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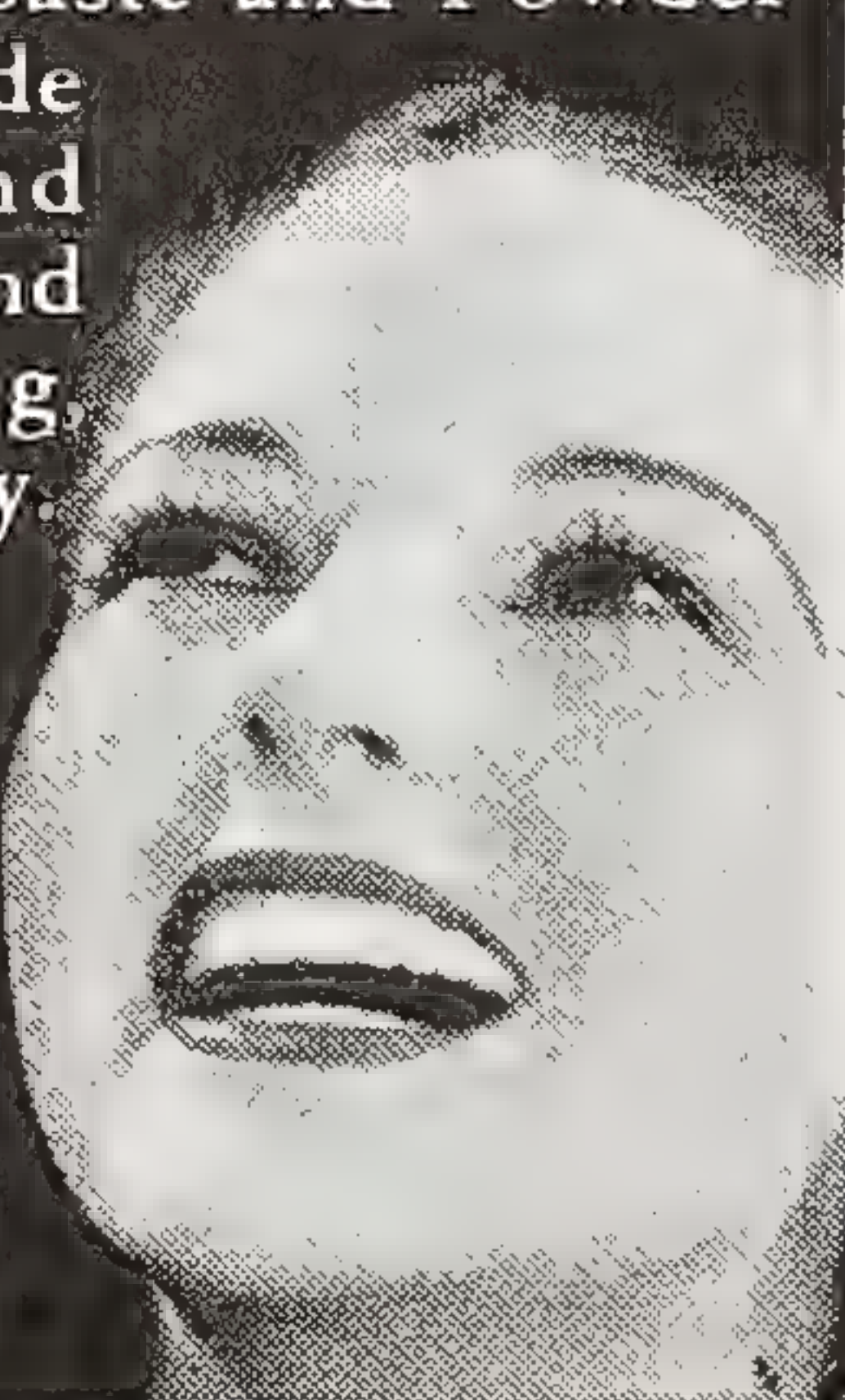
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marriages," Humphrey said, with a little wave of his hand. (His previous wives are Helen Menken and Mary Phillips, both very fine actresses.) "You see, they're both in the public eye, and they don't talk about me, so it wouldn't be fair for me to discuss them. Besides, they and their husbands are very good friends of mine.

"Long separations are mostly to blame for the failure of theatrical marriages. How can a marriage endure when for months at a time the wife is in New York and the husband in California, or vice versa? The only type of person who has the same problems as an actor is a traveling salesman. His marriage also is likely to suffer from too many temptations and too many separations—but even he doesn't have quite as many problems to face, for usually his wife is tied down at home by a lot of children, so only one member of the family—the man—does the traveling."

REALIZING the danger of long separations, Mayo Methot has decided that while she will continue to work in pictures, she will never accept any offers of jobs on the New York stage, no matter how tempting the offers may be.

"I do not believe in marriages that are too modern," Humphrey told me earnestly. "I did once, but time proved me wrong. Neither Mayo nor I plan ever to step out with anyone else. And if we go to a party and Mayo dances too many dances with someone else, these old bones will manage to get a little jealousy up, which is good. Why shouldn't I be jealous when I'm so crazy about Mayo? Do you remember the speech 'Rat' Butler makes in 'Gone With the Wind' when he tells Scarlett that he loved her once, but that he no longer loves her? 'I wish I could care what you do or where you go, but I can't,' he says. 'My



Whom does luscious Ann Sheridan remind you of? Jean Harlow, of course!

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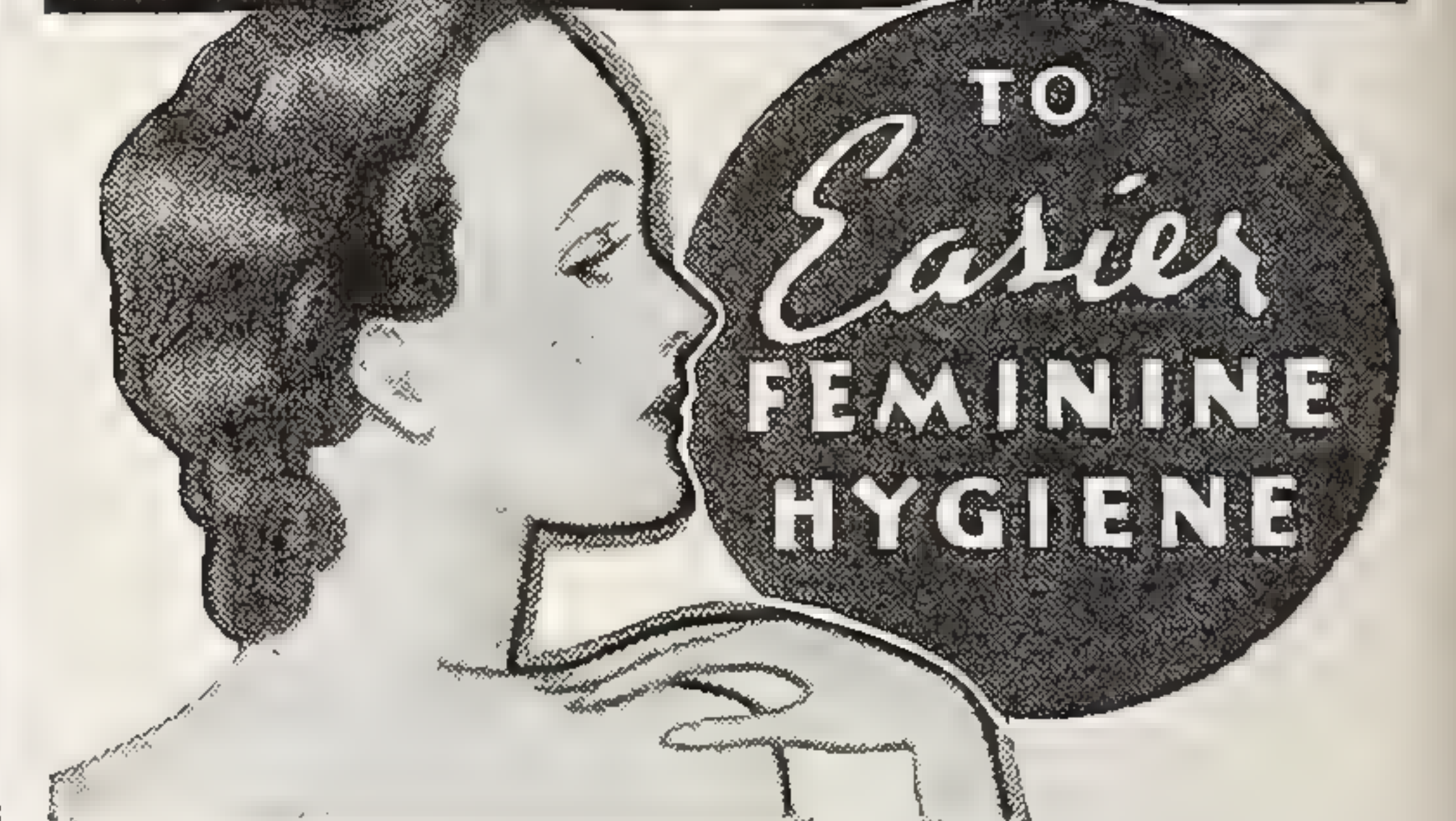
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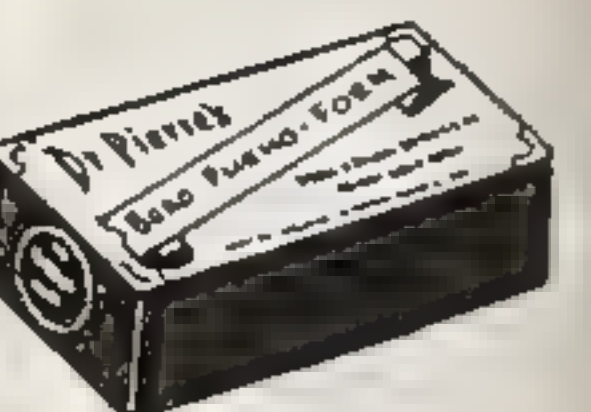
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dear, I don't give a damn.' When a man can no longer be angry or jealous, then a marriage has truly gone on the rocks. It is only the corpse of the marriage whose bones you hear rattling."

"When did you and Mayo decide that you really loved one another?" I asked.

Mayo and Humphrey looked at each other, and suddenly there was something in that room which sounded like the passing of enchanted wings. They were swung back in time and space, back to the time when they really began to know and love one another.

"I don't believe in fate exactly," Humphrey said, "and yet there is some system that must work to make a pattern of our lives. If a member of Mayo's party hadn't become ill at the Screen Actor's Ball, we might never have fallen in love."

Dressed in flaming red, Mayo had come to the party with a group of friends. Humphrey was with his own group. Then this certain person became ill, and her friends went home with her, thus giving Humphrey a chance to say to Mayo, "Why don't you stay anyway? I'll take you home later on."

And suddenly they were talking together, and Mayo was telling Humphrey how much she had hated him the first time she saw him, and he was telling her what a conceited, spoiled girl he had thought her. Neither of them meant to fall in love, but two people as vital and alive as Humphrey and Mayo cannot build a wall around their hearts to shut love out, no matter how much they may try, for life inevitably will break down such walls. Against all reason Humphrey and Mayo were attracted to each other.

"I remember the very moment we really fell in love," Mayo told me. "I know it happened to me at that moment, and Bogey

has told me since that it did to him, too."

Mayo was working in the garden back of her home, wearing a pair of yellow shorts, with a yellow bow, like a great big butterfly in her hair, and as she stood there, Humphrey came to call, and saw her standing on the other side of the fence. Do you remember the scene in "Four Daughters" where Jeffrey Lynn swings on one side of a fence and Priscilla Lane on the other, and while they swing, they fall in love? It was much the same way with Humphrey and Mayo. Suddenly they looked at each other—and each knew that this was love.

BUT after all, they weren't children in their teens falling in love for the first time. They were sophisticated adults, and no matter what their hearts told them, they knew how often love had deceived them in the past—and they were determined not to make any mistakes now. What if they were wrong after all, and this wasn't real love, but mere infatuation? Oh, they knew very well that this was real love, but just suppose. Didn't they owe it to themselves and to each other to be sure with the utmost certainty that two human beings can possibly attain? And so they decided to do the hardest thing in the world for two people in love—to separate and let time test their love. If it was real, they knew no separation could hurt or harm it. And if it wasn't real, better by far to let it die than to risk marriage once again, if it wasn't going to last.

At the end of four months they knew even more surely than they had known in the beginning, even more surely than they had known when Humphrey stood on one side of the fence and the fair-haired Mayo on the other, looking at each other as

though they would never be able to stop.

They were married at the home of Melville Baker, the writer, a very close friend of Humphrey's, and Mayo looked so radiant in a gold cloth mesh dress with a Juliet cap on her hair that once again Humphrey couldn't stop looking.

When Judge Lindsey—that very fine, humanitarian judge who cares little about the letter of the law but worships its spirit—married them, he went rapidly through the marriage ceremony, as though the actual words of the ceremony were not the main thing. When he had completed it, he paused and said, "And now, Mayo and Humphrey, what I've said means nothing. Whether or not your marriage is a success is up to you. No law of God or man can make a marriage successful, unless the two people who are married work at it."

"I thought that was a splendid thing to say," Humphrey told me. "So many people think that because a priest has said certain words over you, you don't have to work to make your marriage a success. I know that I'm the last man in the world who should be asked for or give an opinion on how to be happy though married or how to stay married, but I hope I've learned from the mistakes I've made in the past, and Mayo and I will both work to make this marriage a success."

Humphrey believes that ex-husbands some times make the best husbands, because the rough edges have been taken off. They have been trained not to do the things which annoy women. Humphrey himself has several excellent ideas as to the things which men should and should not do in their married life.

"I don't want to lay down rules for other people, as though I were some kind of

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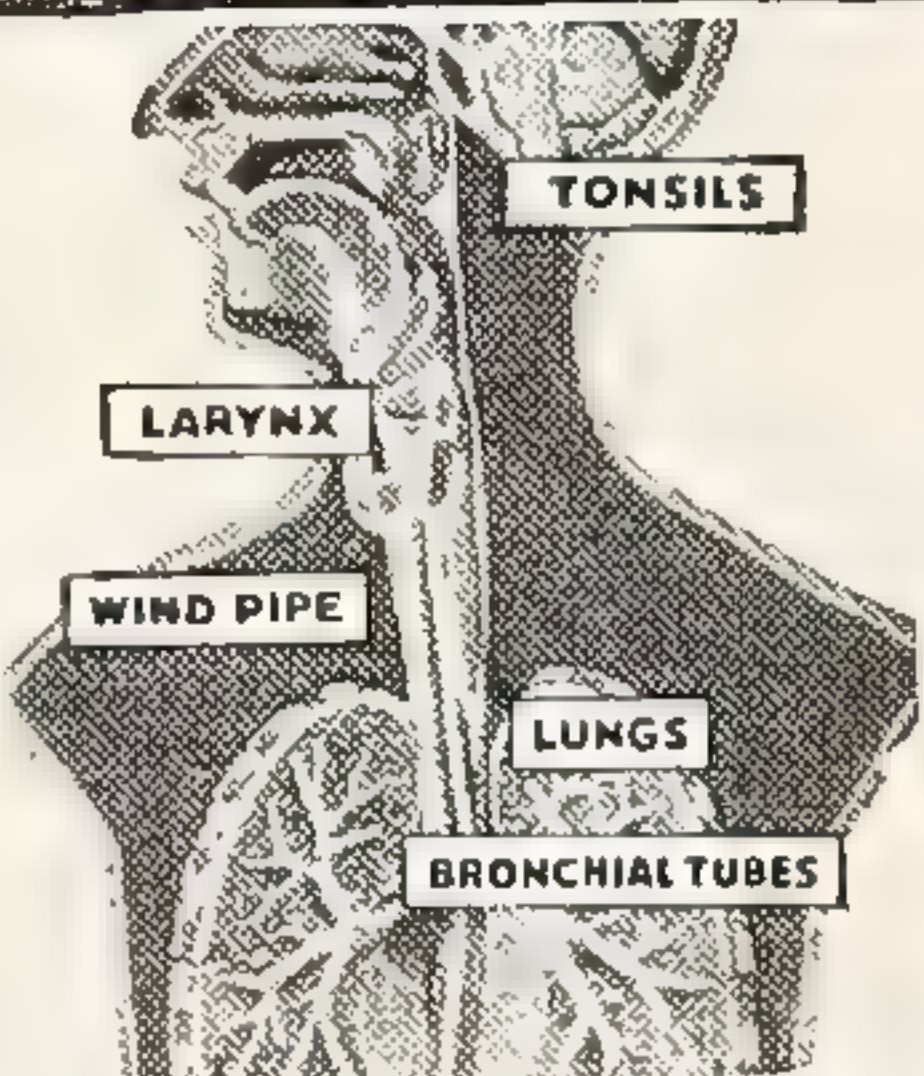
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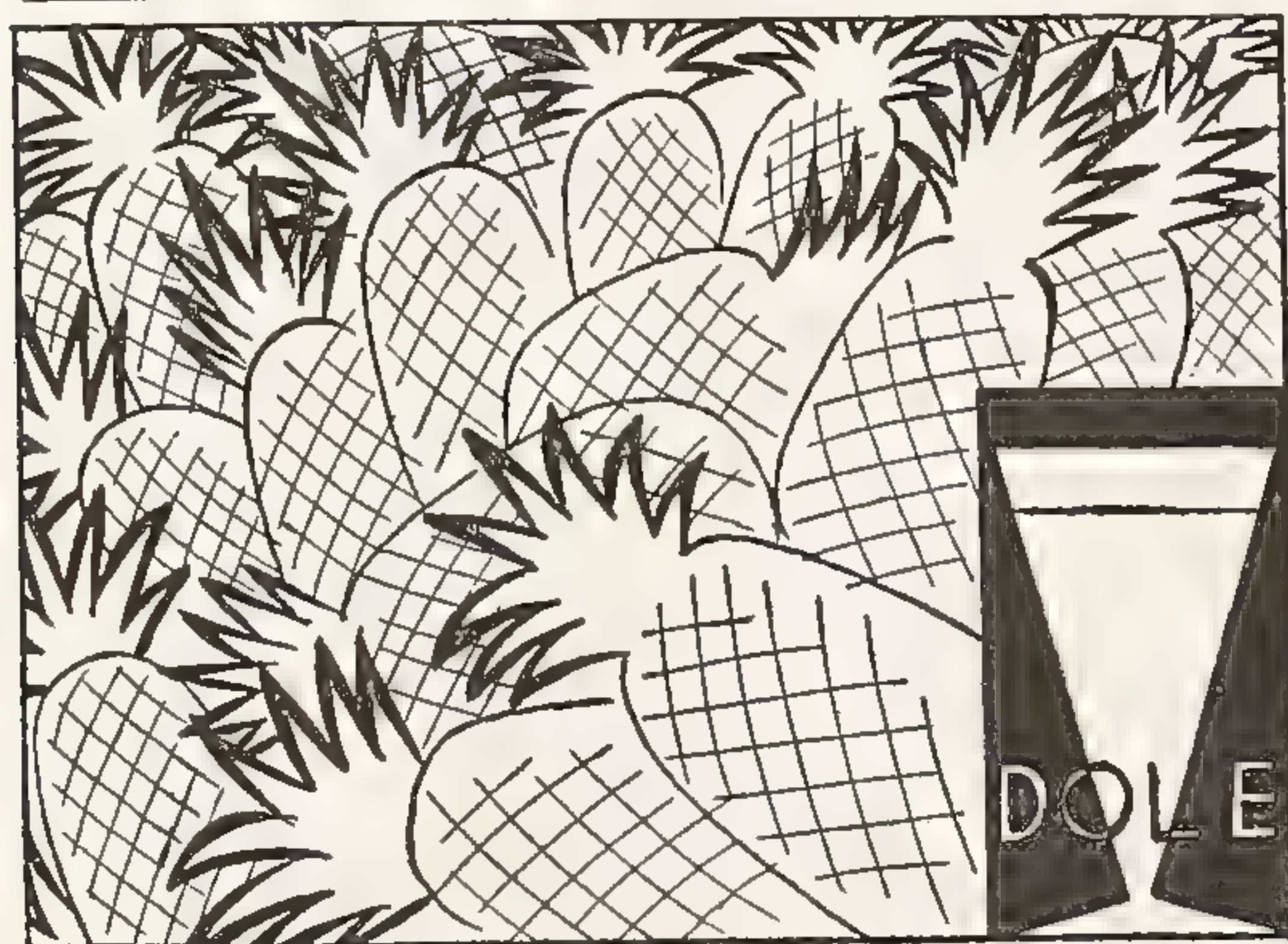
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authority," he said, "but here are some ideas which I've worked out just for my own good:

1. "Don't take the shirt sleeve attitude into marriage. Don't assume that just because you're married it's all right for you to take your collar off, leaving ugly lines on your neck where the stiff collar's just been, to drop your suspenders over your trousers and walk around the house that way. There is a certain stage of undress which is most unattractive, and which no woman ought ever to have to look at. Of course, the same thing holds true for women. If a woman must wear heavy corsets, she should wear something over them, and she shouldn't lounge around the house in housecoats or negligees that aren't immaculate. I've never seen Mayo at any hour of the day or night when she didn't look as attractive as she does right now.

2. "Don't be inconsiderate in little ways. I have seen men shave, leave whiskers around the edge of the hand basin, use three towels, get the brush all soapy and emerge from the bathroom with soap behind their ears—something those men would never do on a Pullman car. The very same man in a Pullman works out a regular ritual, cleaning the basin, washing off the top of it, and putting the towels away very carefully. Why should a man be more polite to other men than he is to his own wife?

3. "Argue with your wife, but argue only about impersonal matters. Frequently, Mayo and I argue about politics, she taking one side and I the other. We love these arguments, and find them very stimulating, for nothing is so dull as to have two people agree about everything. If one person says, "I think it's hot," and the other says, "Yes, it is hot," the conversation dies. But if the other person says, "You're wrong, I don't think it's hot," that opens up wonderful possibilities. But of course you have to remember that it's dangerous to let the conversation get personal. It's all right to say to your wife, "I think the policy of So and So over in Europe is terrible," and for her to say, "I think it's swell." But if the wife suddenly interrupts to say, "Who do you think you are to say whether or not the policy of So and So is any good?" then the argument gets personal, and that's really bad.

4. "Don't try to be too modern. When two people start living their own lives, they end by going separate ways. This modern business of living your own life is not my idea of marriage. In fact, I'm even in favor of the old-fashioned double bed. It's pretty tough for two people to fight like hell, get into a big double bed and still stay mad at each other.

5. "Be polite. Sulking is what kills marriages. I know a woman who recently separated from her husband, after a very unhappy married life. 'Before we married, my husband warned me that he was not the type of person to remain faithful to one woman,' she told me. 'I forgave him that and could have gone on forgiving him, if at least he had been polite and amusing at home, but he was such a sulky so-and-so I couldn't stand him.'

Mayo and Humphrey rose to go, and as they went out into the bright sunshine arm in arm, I remembered something that Helen Hayes had once said of Charlie MacArthur. "When we were first married," she said, "Charlie promised me that no matter what happened I should never be bored, and I never have been."

Humphrey Bogart is exactly the same sort of person. There may be times when Mayo may wish to kill Humphrey but she can be sure of one thing—she will never be bored. And there are very few women in the world who can truthfully say the same thing.

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WHAT HAS THE SOUTHERN GAL GOT?

(Continued from page 45)

will be different. And, by gosh, give that girl a few more years and let her grow up to sophisticated clothes, and she will be a stunning person. Don't you know that in many other parts of our fair land, that girl's height would be regarded by herself and her family as an unsurmountable handicap? Certainly, six feet is too tall for a girl. I shouldn't want to be that tall myself, nor would I want my daughter to grow to such a height. But since this kid's problem did happen to be too great height, wasn't it smart to make a virtue of it, rather than a blight?

And then, the hostess' manner in speaking of the mama of the halfpint: "Beautiful in an evening gown," as if she were a young girl and not a woman in middle forties. And the teeth-straightening example. If Ann's possibilities were going to be realized to the fullest, that expensive bit of orthodontia simply had to be attended to. Of course, I don't mean to imply that you never see bands on young teeth except in the Sunny South, but I do think there is elsewhere a tendency to regard this costly job, which undoubtedly does so much for a girl's looks, as something that would be "nice if we could afford it."

Well then, aside from this training in the belief that women are meant to be lovely, what else has the southern gal which others haven't? I've already said it—she's a darn sight smarter about men. She seems to be born with the secret of attracting men. How can others swipe

a leaf from her book and learn a coupla things which will bring greater happiness, romance, or just plain good fun, into their lives? That's a hard question and I shall have to answer it in a roundabout way.

I would suggest, for the first point, that you plan your attack where men are concerned. Say you meet a new man and like his looks a lot, and he seems to be attracted to you and asks for a date. On your first meeting with him, look, listen and observe, and say little. Don't keep your trap shut all evening, naturally, but let him do most of the talking. That's a very simple piece of advice and an old one and you probably don't need me to tell you about it:

HOWEVER, while you're doing this, do not, as so many girls do, keep wondering, "Oh, I wonder if he really likes me. I wonder how I look. I wonder if my nose is shiny." Instead, glean every possible lead you can about his likes and dislikes, the things he's interested in. Is he the type that will like you clinging and sweet, or pal-ly and companionable, or does he strike you as a volatile sort of chap who'll like you one way one date, another way the next. Then, for the next meeting, plan to be the sort of gal you think he'll like. Once you have dressed the part and made up your face—and your mind—for the role you're going to play, try to forget yourself completely and spend the evening finding out more about the guy.

Another rule: learn to size up a man.

So many young girls are so eager for approval and fun and romance and dates—which is perfectly natural—that they're not particular enough about the men they go with. You wouldn't become friendly with another girl, would you, who wasn't honest and considerate, or who was conceited and untrustworthy? Yet many young things do get involved, and often fall in love, with a man who isn't good enough for them to step on.

Here's another point in planning your attack. In the south, more than elsewhere I think, the home is still a place to entertain. This is nice, and a great help in furthering pleasant and perhaps more exciting relationships between young people. In big northern cities, everybody goes out to have fun and this is okay part of the time, but, in the first place, it costs more—and many a likely young man is scared away because he simply cannot afford to take a gal out. And in the second place, there can be such warmth and jollity about, say, asking a guy to dinner at home which will engender in him an honest liking for you as a person, which liking is just as important in furthering any sort of permanent relationship as the good old biological urge.

Yeah—I know the handicaps you're probably up against when it comes to entertaining at home. Cramped quarters, disapproving family, a kid brother or kid sister who will embarrass you to tears. Nevertheless, see if you can't do something about it. Work on your family. Make

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better friends of your folks. Maybe you have antagonized them by consistently disregarding their advice. Maybe you regard your home as only a place to sleep and grab a bite of breakfast. As I have implied, in the South, the family does a heck of a lot to further a girl's chances for popularity and romance. And in return, the southern girl is apt to be a pretty devoted daughter. Her mama and papa are her friends as well as her parents. She takes them into her confidence, respects their advice, and goes on an occasional little spree with her mother.

Gawsh, this is supposed to be a beauty article, isn't it? And time is short. So—here's for a few new (I hope) specific beauty suggestions.

We hear a great deal about trying to look younger, but we seldom hear anything about trying to look older. Yet, for young girls of too-kiddish an appearance, this is not silly, but serious. It is a handicap to look twelve when you're seventeen, though later on, docking five years from the calendar may be a desirable goal. How to add maturity and a leetle sophistication to yourself without infuriating mama by crying for slinky gowns, green eyeshadow and exotic perfume? Your hair, dears, will probably solve the problem.

IF YOUR face is small and childlike, do not let your hair hang flowing and careless like. It pinches your face and does nothing for you. Have it shorter, or lift it up, or both. Soften your features with high side curls, which will also add width to your face if it is thin. An upward feeling in front and longer back hair, softly curled in the neck, is youthfully sophisticated and not too set and elaborate for your age. See if I'm not right. Change your hairdo to a slightly more formal style and go right on wearing young, simple clothes and young, simple make-up.

I am just before shutting up like a clam on this up-and-down hair business and going back to my old preachments about suiting your type and being individual and all that. An operator in a large beauty salon told me recently that up hair was a flop because Hollywood would have no truck with it. Generally speaking, she was right about the Hollywood part.

The four girls on pages 44 and 45 have remained constant to their individual coiffures—which suit them, so why try to improve on things? Dorothy Lamour has kept her hair long because it is beautiful. She dresses it in an ultra-simple, almost old-fashioned style, because it suits her. Swell. Gail Patrick's striking brunette beauty—particularly her lustrous, laughing eyes—would be rendered too theatrical and a little cheap if her coiffure weren't simple and sleek around the face.

Margaret Tallichet, the pretty Texas newcomer, has a magnificent head, and allows no tonsorial affectation to detract from it. Margaret Sullavan, the only one of our southern quartette who is not a bona fide beauty, has a charmingly irregular face. Offscreen, she is none too fussy about how her hair looks, but the constant play of expression across her features focuses everyone's attention to her face, not on her hair.

In general, I'd lay down three simple rules: if your hair is beautiful in itself, stick to the way that shows it off to the best advantage, like Dorothy Lamour. If your face is lovely in itself, or interestingly modelled, with breadth of forehead and cheekbone and a firm jaw line, wear your hair simply, even carelessly, as most of Hollywood does, just so's you brush it a lot and keep it healthy. If neither your hair nor your face is out-

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ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

OKLAHOMA KID—James Cagney and Rosemary Lane

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standing, shop around until you find the coiffure that does the most for you and let it be up, down, or half-and-half, as you need.

I have here some specific suggestions about the home manicure. Are you troubled with hard skin at the sides of your nails? Put some warm oil on your finger tips and let it stay on a few minutes. Then take a pumice stone, soap it liberally, and very gently rub the rough spots. Go easy, don't keep at it too long, but do it every day for a few days, and those nasty calloused spots will disappear. If your nails are thin and brittle or inclined to bend backwards like paper, do not (1) use a file on them—use an emery board instead; (2) never buff them. If your nails are thick and hard, buffing will refine them. Always buff in one direction.

Do you have trouble getting polish on? Maybe your nails are a little damp, or perhaps there is some hand lotion on them. Polish won't go on, if so. Dry them thoroughly. Put polish on with a quick, firm stroke. If you make a mistake, clean it up with an orange stick wound in cotton dipped in polish remover.

Do you have trouble with the cream rouge question even though you've decided that cream rouge is undoubtedly better for your skin? The main kick about it has always been that it is harder to get on. It is. That is, it always has been. But I have recently run across a cream rouge that is a blender-inner *par excellence*. Inexpensive, too. There's a generous trial size—which is Auntie Marshall's remembrance of the month—and a larger size, which will last practically forever. This rouge goes on beautifully even without a foundation cream, if you're in too much of a hurry to bother with foundations. There's a coupon below, and if you would like to try this new cream rouge, I shall be only too happy to rush to the post office with a sample for you. Just fill in the coupon, neatly and sweetly, as directed.

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